

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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CONTENTS

CRUMBS OF COMFORT	Page 2
THE UNINVITED HALLOWE'EN GUEST	2 & 4
Short Story Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil	
TO AUTUMN Poem J. B. McCracken	2
IN AND AROUND THE HOME. Fancy Work	3
Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson	
A FEW WORDS BY THE EDITOR	4
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS	5, 6, 17, 23 & 27
Conducted by Uncle Charlie	
CREATURES OF DESTINY; or Where Love	8, 10 & 16
Leads (Continued) Charles Garvice	
MODERN FARMER	9 & 29
COMFORT'S SISTERS' CORNER	11, 12, 14, 20, 29 & 33
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs.	13
Kate V. St. Maur	
THE WITCHES' WICKET A Halloween	14
Fancy Dress Party	
THE USURPER Short Story Ruth Haley	15
Stocker	
CURRENT EVENTS	16 & 32
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS Geneva	18
Gladding	
FAITHFUL SHIRLEY (Continued) Mrs.	19 & 25
Georgie Sheldon	
PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted by	21
Katherine Booth	
A CORNER FOR BOYS Conducted by Uncle	22
John	
VETERINARY INFORMATION	23
CHILDREN'S JOILY HOUR With Uncle	24
John	
TALKS WITH GIRLS	26
MANNERS AND LOOKS	28
FAMILY DOCTOR	30
INFORMATION BUREAU	31
TWO WHEEL CHAIRS IN SEPTEMBER	32
HOME LAWYER	33

Crumbs of Comfort

If you can't find a way, make one, but make it straight.

Most people do not lack strength to act; they lack will.

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him.

Things don't turn up on this earth till somebody turns them up.

The cheerful live longest in years and afterwards in our regard.

You are not so likely to catch a train by running for it as you are by getting an early start.

It is the idle man, not the great worker, who is always complaining that he has no time or opportunity.

Not many things indifferently, but one thing supremely, is the keynote of success and the demand of the day.

Early adversity is often a blessing. Surmounted difficulties not only teach but hearten us in our future struggles.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good. Because its virtues are not understood; Yet many things, impossible to thought. Have been by need to full perfection brought. —Dryden.

As sins proceed they ever multiply and like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnaw-bite.

Whatever the world may say, there are some mortal sorrows, and our lives ebb away less through our blood than through our tears.

The commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is conscious of the difference between a gentle, delicate woman and a coarse one.

There is no business, no labor whatever, which will not permit the person who really wants to, to give a little time every day to the studies of his youth.

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it. —Holmes

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be done again.

One may see beauty and harmony wherever he looks, even his tears affording visions of resplendent rainbows as the sunbeams of Hope fall upon him.

The Uninvited Halloween Guest A Mysterious Fatality

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil

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THE night of nights had arrived—the night of fantastic folly, mirth, and superstition—the night when mortals and immortals are permitted to mingle without danger to either—Halloween.

As had been my custom ever since my marriage, I gave a masked ball. All the day I had been very busy, making preparations for the evening's entertainment, giving directions for the banquet to follow, and superintending the decorations.

At six in the evening my work was done; the entire second floor was transformed into a region of mystery. The walls were draped with black and yellow bunting; candles, concealed in carved pumpkins, emitted a pale, weird, unearthly light; miniature representations of witches, bats, black cats, and owls glared from every niche and corner; and over the door of the reception room hung a banner inscribed:

Welcome, ye mystical goblins and ghosts!
Welcome, ye airy, invisible hosts!

As I stepped out upon the landing to view the effect of the decorations, my eyes fell upon those words, and an icy chill convulsed my form—a pang of terror struck my heart.

Impulsively I stepped forward, with upraised hand, intending to tear down the banner, when I heard a step behind me, on the stair.

"What's this I've stumbled into—a witch's cavern?" said my husband breezily, as he mounted the steps and at length stood beside me, on the landing. "You've certainly done wonders, Lil—I wouldn't know my own home. It's simply perfect!"

"Yes," I replied, "I think it is—all but that," and I pointed to the offending pennant. "And I'm going to take it down."

"Why, what's the matter with it?"

"I know, you'll laugh at me, Karl—but it seems to me like a defiance flung to the Powers Invisible."

"Laugh he did—long and loud. 'Why, Lil,' he exclaimed at length, 'whatever put such thoughts into that practical little brain of yours? If the Powers Invisible deign to honor us with their presence, I'm sure, for my part, they're perfectly welcome! Now you leave that 'Welcome' sign right where it is—and come to supper!'"

He led me away, laughing; but though I endeavored to appear at ease, I still felt nervous and uncomfortable.

Shortly after seven my guests began to arrive, and at eight all had assembled.

Games were played, corn was popped, fortunes told, love-charms tried, and ducking for apples was in progress when I, knowing my absence would scarcely be noticed, hurried down-stairs to the kitchen.

My new maid was very inexperienced and fearful lest she make some dreadful blunder in serving the Halloween banquet, and it was for the purpose of encouraging and instructing her that I slipped so quietly away.

"The dessert spoons to the right," I was saying, for the twentieth time, perhaps, "the forks to the left; the olive forks—"

A light tap at the kitchen door interrupted me, and I, surprised that any of my guests should follow me, threw it open abruptly.

Fay Mireau, it was who confronted me—Fay Mireau, costumed as a fairy, in a beautifully spangled gown of silver tissue, garlanded with blossoms, balancing herself on the tips of her white slippers in her excitement. Her cheeks were flushed, and by her manner and expression I knew that something unusual had occurred upstairs.

"Why, Fay!" I exclaimed, "whatever on earth has happened?"

She seated herself on one of the kitchen chairs before replying.

"Lil," she said, "how many guests did you invite tonight?"

"Twenty-six."

"And you and Karl make twenty-eight. Have they all come?"

"Everyone of them. Why?"

"Is there anyone else—anyone you have forgotten, or an uninvited friend who might drop in by chance?"

"None that I know of. Again, why?"

"Well, there's the strangest—person—up there."

"Perhaps it's Maggie Rogers—my cook's sister. She promised to come in for a while and tell fortunes—'true fortunes,' she said."

"Oh, no! This is a man. Nobody knows him—all the girls are afraid of him—the men won't talk to him because they say he's an intruder,

but to be perfectly candid, I think they're afraid of him, too!"

"Why afraid of him?"

"Oh, I don't know! There seems to be something uncanny about him, much as if he were a being from another world. He's so tall and handsome—"

"Isn't he masked?"

"Masked? Oh, yes!"

"Then how do you know he is handsome?"

"I can't tell you, Lil—I just know that he is; he radiates beauty."

I laughed derisively. "Radiates beauty! Fay, what ails you tonight? Have the images of goblins and witches made you superstitious, or is it October's mellow moonlight that has turned your brain?"

"Oh, say what you please!" she retorted. "But wait till you have seen him, and perhaps you'll find that your brain has been turned, too. I tell you, Lillian, there's something queer about him."

"Just a moment," I replied, "and I'll attend to this unbidden guest."

I gave the maid a few more directions for serving the supper, then turned, with Fay, and tripped up the board stairway. On the landing she paused and whispered to me, as she pointed to the inscription over the doorway:

"Perhaps he is one of those 'goblins and ghosts' you have so kindly invited."

But my trepidation of the early evening had vanished, and I simply smiled indulgently at the girl, who was one of my dearest friends.

When I opened the door I was impressed by the strained, half-frightened attitude of all the assembled company. All games had been stopped, and conversation was being carried on in whispers.

"See," whispered Fay, "he is over there in the corner—standing with folded arms, there in the shadows."

I looked and saw him—a tall man, with a magnificent, proudly-lifted head set upon splendid shoulders—garbed in a domino, with a half-mask concealing his features. And as I looked, some unnameable terror clutched at my throat, and for a moment caused my heart to stop beating.

I could understand now why Fay had pronounced him uncanny. I could understand, too, what she meant by saying that he radiated beauty—not merely physical, but spiritual beauty also. I felt that here stood someone infinitely superior to common mortals, and I knew instinctively that when his mask was lifted, I would gaze upon the most beautiful face I had ever seen.

Before approaching him, however, I consulted my husband.

"You're sure he isn't an acquaintance of yours, Karl?" I asked.

"Positive! I'd have put the rascal out, but I thought he might be some long-lost and forgotten friend of yours. You ought to have seen the way he came in here! Never said 'how-do' or 'by your leave'—just walked in as if he owned the place—looked around like an auctioneer or a tax-assessor—went over there in the corner and stayed there."

Amazed and indignant, I resolutely approached this uninvited guest and touched him lightly on the arm. He bowed to me with an admirable grace.

"Will you do me the favor of unmasking?" I requested, without preliminary.

"Most assuredly, Madam!"

With a sweeping, dramatic gesture he removed his mask, and I uttered a low cry of admiration as I gazed upon his face—a face as beautiful as that of any angel.

His eyes were deep and dark, and glowed with the brilliancy of flawless diamonds. His forehead, his lips, his chin—all were cameo-like in their perfection. Adonis and Apollo Belvidere would have paled in envy at sight of that wonderful, beautiful face.

"I do not think I have the honor of your acquaintance," I said frigidly, when I had recovered my scattered wits; for even though he were a Greek god, the fact remained that he was a stranger, uninvited, and hence unwelcome.

"I am aware of it," he replied, in a melodious voice. "You do not know me—most probably you have never heard of me. I am a stranger in a strange land, friendless and alone. My card," and he extended one, "will tell you who I am."

I took the finely engraved bit of pasteboard from his fingers, and observed in surprise that it bore a coronet and coat of arms, and the words,

Prince Auriel.

Here was a dilemma, indeed! A prince of a

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We shall celebrate COMFORT'S birthday next month and begin its 25th year by giving our subscribers a Big, Special November Number, big in size and big in interesting special features among which will be an illustrated

Article by Mr Gannett

describing the interesting ceremonies in Augusta, last August, at the dedication of a memorial tablet by the Governor's Foot Guards of Connecticut in commemoration of Benedict Arnold's famous expedition against Quebec in which its first members marched from Augusta in 1775, and the great clam-bake and reception with which Mr. and Mrs. Gannett entertained this distinguished military company; also a new Thanksgiving poem by Uncle Charlie, and

"A Day With Uncle Charlie"

written by himself, describing his daily life, how he lives and works and though a shut-in, manages to accomplish such wonders.

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October, 1912.

To Autumn

BY J. B. MCCracken.

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Clasped with a misty zone,
Autumn her harvest robe serenely weaves;
Now burns the Sumac's cone,
And gleams the amber maize between the sheaves.

The dogwoods purple bear,
The hickories purple in the sunset fire,
And oaks brown mantles wear
While maples light between a sylvan pyre.

In orchards gnarled by gales
Now through the umbrage crimson apples glow,
And clear the plaintive quails
Pipe the rude urchins from their nests below!

The creeper wide unfurls
Its scarlet banners as the zephyrs pass,
Snowberries strew their pearls,
And stately asters deck the tangled grass.

Amid the swampy mould,
And on the mountain ash what rubies shine,
And like a vase of gold,
The yellow gourd hangs on the withered vine.

Blithely cicadas sing
Along our path, and loud the marsh frogs croak,
And on insatiate wing
The jetty crows poise o'er the stubble smoke.

Immortelles incense breathe
From the low meadows in the hush of noon
The chestnuts prickly sheath
Clinks down upon the turf its glossy boon.

In flickering gleams how glint
The amethystine grape and emerald pine;
And ocean's cold gray tint
Transmuted now to azure crystalline!

Lilies their speckled urns,
And balmy firs their drooping needles lift;
Their sculptured edge the ferns;
While slowly by the thistle feathers drift.

The columbines scarce nod
Upon their slender stems and rocky ledge,
Nor wave the golden rod,
Nor hums the dragon-fly around the sedge.

A mellow calmness lies,
As if fruition solemnized the air,
On woodland, field, and skies,
The smile of Nature at her answered prayer.

royal house entering my home, en masque, on Halloween! He might be an impostor, true—but if he, with his sublime face and truthful eyes, could stoop to deception, then surely there was never an honest man on earth! "He was a stranger, as he said, in a strange land—and as such, aside from his royal rank, he should be treated with all possible consideration; at the same time, I could not vouch for him to my friends, who had honored me by accepting my hospitality; and a puzzled frown furrowed my brow as I turned the situation over in my mind. Suddenly the prince spoke.

"My intrusion is unpardonable, I know. But if you knew how lonely I am tonight, you would not censure me."

"Long ago—ages ago, it seems to me; millions and millions of years—I was betrothed to a princess—a fairy-like creature, as sweet as a spring morning; suddenly she disappeared, and they told me she had died. But she is not dead—she came here, to this country of yours, and she is here still. She has forgotten me—forgotten her country—forgotten, even, who she herself is. I have searched for her steadfastly, and I know I shall find her soon. But the waiting, the frequent disappointments, have made my life inexpressibly lonely. So when I passed your home tonight, when I heard the laughter within, I could not control the impulse to join the merry-making throng. If you desire that I should do so and trouble you no more, I will do so; but oh, Madam, how grateful I would be to you were you to permit me to remain!"

His story sounded like a fabrication, but his voice and manner were so undoubtedly sincere that I could not help believing him.

"I will speak to my husband," I said, after a moment of deliberation, and I beckoned to Karl, who joined us immediately.

Again the prince briefly related the story of his quest and his loneliness, and I could see that Karl was as profoundly impressed as I had been.

He looked at me, and I looked at him.

"What do you say, Lil?"

"Just as you please, Karl."

He stepped forward and spoke to our guests, who were eagerly awaiting the outcome of our conference with the mysterious visitor.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Karl, "over the door you will read the words:

"Welcome, ye mystical goblins and ghosts!
Welcome, ye airy, invisible hosts!"

"But when Lillian posted that 'Welcome' she did not dream that we would have the honor of bidding welcome to the gentleman whom it is my privilege to present to you—Prince Auriel!"

"A prince!" gasped the girls in surprise, and "A prince," echoed the men.

"A prince," repeated my husband calmly. "He is, to use his own words, 'a stranger in a strange land, friendless and alone.' And I am sure that you will assist us in banishing his loneliness on this night of all nights when loneliness should find no place in the human heart."

"Oh," whispered Fay Mireau to me, "Isn't he handsome? Didn't I tell you he was handsome, even before I had seen him? Lillian, do present me!"

A glad light shone in Prince Auriel's eyes as I introduced him to Fay. His lips moved, and though no sound issued from them, I fancied that they formed the words, "At last!"

"If you will permit me, Prince," said Fay—and I was astonished at her boldness—"I am going to monopolize you. I know everyone, and they tell me I have the faculty of making people feel at ease; I will teach you all the games and charms—by the way, did you ever 'bob' for apples?"

I was shocked, but instead of the stern glance of rebuke I had expected him to bestow upon her, he actually laughed! And she laughed with him, shaking her flaxen curls and gesticulating prettily in the "Frenchy" manner she had possessed even in babyhood. After thanking us for our generosity, he offered her his arm, and together they crossed the room to the tubs full of floating apples.

"What an irresponsible child she is!" I said to Karl. "Look at her—five feet three of silver-spangled fairy tripping along with six feet of domineering royalty! By the way, I wonder what country the prince is from? He didn't say, and his coat of arms tells me nothing."

"One of the Eastern countries, I presume. India, perhaps. You haven't any doubts of him, have you, Lil? I feel sure he's a bonafide prince."

"Oh, so do I," I replied, and laughed. Karl, looking where I pointed, laughed, too; for we saw the prince, with wet face and dripping hair, offering to Fay Mireau, with a courtly bow, an apple which he had "bobbed" from one of the tubs.

He made himself wonderfully at ease, did Prince Auriel, and soon he had gathered an admiring group about him. He told fortunes, "past, present and future," he related charming stories, and taught us the games and charms "of his country."

At length the hour arrived which was to be devoted to dancing; the pianist began an entrancing waltz, and presently I saw Fay Mireau gliding by in the arms of the prince. She smiled to me—a smile of perfect rapture; evidently she no longer thought him uncanny; neither did anyone else, for that matter.

Between the dances we had singing, and Prince Auriel favored us with several exquisite, passionate love-songs which none of us had ever

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.)

A Few Words by the Editor

THE murder of Herman Rosenthal by a gang of hired assassins within a stone's throw of the white lights of Broadway, as he stepped into the street from the door of one of New York's best hotels has not only caused a sensation throughout the United States, but the shot that killed him has echoed around the world with sinister portent. It is generally regarded in New York with consternation that is almost paralyzing, while in every other city from coast to coast it has thrilled the public with horrified alarm, and again are the nations of the earth pointing the finger of scorn and contempt at the land of Washington and Lincoln.

Who was this Rosenthal, that his tragic death should cause a greater world-wide sensation than the assassination of an emperor or a president?

He was just an ordinary gambler, a professional criminal of the class that numbers thousands in New York and in all our large cities; and it would be an inestimable blessing to the country if all of them were dead.

Then why, in this land in which murders are so common, averaging more than one for each and every hour, day and night through the year, has this particular murder aroused universal indignation and alarm?

It is because the facts disclosed by the official investigation of this crime and the confessions of some of those who helped perpetrate it have led to the belief that this murder was planned and instigated by the police of New York City; that a lieutenant of police hired a gang of thugs to kill this man because he had publicly exposed the crookedness and corruption of the police in promoting crime, sharing in its profits and systematically protecting criminals, and was to appear before the grand jury the next day as a witness against these police officers; and that the police assisted the murderers to escape after the crime; because it is hinted by the district attorney, who is prosecuting the cases against the accused, and is believed by many that higher officials of the police department are implicated in the systematic graft and corruption which Rosenthal alleged to exist.

It is not the murder, nor the manner in which, nor the means by which it was accomplished, that has so agitated and shocked the community. What makes every good and thoughtful citizen tremble and fear for the safety of the nation is the revelation of the terrible and widespread condition of crime, corruption and depravity which apparently lies behind, and has seemingly attained its natural and logical culmination in this murder.

The majority of our readers, doubtless, through their local papers have read the details of this astounding and revolting tragedy, with its hideous revelation of graft and corruption.

It is merely necessary to state here that Herman Rosenthal belonged to what is known as the underworld of New York, that malodorous realm where gambling, prostitution, robbery, murder and crime in general are practiced and carried on with as much energy and attention to detail as is legitimate business in the open marts where honest men assemble.

You will ask why it is that vice flaunts itself so brazenly in our great metropolis; how it is that New York with a police force ten thousand strong, does not keep the lid on the underworld, but also why doesn't it compel those who inhabit it, to seek honest employment, or place them in prison cells?

The answer is plain, not only as to New York, but of any large American city in which vice and crime are rampant; it has been far more profitable to promote or permit crime than to suppress it, and to protect criminals than to arrest and prosecute them.

Of course crime cannot be absolutely and entirely prevented by any human agency, but it can easily be reduced to minimum and the criminals, especially those professionals who practice it as a regular business, can be driven out or locked up in prison whenever and wherever the police make an honest effort at enforcement of the law.

It is absolutely impossible for crime to flourish openly or be carried on successfully or profitably as a business without the aid and protection of the police and officials higher up, in some cases involving the courts and high state and federal officers.

Over gambler, pimp, prostitute, pickpocket, thug and gun man the police are said to have thrown their protection. For this protection the underworld of New York, if statements of the confessed criminals are true, seems to have been paying at least two and half million dollars a year, and perhaps double as much. For instance, Police Lieutenant Becker, one of those under arrest awaiting trial on charges of instigating the murder of Rosenthal and receiving money for the protection of crime, is said to have deposited in various banks over one hundred thousand dollars in eight months previous to his arrest, and the people of New York want to know how he saved over twelve thousand a month on a salary of less than two hundred a month. How rapidly the wealth of certain other New York officials has piled up is being investigated.

Linked with corrupt officials we often find politicians, and between the two are divided the loot derived from every form of vice, lawlessness and thuggery.

In common fairness let us say right here that not all the members of the police force of New York are suspected in the graft or murder scandals. Many of them are brave, honest men who would scorn such villainy, and the most of them are saved from temptation because their rounds of duty are remote from the criminal-infested districts and do not afford them the opportunity of sharing in the wages of sin even if they were so inclined.

It is among the police assigned to patrol the tough districts in which criminals abound and crime flourishes that the grafters, blackmailers and protectors of crime get busy.

Because of the rich opportunities for the unlawful acquisition of wealth it has been charged that appointments to duty in the criminal districts are much sought by dishonest members with political backing.

It has been hinted that such may have been the case in the promotion of Lieutenant Becker, last fall, to the command of the so-called "strong arm squad" whose special duty was to raid and suppress the gambling "hells," dens of the white slave trade and other criminal resorts. At all events it gave him the opportunity which the murdered Rosenthal claimed, and other confessed criminals now say, that Becker made the most of, and the amazing growth of Becker's bank account in the last few months is pointed to as circumstantial confirmation of these charges.

Why did Rosenthal, the gambler, who claimed to have bought police protection, "squeal" on Becker?

His own statement was that he had been paying Becker all the business would stand and yet Becker demanded more money from him, and on his refusal to increase his tribute, had raided him and put him out of business. This was his avowed grievance which prompted him to offer himself as a witness against Becker and others whom he alleged to be concerned in the police graft scandal.

On the night before the day on which he was to have given his testimony, he was murdered by four men in an automobile, who, it is charged, were hired by Lieutenant Becker, representing the police graft system, to do the deed in order to be rid of a dangerous witness who knew too much.

To give our readers an idea to what indignities an honest citizen, trying to aid in the detection and apprehension of murderers, is subjected in New York, it may be noted that the man who saw the car in which the Rosenthal assassins escaped, and who fortunately made a note of the car's number, when he reported at the nearest police station as to what he had seen, was immediately placed in a cell, and detained there for a number of hours.

But what is more astounding still is the fact that the officer at the police station, instead of putting down the correct number of the car as given him by the witness, wrote down a number entirely different. The police deny all these charges, but they fail to explain the notorious prevalence of crime to an extent that could not exist if they did their duty.

Could anything be more discouraging to the honest citizen than such astounding facts as these? But after all the murder of Herman Rosenthal is simply an acute symptom of a national disease, which is gnawing at the very vitals of our nation. Graft, corruption and money-madness are rampant the country over. This particular incident merely shows up the disease in a more glaring light, because in this instance graft and corruption appear from the evidence thus far made public to have gone hand in hand with murder, instigated and prompted by those to whom the public looks for protection.

There are too many government officials high and low, federal, state and municipal, who are tainted with the national disease of graft, or contaminated in some way by its influence. King Graft sits enthroned, not in the shadows, but stands brazenly out in the light of day with his greedy, merciless hands stretched from coast to coast, overshadowing capitol, court, church, mart, exchange, and every place where men assemble. If we had honest and incorruptible government officials we should have no Rosenthal tragedies and scandals of the underworld. But what can we expect, even from police who are sworn to protect life and property and are handsomely paid to do so, when the U. S. Senate admits to its councils a man of the Lorimer type, that it has cost big business a hundred thousand dollars "to put over"? It is true that after three years' service Lorimer has gone, but would he have gone if this had not been a presidential year? And what of the Senators and officials high in our government, the most prominent men in our land, who stood by and pleaded for his retention in office? Are they not as morally guilty as he? And what of the famous Archbold letters where we find a member of Congress writing to the Standard Oil Octopus: "If you think of anything to do let me know," and a Senator receiving from the same corporation a letter which reads thus: "It now gives me pleasure to enclose you a certificate of deposit to your favor for \$12,500, in fulfillment of promise." Congressional investigations of various trusts and combines show big business merciless and corrupt, and numbers of the paid servants of the public ready to aid men of millions whenever called upon to betray the trust reposed in them.

The magnificent Panama Canal, which will, when com-

pleted have cost the country four hundred million dollars, the railroad interests are doing their level best to make a useless and expensive ditch to those who have built and paid for it. Pure food laws are passed, and the man who was best able to make these laws effective found his position so uncomfortable that he was forced to resign. The food poisoners wanted a freer hand, and so they have driven out Dr. Wiley who stood in their way. The meat inspection law, of which so much was expected, has proved a farce, just as have other laws for the protection of the public. Big business has the money and therefore the power to make laws which interfere with public exploitation void and useless. The political branch of the national tree has over and over again been found to be rotten to the core.

Because most of the men who are mixed up in the Rosenthal case were foreigners or born of foreign parents, we are told that graft and crime can largely be traced to the influx of a criminal foreign element. There is doubtless a measure of truth in this statement, but almost at the very moment that Rosenthal's body was lying stark in the white lights adjoining Broadway, a number of highly respectable(?) gentlemen who have made a football of municipal politics in Detroit for a considerable period, all good(?) Americans, were caught red handed by a detective agency, in their efforts to extort graft from a railroad company, for closing up a city street. Evidently the foreigner has "nothing on us" in the matter of graft and our pistol habit of settling disputes has given our nation the murder record of the world.

And so the writer could go on indefinitely, giving instances of graft and greed. The taint began at the top and has filtered down to the very roots of the national fabric. It is no wonder then that the police with their unlimited power and close association with crooked politicians, lay tribute upon the underworld, and that the underworld, in turn, preys upon the public.

Lieutenant Becker has not been convicted of complicity in either the Rosenthal murder or in the graft with which he is charged. He is only under arrest on indictment and awaiting trial. He has not had a chance to make his defense. When tried he may be acquitted. He and such of the others under arrest for this crime as have not confessed have the benefit of the legal presumption of innocence until convicted. We have yet to learn of anybody doubting that Rosenthal was killed to prevent him from testifying as a witness in support of his charges of corrupt dealings between the police and the underworld and which were especially aimed at Lieutenant Becker. It is reported that Lieutenant Becker claims that the gamblers instigated the murder, and that he is the innocent victim of a conspiracy of gamblers. But the public is more impressed by facts and circumstances which suggest, and confessions which specifically charge official protection of crime.

It is only when such incidents as the Rosenthal murder awake a slothful and indifferent public to the true and terrifying condition of things that the national conscience shows any signs of awakening, and that we begin to ask ourselves where is this thing to stop, and if it does not stop what is to become of this republic of ours?

As long as corruption and dishonesty exist at the top of society, murder and vice as a natural and logical sequence will flourish at the bottom. There must be a national house-cleaning from the aristocratic, graft-gilded housetop to the grimy crime-infested cellar. Our whole official and business life needs sterilizing with the antiseptic wash of public indignation and national wrath.

The smug complacency of the public in general in its attitude towards crime, corruption and political degradation and business dishonesty, is appalling and disheartening. Everything, no matter how horrible, is taken as a matter of course, for this is the get-rich-quick, money-mad age, where crime is coddled, rascality tolerated and graft and corruption exalted to the level of the fine arts.

The public prints reek with the stench of national rottenness. Every time the probe is applied to big business or politics, there is such a revelation of human greed, selfishness and utter indifference to the rights of the individual and the public, not to mention the rights of the toiling masses, that the public conscience becomes dulled and apathetic, and such things soon come to be regarded as inevitable and in fact almost a legitimate part of our every-day life.

Here is where the greatest danger lies to our country and its institutions. Once we regard graft, corruption, robbery and murder as inevitable social diseases that must be tolerated and borne with complaisance, the whole fabric of our society will go to pieces and anarchy will result.

As a matter of fact, what with venal politicians, crooked business, corrupt courts, a subsidized press, and such incidents as the Rosenthal killing, is not anarchy already here?

What is the remedy? Let every county and state organize a vigilance committee to safeguard life, property, public morals and welfare. Our policy of electing politicians, men often without principle or honor, to hold office for stated terms, and allowing them to do as they please while in office, is at the bottom of all our national ills. Every public officer should be kept under the watchful eye of an ever vigilant public. Let no law be made unless it is made to be enforced, and let those who fail to enforce the law, not only be dismissed from office, but punished for betrayal of a public trust.

We are the most easy-going people on earth and we are so absorbed in private duties and the quest of gain that we leave public business to incompetents and corruptionists. We know evil exists, but we are too indifferent and lacking in public spirit to hunt it down. It is time a halt was called, and that we as a nation awakened to the dangers that confront us on every hand, and the awakening cannot come too soon if we would save the remnants of that great fabric of liberty, which our fathers laboriously reared little by little, with prayer, toil and sacrifice, and sanctified with their blood.

Dishonesty must be replaced with honesty, and a public office must be a public trust. The Augean stables of crooked politics and crooked business must be swept clean and the national watchword must be LET NO GUILTY MAN ESCAPE.

Comfort's Editor.

The Uninvited Hallowe'en Guest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

heard before. I believed that he had composed them himself, and because of his high rank had never endeavored to make them a source of financial profit.

Once, as he was singing a particularly charming ballad, Fay Mireau came softly to me, with pale cheeks and wistful eyes.

"Lillian," she whispered, "I love him! He is a prince, and I am a commoner, but I love him!"

"Hush, Fay," I said. "You mustn't think such things. He is not only a prince, but is betrothed as well, and is even now in quest of his fiancée."

"I don't care!" she declared defiantly. "I love him!"

And as the prince turned away from the piano, she brushed the professional pianist aside, seated herself in his place, and sang, to a wild melody of her own immediate improvising:

"Prince of a world invisible!
Prince of the midnight sky!
Beckon to me, and I follow—
Call, and with you I fly!
What are the world and its pleasures?
Only the shade of a dream!
Willingly I renounce them
For my lover of Hallowe'en!"

"Prince of a world invisible!
Prince of a planet far,

With the face of a glorious angel,
And eyes like the morning star—
I am an earthly being—
You are a spirit, I ween.
But love is of Heaven, boundless,
O, my lover of Hallowe'en!"

"Prince of a world invisible,
Say, do you sit alone,
Unloved and all unloving,
On your glittering, golden throne?
Carry me off to your kingdom—
Take me to be your queen,
To reign forever and ever,
With my lover of Hallowe'en!"

Before I had time to reprove her, she slipped into the prince's waiting arms, and was whirled away in the dance. And while they tripped smoothly over the polished floor, I could see him whispering to her, while she gazed at him, wonderingly, at first—then contentedly, joyously.

By this time the supper-hour had arrived, and we all repaired to the dining-room. At twelve there would be another dance, and at twelve-thirty the company would disperse.

Fay and the prince were seated side by side at the supper-table, and during the entire meal they conversed with each other in low tones, to the exclusion of the other guests. I was vexed with Fay, for she was causing comment; she seemed indifferent, however, to my censuring glances and to the embarrassed silence of those seated near her.

While the midnight dance was in progress I missed her, and was unable to find her in any of the rooms. At length I asked Karl where he had seen her last.

"She has gone out to the well," he replied, "to see if it will reveal her future husband's identity. And do you know, I think the prince has followed her to peep over her shoulder. At any rate, he is missing, too."

"Really!" I exclaimed in annoyance. "Fay has been very indiscreet tonight, and this is carrying indiscretion to the verge of impropriety."

Hastily throwing on a light wrap, I scurried down the steps and made my way through the dense shrubbery to the well in the rear of the grounds.

Suddenly I stopped, frozen with horror. On the ground, near the well, lay a motionless heap of white and silver, gleaming in the light of the October moon.

I did not scream or faint; summoning all my courage, I stooped over the silent form, and found that my fears were realized. Not a breath of life stirred her pulse; not a vestige of color glowed in her cheeks; Fay Mireau was dead, but her body showed no scar or other indication of the cause of her death; the doctors said it was heart failure. Perhaps it was. At that moment a sudden impulse caused me to look upward. What was it I saw there—a cloud? A single cloud in all the vast sky? A strange cloud then, truly; for it bore the shape of two human figures, floating calmly through the sky—one of them resembling Prince Aurel—the other, resting lightly in his arms, had the face and figure of Fay Mireau. A strange cloud, surely, for it rose higher and higher until it appeared only as a faint shadow on the face of the moon.

All this occurred a year ago; and this year I deliberated long before I finally decided to follow my usual custom and give a masked ball. I feared that the memory of Fay Mireau's death would hang like a cloud of gloom over the assembly, and that enjoyment would be impossible. At length I said to myself, aloud, "Shall I entertain on Hallowe'en, or shall I not?"

"Do," whispered a voice in reply. I gazed all about me, but could see no one. That whispered answer to my spoken question decided me, however, and on Hallowe'en my home was thronged with guests.

At nine o'clock the door of the reception-room opened noiselessly, and two masked figures entered. One was tall and kingly, and garbed in a domino; the other, childish and sprightly, was costumed in a gown of glistening silver tissue.

"Who are they? Oh, Lillian, who are they?" asked my guests, and I, in bewilderment, answered, "I think—that is—I really can't say."

They danced, they sang, they laughed, and when the clock struck twelve, and the time had come to unmask, everyone gazed at them eagerly; and I was not surprised when the masks were lifted, and I gazed upon the faces of Prince Aurel and Fay Mireau. A moment they stood before us, silent, smiling. Then, before our eyes, they vanished.

The prince has found his princess, from whom he was parted so long; and Fay Mireau "reigns forever and ever with her lover of Hallowe'en." But as for me, I shall never again fling defiance to the Powers Invisible.



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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SAY, folks, hop up on my lap as I am going to talk to you about the Congressional pork barrel. The Congressional pork barrel of which many of you possibly have never heard, is very much like the box of candy that you hand around to a bunch of peevish children when you want to quiet them and keep them in good humor. When a man is sent to Congress, don't for one moment think that he goes there with a view of solving national problems, because in the majority of cases he doesn't. He simply goes to Washington to represent the big bugs in his Congressional district, or if he be a Senator to represent the wealthy interests in his state, and occasionally makes a bluff at doing something for his constituents as a whole. The people expect their Congressmen and Senators to look solely after their interests and not to give a hang about the needs and desires of other sections of the country, or the nation as a whole. If you go into any town or city in this country, and ask the average citizen why he thought so and so was the greatest man ever sent to Congress from that vicinity he



COUSIN H. CLIFFORD SINCLAIR, WILMINGTON, DEL.

would answer you thus: "Gol darn it, Bill Smith's the greatest man that ever sat in Congress. He looks after his peepul. He railed the national pork barrel for fair. He got money to build post-offices in places in this yar state where they didn't sell three cents' worth of stamps in ten years. He got half a million out of Congress to deepen Dead Horse Creek, that ain't held a pint of water in three centuries. Bill never bothered about no tariff, no income tax, no intiaitive and referendum, no parcels post and no recall, nor any fool truck like that. Bill just went after Uncle Sam's pork barrel, where Unk keeps his wad, and say he got more money for this district than a wild goose could fly over without breaking its neck. Now, gol darn it that's what I call a statesman."

Alas, dear friends that is just what the average citizen will tell you when you ask him about his Congressman. The average citizen in fact, does not want a statesman to go to Washington. He only wants a man who will get "honest" graft for his district, a man who can do as the fired mother does with a box of candy, hand the sugar plums around to the peevish children when they get noisy and tiresome. That is the reason our country is so badly governed. The man who goes to Washington knows just about what big business wants or does not want, while Mr. Average Citizen has no idea what he wants, and if he had he wouldn't get it, and so our Congressman ignores all the great issues of the day that might help the people and listens to the siren song of the corporation lobbyist who has millions at his command, and who knows what he wants from the people's representative and gets it. The Senator or Representative does not have to bother about the people at home. Two or three new post-offices (architectural monstrosities that look like Noah's ark on wheels) or a few thousand dollars to dig a ditch are thrown to them just as a bone is thrown to a dog, and when he gets home they give him a torchlight procession, wave the star spangled banner, and tumble all over themselves to get a grasp of the hand of their great, wonderful and immortal mis-representative.

Here is a little instance of how the pork barrel game is worked. A small town in a far western state, with a population of exactly 1737 souls is to have its present post-office replaced with a gorgeous fifty thousand dollar structure and would you like to know just how much money this particular post-office took in for Uncle Sam last year? Well, its total business for twelve months amounted to the incredible, glorious and magnificent sum of \$2,841.30. Fancy building a fifty thousand dollar structure to accommodate a government concern which does a business of but little over fifty dollars a week. The Senate appropriated \$75,000 to build a post-office in a Wyoming village with a population of 281 souls. It appears that one Senator tried to stop the first appropriation mentioned and the Senator who was trying to put it through, to quote the publication from which I gathered the information: "Was terribly offended at Senator So and So for making his protest on the ground that Senatorial 'courtesy' was violated by exposing the plans of a Senator when the Senator wasn't present." Immense eh? Courtesy! rats—why not call it robbery and done with it.

I had a list of some score of these pork barrel

steals where gorgeous post-office buildings were to be dumped down in backwoods tank-towns, to the great delight of the tank town inhabitants, and to pull the wool over their eyes, and gather in their votes for the political machine represented by the State Senator.

This is a big country and it ought to inspire people to big thoughts and grand ideas. Occasionally in the presence of a great national danger people forget sectionalism and selfish local interests and rise to the heights of lofty patriotism, but directly the national danger has passed by, they slump back into their old bad habits, thinking only of the interests, of their own little county or state and caring naught for great national problems, the solving of which can alone make all the people happy, contented and prosperous.

The folly of all this national grafting, this shame and disgrace of the pork barrel, is this: Every dollar in that pork barrel has been extracted from the pockets of the mass of the people. The burden of taxation is almost entirely borne by the toilers, while the wealthy pay little. A national income tax would lift much of this burden from the backs of the poor and place it upon the shoulders of those most able to bear it. We came within an ace of getting a national income tax some years ago, but of course the Supreme Court decided it was unconstitutional. Everything that might help the masses by the way is unconstitutional, don't forget that. Before we can have an income tax that precious old constitution will have to be amended. A certain number of the state legislatures have to vote in favor of this amendment before it can be made constitutional. A large number of states have voted for this amendment, but about nine state votes I think are necessary before the thing can be put through. I read in this morning's paper that the State Legislature of Massachusetts had for the third time turned its back on this great reform. That ought to give the people of Massachusetts a pretty good idea of the value or lack of value of so-called representative government in their state. If I lived in a state whose legislature turned down a reform of this kind I would pack my trunk and get out of it, or I would force my way into the state legislature and howl imprecations at the corporate lackeys who had dared to flout the popular will in this brazen manner.

In the same paper on the same day I read that the state legislature of Ohio does not want to exercise the right of recall over public servants. Poor old Ohio, poor old Massachusetts. God knows I pity you, and there are other states even worse. This is what you get for having pork barrel ideas, and electing pork barrel politicians to represent you. This is what causes so many of you to live in the dark shadow of poverty and bring about Roosevelt murders. This is what you get for electing squirrels, and making yourselves nuts for the squirrels to prey on. This is what you get for electing medicine men who block the trails of progress. Election is nearing. Let me beg and beseech you not to barter your political heritage for a miserable mess of pottage from the swinish pork barrel. Cast all pork barrels aside. Breathe deep into your body a breath of that patriotism which ennobles and inspires. Don't worry about your city, county or state. Think of what is best for the United States, for the whole people, and not for that small portion in which you move and have your being. People of small souls, small ideas have no right in the United States. They should go and find some island about an inch square in some remote section of the earth and live on that. This magnificent land is too full of glorious possibilities to be inhabited by puny humans who cannot get their ideals higher than pork barrels. Wake up and solemnly resolve to serve your country and your God and be worthy of this majestic land which Providence gave you that you might develop the noblest and best that is within you, instead of the worst as many of you are doing. Throw the pork barrel overboard, and let your motto be onward and upward. My country, my God and the right.

The long fall evenings are here, and it is only twelve weeks until Christmas. The harvest is gathered in and the logs blaze brightly and now is the time that you need Uncle Charlie's Poems. They will warm the cockles of your heart, tickle your ribs and make glad your soul until spring comes again. This is the dandiest, funniest, loveliest book on earth, 160 pages of riotous fun, beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth, with superb pictures of the author, and a sketch of his life, and his autograph in every volume. Free for a club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each.

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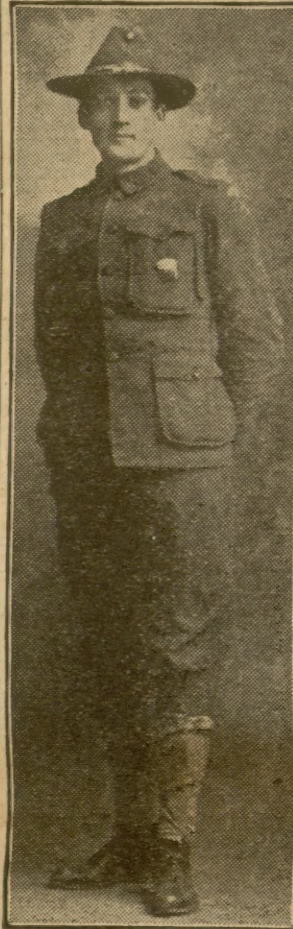
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a coal miner forty-one years of age. I spent twenty-five years of my life laboring in the mines of East . . . I was born and raised near where that terrible mine disaster happened last December of which you have no doubt been reading. It snuffed out of existence a hundred lives, leaving sixty widows and a hundred and sixty orphan children, without any means of support. Who is responsible for this terrible loss of life? Let me explain just a little and then answer if you please. The district mine inspector appointed by Governor . . . inspected this mine just a week before it blew up, and reported it in first-class condition. This same mine inspector I understand is a retired mine

operator who secured his appointment through a political pull. But let that be as it may. Under the laws of the state of . . . it was the duty of the district mine inspector to inspect that mine, and if he should find any danger to exist to close the mine down until such danger was removed. Just a short time before this mine inspector reported this mine in first-class condition, . . . who holds a class A mine certificate, under the state law, and who was an applicant for district mine inspector under Governor . . . visited this same mine for the purpose of securing work. After he had been assured of a job by the pit boss, he went into the mines and found them in such a dangerous condition that he would not accept the job and left, finding work in another mine. The fact is that the mine inspector must have known that this mine was in a dangerous condition when he inspected it. The superintendent and pit boss of this mine knew it was in a dangerous condition from the fact that it was very dusty, and yet no one will be held to answer to the law for neglect of duty. Who is responsible? The great laboring class of people throughout the United States who must have better laws and better conditions. Have the laboring class a country of which they can be proud? We talk about international peace and better international laws. We need better laws and enforcement of the laws at home. We talk about converting the heathen, and we neglect our millionaire heathens at home. Something must be done to better the laboring man's condition or soon the cry will be "peace, peace," and there will be no peace. "Woe unto him by whom the offense cometh." With a heart torn with emotion for the sad women and little orphaned children, I await your answer.

Respectfully, JAMES C. CLAXTON.

Your letter friend, James, answers itself. I have, for obvious reasons left out the name of the mine in which so many poor souls met their



COUSIN JOEL D. PALMER, COTTAGE GROVE, BOX 128, OREGON.

doom, and the names of the officials that you mention. It is very evident that these lives were lost through official neglect, carelessness and indifference to human life. According to your description this apparently was a pure case of official neglect of duty. As I have often pointed out it is dangerous to take one human life, as the taking of one human life may send you to the electric chair, but do murder by wholesale and no one will bother you. Nobody was ever hanged yet for a mining disaster, but when these disasters are brought about by official neglect and carelessness somebody ought to be hanged. The poor wretches who are employed in these underground death traps practically place their lives in the hands of those whose duty it is to see the mines they work in, are safe as they can possibly be made. When officials either through indifference, or to oblige those who own these properties knowingly permit conditions that send hundreds of men to their doom, isn't that murder? Whenever an accident involving loss of life are investigated, we frequently find that these accidents are due to greed, graft, neglect or carelessness. It is the first duty of a government to protect the lives of its citizens. A government that cannot do that isn't a government at all, but a mob of heartless hoodlums. To every man killed in the coal mines in England three are killed here. Just as we lag behind all other nations of the earth in progressive legislation, when it comes to the slaughter of our workers in every line of industry, we hold the shameful and disgraceful place at the head of the procession of death. Instead of the slaughter of our miners, growing yearly less in the last twenty-five years, a slaughter has largely increased. Nearly everyone knows or should know that most of these mining disasters are preventable. In spite of the fact that thousands of poor wretches have their lives crushed out in the bowels of the earth (lives that are needlessly and wickedly sacrificed), if a bill were introduced into Congress to stop this slaughter, you would immediately find a bunch of those who are supposed to represent the people, but who really represent wealth and privilege, doing their level best to defeat the measure. Why? Because it takes money to protect life, and those who operate mines don't want to spend any money protecting working men whose lives are worth nothing to them. Before me lies a pamphlet which was sent me by an Episcopal bishop of Pennsylvania. It is a report of the conditions existing in the coal mining regions of Westmoreland Co., Pa. It is issued by the Church Association for the advancement of the interests of labor. I wish all those who are interested would send a stamped addressed envelope to the C. A. I. L. Diocesan House, 416 Lafayette St., New York, and ask for a copy of this pamphlet. It is the most astounding document I ever read. It seemed incredible to me after I had read this pamphlet that the conditions set forth therein, and the facts that it brought to light, could ever have existed or come to pass in any country on earth, even at the time when men were little better than wild beasts. You ought to read it and when you have read it you will feel your very soul stirring with horror and indignation, and you will cry aloud: "How long, O Lord, how long!" It shows once more that money in this country is all powerful, and that those with money and power, can set the law at defiance, and that conscienceless greed can grind to dust the bodies of the unorganized toilers. Don't forget that according to the Report of the Commission on Immigration, that the average yearly wage of all workmen in bituminous mines is only \$443.00 and that is less than nine dollars a week, and it is for this princely sum that men who exist miserably in company houses, wretched, unsanitary company shacks (houses owned by coal operators) perched on barren hillsides must toil in the bowels of the earth to support their sickly wives, and half starved children, and while working death in its most hideous and awful form is ever at their elbows. The men in this region, finding the conditions under which they toiled intolerable, went on strike. Let me quote you from the pamphlet before mentioned an incident which happened during this strike: "In one household visited the mother and one of the daughters were arrested in their own yard by a deputy sheriff, during a parade of the wives and daughters of the strikers, in which neither was taking part. Taken before a squire (justice of the peace) charged with disorderly conduct, and were not permitted to testify in their own behalf. They were all sentenced to a fine of ten dollars or



Given to You

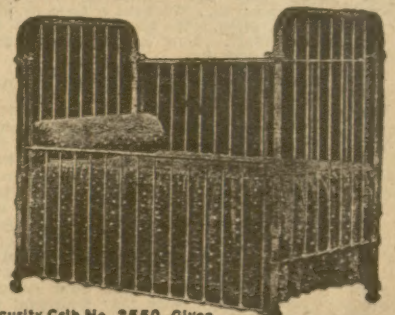
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G. P. 185

twenty days in jail. Not being able to pay they went to jail!" Now just think of it, women arrested in their own home yards and put in jail for twenty days without being allowed to say one word in their own defence, and this in the United States!!! Russia at its worst could never equal this; but what's the use? Money rules and money has no conscience, no pity. James Claxton wants to know what he and his kind are going to do about it. First organize your labor union, then do as the workers do in Great Britain, send working men to Congress to represent the interests of labor. What has been done in Europe can be done here if the workers will only get together, stick together and work together. You have the ballot and you are in the majority. The official steam rollers of none of the old or new parties can run over you, if you act with determination and discretion, and if you work, study, think and avoid violence, neither the greed of the money hog, nor the cunning of the politician can deprive you of the right guaranteed to all men who have the red corpuscles of American citizenship pulsating in their veins, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the right to be protected at your work, and the right to receive for your work a wage that will permit you to live decently, and comfortably and to raise and educate your children

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

to be law-abiding, useful American citizens, loving your country and honoring a flag which though dragged in the mire and dirt by unscrupulous money hogs is still the sacred emblem of liberty and freedom. Just one word in conclusion. This will give you an idea how the coal trust works. There has recently been a strike in the anthracite coal region. As one New York paper says, "Half-a-dozen men sitting in a room in Philadelphia or elsewhere, can dictate the price of fuel to the millions, poor or rich, who must bow to their iniquitous monopoly." The coal octopus increased the wages of the men five per cent. This means that the workers will get \$5,000,000 more a year, but the octopus at once raised the price of coal twenty-five cents a ton, which will net them an increase in profit of \$21,000,000 a year. That's what always happens when there is a strike. The workers get a few more cents a week and the public are robbed of millions to make up for the slight increase in wages. The trusts have the public going and coming, they have the nation by the throat and hold Congress in the hollow of their hands. Money rules, money is the nation's god, and the money god will continue to rule until you, the people take the running of the government into your own hands, and you can do that just as soon as you put brains and intelligence, patriotism and common sense behind that slip you drop into the ballot box. It is all up to you. The remedy to right the national wrongs is in your hands. It is your own fault if you do not use it.

GLADYS, R. R. 3, Box 22, Va.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My mother and cousin both take COMFORT and I love to read it. Say Uncle, I am a poor, little fatherless girl. I lost my father five years ago, and I have missed him so much. He was so good to me, I have four brothers. I am in the fifth grade. I am thirteen years old, have black hair and eyes and the boys say I am pretty but Uncle I hate all the boys. I don't think a girl ought to notice a boy, till she gets 25, do you? I have a pet cow that I have and my brother tells me he will sell her, and you ought to hear me cry. It hurts me to think of losing her. They try to fool and tease me with my own every day and I intend to keep her. We have a farm of one hundred seventy-five acres. We are poor but we are respected by everybody. Now don't let Billy get this letter. With best wishes,

HESTER CHILDERS.

Hester, little girls in the fifth grade at least ought to know that the personal pronoun I is written with a capital letter. It seems incredible to me that even with the wretched instruction that is given to children in the majority of country schools, that a child of nearly fourteen could widdle through to the fifth grade with a bunch of small it's trailing behind her and decorating every letter and bit of writing that she has perpetrated in and out of school without getting discovered in the act. It would be a great thing for education in this country if the state appointed three or four men and women to swoop down on schools just as bank examiners swoop down on financial institutions and just size matters up. The way to find out what a person knows or does not know is to get him or her to write a letter. If one of these school detectives suddenly walked into one of these wild-eyed centers for the distribution of punk spelling and illegible writing and requested the scholars to drop their ordinary studies and write a letter to some real or imaginary person, in half an hour he would know how much the children knew, how much knowledge the teacher was incapable of imparting, and what sort of returns the tax payers of that particular county were getting for teaching the young idea how to shoot. This, however will never be done. Practical ways, costing little money that get at the root of evils are never utilized by the cabbage heads who could in one year, by practical methods and the exercise of a little horse sense increase the educational efficiency of our schools a hundred per cent. They are always talking about forming new bureaus at Washington. There is one bureau however, that it will be many years before they will form, and that's the bureau of practical, common, horse sense. If we had a bureau of that kind, my what a lot of trunk packing there would be in Washington, and what a lot of legislative pin heads would be beating it to the tall grass doomed to a diet of corn bread, lasses and hog trimmings for the balance of their natural lives, a diet by the way too good for the majority of them. I'll wager a bureau of horse sense would be the means of putting about five million parasites who now live on the toll of others, at honest labor. Excuse me, Hester, and I'll permit you to say as Queen Elizabeth said to a Bishop who was preaching before her: "Cease this ungodly digression, and return to your text." By the way the bishop was using the prerogatives of his office to lecture the women of his time and especially the queen on the extravagance of dress. The queen said it as long as she could, then she put the kibosh on the bishop. Now don't you all say: "Ah, you see the women in those days were as dress crazy as many of them are today, for the men of Elizabeth's time were also togged out like a bunch of peacocks and the gay girls had nothing on them in the glad rag line. You have one statement in your letter Gladys, which has simply put me in a state of collapse. You say "I don't think a girl ought to notice a boy until she gets twenty-five." Now Hester, how the mischief could you accumulate a bunch of boy admirers without noticing them until they totaled up to twenty-five. Your letter seems to imply that twenty-four kid adorners would not stagger you, and in fact that you were not conscious of their presence until the twenty-fifth one appeared on the scene. For a girl not to notice twenty-five admirers until she had that number of male scamps and hearts tucked neatly under her belt is quite a record in the heart smashing line. As a rule even one admirer makes a girl extremely happy or exceedingly uncomfortable, and love-lorn boys are usually so aggressive and such a delight or such a nuisance—in whichever light you wish to regard them—that it is impossible to ignore their existence. For a girl to pay no attention to her male admirers until a whole army corps of them were congregated in the front parlor, holding down the front stoop, crawling down the chimney, swinging on the garden gate and generally behaving like flies around a molasses barrel, and threatening suicide if not immediately accepted, seems an achievement utterly impossible of accomplishment. Oh, thank you Mr. Goat. I am so grateful to you Mr. Goat for putting me wise to just what Hester did mean. Hester it seems meant us to understand that not until she was twenty-five would she notice a boy. You can notice them a little earlier than that, Hester, and don't hate a boy at any time. If a boy is absolutely bad, pity him but don't hate. Hate is a nasty word, and to hate all boys good or bad is very uncharitable and not the act of a Christian. There are plenty of good boys and a good boy is as good as a good girl. Good is good, and evil is evil. Learn to distinguish between the two. There are plenty of evil things that you can hate, but remember most boys that are bad are not innately bad, but are bad from lack of proper parental care, guidance and instruction and proper education. The education of the child should begin not only with the parents but several generations back, then we would have very few boys that you or anyone else would want to hate, and we'd have very few teachers who would allow you to be smothering your letter with small it's where there ought to be large ones. Nearly all the sin, crime and wickedness in the world is due to ignorance and ignorance is largely due to the avarice and greed of those who monopolize the good things of the earth and control the world's government and care little about how the masses fare as long as all their needs are satisfied. Learn to love, not

to hate. I don't mean mushy love, but all your heart with that love which ennobles the one who loves and makes him determined when he sees a wrong or an abuse, not to stand idly by and hate and revile the wrong but to go out and fight it, correct it, overcome it, and make the evil into good, for all things in this world that have an atom of goodness in them can be developed and made better and better if we have only the love, the patience and the earnest desire in our hearts to bring out the best in them and everything. Remember God is love, and the more love we have in our hearts the more god-like we become. Remember, however, I'm not referring to the kind of mushy demoralizing love that makes girls of thirteen brides. I'm talking only of the love that exalts and glorifies and makes human beings like unto the angels and the Father in whose image they were created. P. S. I can't tell whether your name is Hester Childers or Childers—you've written it so carelessly.

HICKMAN, R. R. 1, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Is there any room on your lap for a poor, uneducated son of the soil, who digs the dirt to earn his bread? I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-eight pounds, have blue eyes, light hair, and fair complexion and will be old enough to vote in November. My mother died when I was thirteen years old. I being the oldest of the six children, had to keep house for my father until he married again, which was only seven months.

Uncle Charlie, I never had the chance to get an education. My parents were both uneducated. My father said: "Just so you can read a little and write your name is enough." And that was about all I got. I went to school in a little loghouse, built on a very rocky hillside. Our playground was about twelve by thirty feet. Our school generally began the first Monday in August and ended in November.

I would start to school the first day and go about three weeks, then I had to stop and work in the hay one week, go another week stop to pick peas, go another week and stop to gather corn and sow wheat, and that was all of school I saw until the next August. I have not been to school for seven years, but I have studied at home, and have read all the best books and papers I can get.

Uncle, I love to live out here in the country and work in the fields among the flowers where we can commune with nature and learn music from the songs of the birds.

I greatly enjoy your talks and "a few words by the Editor." I enjoyed your Easter sermon very, very much.

Cousins, I have had a camera eight years and make pictures when I have time. It is a good way to make "spending money."

With best wishes to all, your cousin and friend,

WILL NABORS.

Yes, Will, there is always room for any son of the soil, especially a boy of your sturdy qualities. I want to grip your hand, and tell you that from the depths of my heart that I honor and admire you. You are one in a thousand. Your letter is practically faultless, and yet you have scarcely had any show at all to obtain an education. Under circumstances that would have discouraged not only the ordinary,



COUSIN MARY CUTTELLE, ODELL, ILL.

but the extraordinary boy, you have brushed aside every disadvantage, overcome every difficulty, and lit the lamp of knowledge which is now shedding its illuminating beams over the pathway of your existence, making life bright and joyous for you. The majority of boys placed as you were, would have said: "Oh, what's the odds," and their uncultivated minds would have made them a drain on society, and a stumbling block in the way of the world's progress, for it is ignorance, only ignorance, that keeps the world from going forward. Ignorance is the only evil, knowledge the only good. You have, by study and observation, educated yourself, and now for you there is no past, for the minds of the greatest men that ever lived are ready to speak to you, and exchange thoughts with you. You can commune with the giants of all the ages, gather the wisdom of all the centuries, and apply the sum total of all human knowledge, for the uplift of yourself and those about you. Ah, how the world needs boys of your type—sturdy boys, boys of character, determination and intelligence and high ideals. To every boy of this kind we have a dozen who are shiftless, thoughtless, lacking in character and ambition, loving pleasure and thinking only of self. The majority of young men go to school and get a smattering of education and never make one single effort to improve themselves. They are content to read a little (precious little) and write their own names. They have no ideas about anything, if they have their ideas are all wrong, for you can't get any ideas out of an uncultivated brain any more than you can gold nuggets out of coffee grounds. Devoted of ideas, convictions, knowledge and character, such men leave the human race just where they found it. Such men do not advance civilization the millionth part of an inch. Finding no recreation in the mind, they drift to the saloon and the brothel. They are the prey of the political boss who buys their votes for a drink of whiskey and a two dollar bill. They know nothing of local problems let alone national ones. They are mere animal reproducers of their species, and lacking intelligence themselves, can impart none to their children. They drift o'er the sea of life like a vessel without a rudder, carried hither and thither by every puff of wind that fortune may send, and old age finds them

shipwrecked on the rocks of poverty. The world is full of human driftwood, tossed hither and thither by every vagrant tide. That is why the country is in such a deplorable condition today. The thoughtful, clean living, intelligent fellows of the Will Nabors' type are in the minority; the thoughtless, indifferent, shiftless, shallow minded in the majority. The precious, priceless thing that Will Nabors has acquired he had to struggle hard for, and it's the struggling that develops character and makes the man. Nature has without a struggle and the harder the struggle the greater the victory, and the more credit to those who do the struggling. It is Abraham Lincoln stretched on the log floor of a humble log cabin poring over a few tattered volumes that comprised his scanty library by the fitful light of a pine log fire, and not the opulent well-fed Mr. Taft, hiking to Yale in a Pullman that stirs our imagination and thrills us with admiration. Things that we get without effort we do not appreciate, but it's the things for which we have to strive and make sacrifices that we prize. Those are the things that mean something to us and are precious in our sight. I hope all your boys will take a leaf out of the life book of Will Nabors. Study when you are in school, and don't miss an opportunity to go to school, and when you leave school, read, study and observe. Have some definite object in view and strive to attain it. Don't drift and don't waste your time. Don't concentrate all your thoughts on either making money or having a good time. The so-called successful business man is too often but a mere slave driver and a money hog in disguise. A man who thinks only in dollars and cents, a man whose heart is a cash register, and a man who has sold his soul to the devil of gain and gold. Strive, rather to be a real man, a man of high ideals and impeccable honesty, an enthusiastic worker in every cause for the uplift of humanity, setting an example of right living and right thinking to all within the community in which you live. It is far better to be a real man, a man that everyone can respect and honor, a man whose life is an inspiration, than to be a successful business man or to be President of the United States, and have your name boosted for a second term in a convention where two thousand policemen are needed to preserve order amongst your adherents or antagonists. Will, I thank you for your letter. I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting you, and of holding you up as an example to the millions of young folks who read COMFORT.

RAYMORE, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you make room for a sixty-three-year "young" aunt, in your C. L. O. C. circle? I have been taking COMFORT twenty years, and this is my first attempt at writing for publication. So Uncle Charlie, I will kindly ask you to pardon, and correct my mistakes, as I failed to get an education on account of an invalid mother and helpless little children. I never went to school a day after I was seventeen years old.

Nieces and nephews, though Uncle Charlie's answers to your letters are comical, causing us to shake with laughter, yet every line is better than gold to you. Why, he's the best teacher you ever have had, or ever will have. He teaches you correctly in all things.

Just think of it! On at Topeka, Kans., a few weeks ago, they had a spelling contest just amongst the teachers, and out of one hundred and twelve teachers, ninety-two of them missed the word villain, over fifty tripped at the word victuals, and so on until over one hundred words were missed. Isn't that a fright for teachers? So one and all, listen to our dear Uncle Charlie, he is with us today, but we cannot count on always having him. Think what would happen if I had Uncle Charlie's book of poems and his book of songs. The poems do good service for my grandchildren, as they all learn pieces from it, and recite them at school. I could not do without it. The books are all simply grand.

Love to dear Uncle Charlie and all the nieces and nephews.

MRS. ANNIE MATTHEWS.

Delighted to have a sixty-three-year-old young lady join our magic circle. Mrs. Matthews has been reading COMFORT for twenty years. The people who make a success of life are those who recognize a good thing when they see it and hang on to it. Keep your eyes trimmed for the good things of life. COMFORT is one of them. It's lovely of you to want to make a cake for me Mrs. Matthews (the part of your letter offering me the cake is not printed, because I have lost it), and even if the cake does not materialize I shall be just as grateful, for my cake eating days have been over now for some time. I am glad, dear friend, that you appreciate my efforts to improve the spelling of the thousands of young folks who write to me yearly. The spelling of the youth of this country is simply atrocious. I get hundreds of letters from people over seventy years of age, and when it comes to spelling they have the rising generation skinned to a finish. The teachers of several normal schools in New York and other states where young women are prepared for a scholastic vocation, were recently given a spelling test. The result was simply paralyzing. Young women going out to instruct the youth of our land, scores of them, were unable to spell simple words. In the young folks only realized what a tremendously important part spelling plays in this workaday business world of ours, they would not be so scandalously indifferent to this vital branch of the educational tree. Probably seventy per cent. of the world's business is done by correspondence, and when we get a letter from a man or woman which is smothered with mis-spelled words it's impossible to do otherwise than size the writer up as an ignoramus or a mental light weight. Poor spelling is a sign of deficient powers of observation, carelessness, sloth and ignorance. I am frequently asked by those around me how to spell certain words. My reply is always the same: "There are five dictionaries in this flat, go and look the word up, or write the word incorrectly and let the person you are writing to smile contemptuously at your ignorance." When you find a fly in a bowl of milk you rank it out immediately because it spoils the whole appearance of the milk and suggests typhoid germs as well. A mis-spelled word in a letter has just the same effect on a person of education. This is a reading age and our eyes pass over certain words thousands of times in the course of a year, and if we have any powers of observation or any gray matter in our think tanks we ought, particularly when writing a letter for publication, a letter which we know millions will see, take a little pains to see that the spelling is correct. Heaven knows dictionaries are cheap enough, and there is absolutely no excuse for bad spelling except among the very young and those who have been robbed of a chance to go to school. I know a business man who is smart enough to employ a clever, well-educated stenographer. This man is in the real estate business. His stenographer happened to be away one day and Mr. Real Estate man, who had had all the usual advantages of a public school education, had occasion to write to a client about a certain piece of property he was trying to sell. He wanted to tell the prospective buyer that the house was near certain street car and elevated lines, in other words that it had good transit facilities. He however wrote it thus: "This property has excellent transom facilities." You can bet the man who got that letter had a fit, and must have felt that he was dealing with a bone head. Think too, of the man who in writing about the death of his wife said she had: "Gone to the grate beyond." He meant Heaven of course, but he was actually consigning her to a fireplace. What am I to think of a high school graduate who writes me that she has a soar throat? Evidently she is trying to convert her throat into a flying machine. I could give hundreds of instances of this kind. Physicians especially, spell atrociously. I have, or had, a collection of medical certificates, the spelling of which ought to have caused the writers to have retired into the wilderness and have hidden their heads in shame forevermore. If country doctors don't know any more about medicine than they do about spelling, it's a

wonder all the country folks are not dead. When hundreds of doctors can't even spell cat, is it any wonder that children have bad spells? Professional men at least ought to know how to spell. Fancy trusting your life to a medical man who writes Md. after his name. That means Maryland, instead of Doctor of Medicine. Some people think spelling is too small a matter to bother about. I know a young lady who is trying to make a living by writing stories. She is a clever girl with bright ideas, but she sometimes has three misspelled words in one sentence. Carelessness and indifference, nothing else. To try and teach children algebra, Latin, geometry, biology and all sorts of other difficult studies, when kids can't even spell cat is like trying to put a chimney on a building before you have dug out the foundation. Pay more attention to your spelling boys and girls. The ability to spell correctly may mean everything to you as you grow up in life. It may mean success or ruin to you from a business point of view, and remember bad spelling exposes ignorance and often makes one the jest and laughing stock of others, for badly spelled letters are usually passed around for other folks to laugh at. My criticisms of the cousins' letters are constructive and not destructive. They are educational, and I wish you all appreciated the fact as much as Mrs. Matthews does, and I am glad to say most of you do.

MT. VERNON, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Here I am again. I knocked at your door sometime ago and you did not let me in. I hope you will admit me this time. I am one of a family of four boys and two girls. My youngest brother got married and I have to dance in "the hog trough," but I would rather dance on the vaudeville. I am pretty handy at dancing and getting off funny jokes, and I sing coon songs. I traveled with "Long-Brothers Show." I had the part of a black man and brought down the house with a roar.

Here is a riddle, "Be good to me and I am everybody, scratch my back and I am nobody." (Let me see that's a mirror, isn't it?—Uncle Charlie.) O, yes I have a trade, I'm a block setter and make good wages. As to myself I am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, with black hair and dark gray eyes and am twenty-five years old.

With love to you Uncle Charlie and the cousins and success to COMFORT, your nephew,

EDWARD J. MARLETTE.

I am sorry you did not gain admittance the first time you knocked at my door, Edward. I am always in, and I can't dodge a visitor not even if I wanted to, so your knock must have been a very slight one or your I would have heard it. You say that you would rather dance on the vaudeville? Vaudeville is a harmless sort of amusement and I don't suppose it ever did you any injury. You must have got a grouch against vaudeville or you wouldn't want to dance on it. I am sorry we can't see you dance, hear you crack your funny jokes and listen to your rendition of coon songs. You are evidently quite an artist in your line, and every man ought to be an artist in his line whether it is a clothes line, or a street car line. I've no doubt if you were engaged in either of these lines you would display talent of a high order. I'm sure all our cousins will be interested to know that you traveled with the Long Bros. show. There is one thing sure the Long Bros. ought always to be able to pay salaries, as under no possible conditions could they ever be short. We are also much interested to know that you had the part of a black man, but it would have been far more interesting still if you had only told us which part of the black man you had. It seems to me instead of being a theatrical show you were with it must have been an anatomical exhibition. Did you personally dismember this particular black man or did you raid the dissecting-room of a hospital and appropriate the parts that you especially required for your public exhibition? Under the circumstances I am not surprised that you brought down the house with a roar. As a matter of fact it is not possible to bring down any house without a roar unless the house is made of rubber bricks. The next time you appear in public, Edward, I would advise you to give a demonstration of your ability in the open air, then there would be no danger of any house-falling, though the heavens may show their appreciation of your talents by weeping and sending you and your audience home in a moistened condition. I am delighted to hear that you have a trade, and especially delighted to know that you are a block setter. After bringing the house down with a roar it must be a blessing to the manager of your company and the proprietor of a disintegrated theater to have a block setter handy to put it together again. I don't know exactly what a block setter is but I suppose he is something in the building line. Billy the Goat says that a block setter is half brother to an Irish setter, and distantly related to a Gordon setter. I don't, however, take much stock in the light Billy has shed upon this highly complicated and technical matter. The most remarkable setter I ever knew was a hen who sat on three China eggs, and after considerable effort and application on her part, managed to hatch out a laundry. I am glad to hear, Edward, that you get good wages and hope that you will set aside a part of your earnings to remunerate that poor colored man for appropriating a part of his anatomy.

PLEASANT VIEW, R. R. 2, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sure you will need at least three lawyers to help you read my letter.

I live in the country and like country life fine, don't think I would like the city. We live about ten miles from the depot. I never rode on a train in my life, but have rode on street cars. The first time I rode on a street car it made me almost sick.

Cousins do you all like flowers? I sure do, and have several different kinds. I like to have geraniums in bloom in cold weather, they make a home sweeter, I think.

How many of the cousins enjoy going to school? I had to stop school last year to help my mother cook for some boarders and I don't know whether I will ever go any more or not. How many of the cousins like music? We have a guitar, two dulcimers, and a fiddle. We all can play a little.

I can milk, make up beds, sweep floors and am a splendid cook and you that don't believe it can come and eat some of my cooking.

I am sixteen years old, about five feet and four inches tall, weigh about one hundred and thirty-six pounds, have light hair and light complexion and blue eyes.

Well as this is my first attempt to write to COMFORT I guess I had better not stay too long.

"When your earthly work is ended, and your path of life is trod, May your names in gold be written in the autograph of God."

Your loving niece and cousin,

FANNIE BELLE HEAD.

You say I will need three lawyers to help me in deciphering your letter. Thank you, dear, for your suggestion, but I have as little to do with lawyers as I possibly can, and I suppose it is lawyers you mean? I am simply nauseated, wearied and disgusted with lawyers. Nearly all the social unrest, discontent and disgust with things in general is due to the fact that lawyers have swarmed over this country as locusts swarmed over Egypt, and the lawyers, like the locusts, when they get through with the country, there is mighty little left for anybody else. For some reason or other, the only man it seems in this country who is ever elected to office or given a job of any kind worth while is a lawyer. This isn't so in any other country on earth, and I'd like to know why it should be so here? If we could only throw out ninety per cent. of the lawyers who are in Congress, and Congress is composed almost entirely of lawyers (that is why our government is so rottenly bad, and progress of any kind is impossible) and substitute

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

A Persistent Purpose to Produce Perfect Biscuit

And to Deliver them in Perfect Condition has been the One Aim of the National Biscuit Company

This purpose has resulted in the discovery of improved manufacturing methods, in the invention of new machinery, in the exercise of ceaseless care, in the use of greatest skill, in the selection of finest materials, in the insistence upon cleanliness and in the building of bakeries which combine all these prime essentials for the baking of perfect biscuit.

The purpose is completed by the delivery of the biscuit in perfect condition, some in packages with the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark, some in the familiar glass-front cans, and some in the attractive small tins,—thus giving perfect biscuit because perfectly made and perfectly delivered.

It requires more than flour and sugar, more than butter and eggs, more than nuts and spices, more than fruits and flavors to produce perfect biscuit. It requires the skill and the eternal vigilance of the National Biscuit Company.

By buying the best of flour, of sugar, of butter, of eggs, of nuts, of spices, of fruits, of flavors—by always buying the best and rejecting all else—thus is the quality gained and maintained in the perfect biscuit of the National Biscuit Company.

Perfection begins with the selection of the materials and continues through every stage of the making. It is not enough to bake perfect biscuit. Much depends upon keeping them perfect by packing them

in a way that will retain their freshness and flavor from oven to table.

At the grocery store you will find many varieties of biscuit baked by the National Biscuit Company. Each variety of biscuit—sweetened or unsweetened—whether known as crackers or cookies, wafers or snaps, cakes or jumbles—is the best of its kind.

The extensive distributing service of the National Biscuit Company extends from Coast to Coast. This means a constant supply of all the perfect biscuit of the National Biscuit Company delivered to every part of the United States.

Wherever biscuit are sold, there you will find the perfect biscuit of the National Biscuit Company.

Buy biscuit baked by
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Creatures of Destiny; or, Where Love Leads

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Laurence Harding, a handsome fisher lad of sixteen, living in the village of Ravensford, is interrupted while reading by an old wizen-faced man, a gypsy, who questions him as to Raven Castle, and its owner Lady Marie Cellistine Denleigh, and the nearest road to reach it. Laurence wonders who the man can be and his business. Knowing the short cuts he gains the castle terrace long before the man, who gives the name of Snapper, reaches it. In the dining-room of the castle, Mr. Wharton, the family lawyer, is closeted with Mr. Sherborne, the legal adviser of the Belmaynes and Mr. Wharton relates the romance of the two families. The late earl, Lady Marie's father, was the sweetheart of the late Marchioness of Belmayne. There is a separation and the earl marries Lady Normandyke and his first love becomes the wife of the Marquis of Belmayne and the mother of Mr. Sherborne's client, Lord Belmayne. Still loving each other they make an engagement between their children, Lady Marie, now a beautiful girl of twelve, and Lord Philip Belmayne, who suffers from a lameness scarcely perceptible. Going to the terrace Mr. Sherborne looks over the battlement and sees a young girl, her hair fastened by a diamond clasp. Leaning over the parapet she could nearly reach Laurence Harding, who lies in wait. He knows the gypsy, calling himself Snapper, is there. He detects him swoon upon something, Laurence throws himself over the wall and claspings him on the throat demands what he has stolen. There is a flash of steel and Laurence feels a sting on his arm. Throwing the man to the ground Laurence recovers the diamond clasp. Voices and footsteps are heard. Laurence releases his hold and the Snapper disappears. The two men come running to him. Lady Marie discovers the loss of the clasp and Mr. Wharton shaking the lad demands it. Fellow the butter discovers that Larry is cut and the knife is found. Lady Marie is anxious to know how badly he is hurt. He gives the clasp to her and disliking a scene Larry makes his escape and enters Belmayne Park where he meets the young marquis, Lord Belmayne, who questions why he is there. Discovering blood stains he reluctantly tells the story and the marquis grateful for what Larry has done for Lady Marie, declares him his friend.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GYPSY'S ESCAPE.

WITH his hand still tingling with the grasp of the marquis, Larry went home. A light was burning in the one living room of the mill cottage; and Reuben Payne, the miller, looked up from a book over which he was bending, his hand thrust in his thick hair, powdered with age and the fine dust. He eyed Larry smilingly; but as he saw the blood stains the smile gave place to a look of anxiety.

"You're late, Larry—and what's that?" Larry stifled a groan, for he saw that he would have to go through the story once more. He told it succinctly while Reuben examined the hurt.

"Yes, it's only a cut, as you say," the miller remarked, with a breath of relief; "but it might have been worse. Sounds like a gypsy—from your description, lad. And he was lurking about the castle, eh? A daring thing to do, seeing the way the place is watched, and the number of servants. An old man, and bad-looking?"

"An evil-looking beast," said Larry, attacking the bread and cheese laid out for him.

"There must be a camp of them out in the hollow," said Reuben. "They don't come here often. It's too remote—not houses enough to buy their brooms and crockery. They're honest, as a rule, the gypsies; but I suppose he couldn't resist the temptation of such a haul as a diamond ornament. No, they don't come often," he added thoughtfully. "I don't remember any since oh, for a matter of eighteen years. Speaking of gypsies, there used to be a gypsy girl at one of the Hall lodges—a handsome girl; she came just before I left home." He pondered for a moment or two. "I think I remember having heard that she married a sailor—yes, his name comes back to me—John Grey. He was drowned in the bay one stormy night. There used to be many wrecks before we built the lighthouse at the point. Yes, his name was John Grey, and hers was Miriam. Strange thing, memory, Larry! I haven't given a thought to the man or the girl for years, and this business of yours brings them back to me."

Larry stifled a yawn as he munched his bread and cheese. The past had not much interest for a lad of sixteen; it is the present and the future that most concern him. "I'll go up to the hollow tomorrow morning, and see if a camp is there; if so, the Snapper—as he calls himself—and I will have a few words together," he said, after a pause. "And so you saved the Lady Marie's clasp for her? It's an adventure, Larry. What was it Diraell said? 'Adventures are to the adventurous.' Yes, that's right enough. But they're costly things, and the less one has of them the better. Peace is the only joy, Larry. And yet—and yet—ah, youth must have its fling! I've had mine, and you must have yours. And his young lordship shook hands, eh? That's an honor, Larry. But, mark you, there's danger in unequal friendship. Put not your trust in princes. That's sound sense, as well as good Scripture. There can't be much in common between a marquis and a fisher boy. But he's a sweet-spoken lad, and plays the fiddle like an angel, poor boy! Larry, it's time you went to bed. Why, you're asleep already."

He rose, and gently shook the slumbering boy, and Larry, scarcely awakened, stumbled up to his tiny room above the wheel. No dreams came to break the deep sleep of exhaustion as he lay stretched out and motionless. It was the young marquis at the Hall who lay awake and tossed from side to side, as he pictured the scene on the castle terrace, and envied the principal actor.

The Snapper, who exceeded in the gentle art of effacing himself, found no difficulty in evading the bewildered servants who sought for him. He simply lay among the bracken until the search had ended; then he stole into the shadows, climbed the wall of the home park, and, still keeping among the trees that bordered the road, gained the hollow.

As Reuben had suspected, the gypsies had camped there. It was scarcely a camp, for there were only two tents and a van containing the usual brooms and wicker chairs, tin pots, and mats which form part of the gypsy's stock in trade.

The man went to one of the tents and called softly: "Miriam!"

No answer came from inside; but a moment or two after a woman came out of the wood panting, as if she had been running. She was a fine-looking woman, middle-aged but handsome still, and the red shawl around her head heightened the effect of her black eyes and hair. There was a certain anxiety and suspicious scrutiny in her eyes as the Snapper came up; but she gave him no greeting, and waited for him to speak.

The Snapper, after having looked round cautiously, signed to her to follow him to a clump of trees, and she obeyed, still with the anxious, suspicious expression.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, with an oath.

"Only for some wood," she replied, fighting

with her uneven breathing, and covertly wiping the perspiration from her brows.

"I'll have to leave here, Miriam," he said, his soft, silky voice scarcely above a whisper. "I've had bad luck tonight."

The expression of anxiety deepened in her eyes, which she fixed on him expectantly.

Half in the gypsy's patois, half in English, he gave her an account of the "bad luck"; but, bad though it was, a look of relief crept into her face.

"They'll be here tomorrow, surely, searching for me," he said, "and it will be a serious business; case of stabbing. Curse the young hound! Why didn't I go for him? I can feel his hand on my throat." His own hand went up to his scraggy neck, and touched it gingerly. "He hung on like—like a young wolf. But I'll be even with him some day," he muttered malignantly. "I'll teach him—What's that?"

"One of the horses stirring," the woman said, in a hushed voice. "We'd better all be moving tonight."

"Yes," he said shrewdly. "We couldn't travel fast enough; they'd catch us before we'd gone a dozen miles. No; I must go alone. I can get off early enough, trust me! You'll stay on here till Monday; then join me at Market Stretton fair. There's some gin in the bottle; get me a drink." His hand went to his throat again. "That young whelp! He shall suffer for this; he shall taste what my fingers feel like at his throat! Yes, if it's a dozen years hence. But for him, I'd have done a good night's work up there."

"At the Hall? You have been to the Hall, too?" she asked, with a catch in her breath.

The Snapper eyed her with a cunning leer. "It was at the castle, but I've been to the Hall, too. Oh, yes," he said, in a whisper and with a sinister smile; "naturally, I wanted to get a sight of his young lordship. He's looking well, you'll be glad to hear, my dear; very well. Lame, still, of course."

She put out her hand. "You—you saw him, spoke to him?" she said thickly.

"No, no," he retorted, with a chuckle. "Why should I? Time's not ripe, Miriam. Don't pluck your fruit while it's green; let it rest on the tree till the sun's burned it golden—golden! Yes, that's it! Bab, you're trembling, my dear Miriam! You're as white-livered as the Romanes. If I didn't know you were my daughter—Get the gin!"

She went to the van and returned with a bottle. The Snapper took a long drink and sighed the sigh of satisfaction.

"I'll cut myself a stick," he said, as he felt in his pocket. Then his face darkened, and he set his teeth on an oath. "The knife! I left it there! That's bad. It's evidence—good evidence. Yes, it's time I padded the hoof. Stretton Fair, on the tenth."

With a word of farewell he glided among the trees and disappeared. The woman stood for a moment or two looking into the darkness which had swallowed him up; then she sank onto the ground, and with her hands tightly gripped round her knees gazed before her with her black and brooding eyes.

Quite early in the morning Mr. Wharton was at the camp. He came alone; there was no policeman in Ravensford; indeed, none nearer than Travella, the market town, nine miles distant; for Ravensford was as innocent of crime as Arcadia; and the handsome gypsy woman met him with a respectful courtesy and an impassive countenance.



Cross the poor gypsy's palm with a piece of silver!

Something was flung over his head.

"Where's the helm? I don't see it."

"They won't smart you so bad if you put them in your mouth, Lady Marie."

"I've not forgotten, she said."

No, she knew nothing of any man answering to the description of the person who had been lurking in the castle terrace and stabbed a lad. It was quite possible that he was a gypsy; but not of her tribe. There were always bad gypsies on the tramp by themselves; he must have been one of those; certainly he did not belong to her people. The gentleman was free to examine the tent, the vans, and question anyone.

Mr. Wharton at once knew that the man had escaped, but he lifted the flaps of the blackened tent and peered into the van, even put several questions to the shambling young man in charge of the horses; but he merely shook his head and grinned vacantly. As Mr. Wharton was turning away, Reuben Payne came up.

"Ah, Reuben," said Mr. Wharton, "we're on the same errand, I suppose?"

"If you're looking for the man who stabbed Larry, we are, sir," said Reuben, in his grave fashion. "I see by your face that he's made off, sir."

Mr. Wharton nodded. "Yes, we ought to have followed him up last night. How's the lad?"

"All right, sir," replied Reuben. "I left him dead asleep and well."

"I hear you have been very good to him," said Mr. Wharton; "adopted him, and brought him up well. He's an uncommonly handsome boy."

"He's as good as he looks, sir," said Reuben, with a touch of pride. "And he's like my own to me."

"Both father and mother dead?" said Mr. Wharton interrogatively.

There was just an instant's pause before Reuben nodded assentingly; and at that moment

the woman came out of her tent and approached them.

"Shall I tell your fortunes, pretty gentlemen?" she said, with an ingratiating smile that went, however, no further than her lips. Her eyes were fixed on Reuben's with covert watchfulness.

"Cross the poor gypsy's palm with a piece of silver!"

Mr. Wharton shook his head. "No, no, my good woman," he said, with mock severity. "I am a lawyer and a magistrate, and I ought to send you to jail."

"You wouldn't be hard on poor Leah, the gypsy, sir," she returned.

Reuben, who had been looking at her intently, said quietly: "What do you say your name is?"

"Leah, good gentlemen," she replied fawningly.

"You have been here in Ravensford before?" said Reuben.

She shook her head, her dark eyes blank of all expression.

"No, sir, this is the first time. It's not the place for us. There's no trade. We shouldn't have stopped, only one of the horses fell lame."

"You had better move on," said Mr. Wharton sternly; "we are not fond of gypsies here, and after last night's work we shall be still less favorable to them. You understand?"

"Yes, good gentlemen," she responded. "We're going today or tomorrow. There's no rest for the like o' us."

The two men walked away together.

"Of course the man was one of this gang," said Mr. Wharton, "and this woman was lying."

"Very like, sir," assented Reuben, touching his hat, and preparing to turn off to the mill, but Mr. Wharton stayed him with a gesture.

"That boy of yours, Larry," he said; "he behaved unmistakably well last night. If there is anything I can—her ladyship would like me to help him, I am sure. Something to give him a start in life, eh, Reuben? What?"

Reuben Payne stood, his head bent thoughtfully.

"I thank you and her ladyship, sir," he said; "but—I don't know. The lad's happy—as happy as the day's long; and with his fishing, and the hand he gives me at the mill, he earns his living. Would he be any the happier if he went out into the world? I don't know. I doubt it. I've been there—Thank you, all the same, Mr. Wharton, and if, at some future time; well, I'll remember your kind offer, sir."

"Well, well," said Mr. Wharton, with a smile, "perhaps you're right. Happy as the day's long!" The successful lawyer sighed. "Gad, I'd change places with him! Good morning, Reuben!"

CHAPTER V.

LADY MARIE GOES FISHING.

Larry slept late that morning, and started awake with a novel sense of strange happenings and exciting experiences. He bathed in the mill pond, and found his breakfast ready for him; but Reuben was not yet returned, and Larry, with the last slice of bread and butter in his hand, and his lunch in his bag, hurried to the beach, for the tide was going out and he must catch it before it receded too far to permit him to launch his boat. He glanced up at the castle, glittering in the sunlight, and something thrilled through him as he remembered the scene of last night. The thrill deepened as he heard the clatter of

"Why not?" she demanded imperiously. "Because there are the people in the village; they would have none; and there's none fishing but me."

"I see," she said. "Then send all you can't sell. Is that your boat? It's pretty."

"Just painted," remarked Larry, eying his beloved boat with the possessor's pride. "She's a good sailor."

The girl rode right down to the beach beside him.

"It must be nice to sail a boat," she said reflectively. "How long are you going to be?"

Larry looked at the tide and sky. "A couple of hours," he said.

"Oh!" she commented thoughtfully; then she leaped from her pony and caught up her short habit skirt. "I'll go with you."

Larry's face flushed, and his eyes sparkled; but the groom's severe countenance lengthened with apprehension.

"Beg your ladyship's pardon," he said, touching his hat, "but your breakfast, my lady; and—Lady Merston!"

Lady Marie looked at him over her shoulder. "Edwards, you are always making a nuisance of yourself. I don't want any breakfast. Ride home and tell Lady Merston I've gone sailing with Larry, the boy who got my clasp back for me. And, Edwards—"

As the man turned the horses—"you can say that you did your best to stop me. He's a very nice man, Edwards," she remarked to Larry, "but he's so serious. He always thinks I'm going to fall and break my neck if Sally—that's the pony—stumbles, or that I'm going to make myself too hot or too tired. I hope you won't be nervous about me," she added severely, "and won't think I'm going to be drowned all the time I'm in the boat."

"No," responded Larry; "I'll take care you're not drowned while you're out with me."

"How are you going to get the boat into the sea?" she asked, as he shipped the anchor and neatly coiled up the rope.

"This way," he said, and he put his shoulder to the bow and ran the boat down the incline. As he did so, he winced and changed his shoulder.

"Let me help you!" she cried; and she lent a feather's weight to the task.

"Don't do that," said Larry. "It will rub off the paint on your habit, Lady Marie."

"Dear me, you're awfully afraid about your boat," she said scornfully. "Oh, my habit! What does that matter? I've four, five, six of them. Oh, here is the water."

"Yes, stand back, or you'll have it over your shoes!" said Larry warningly, as he entered the boat.

"But how am I to get in, you stupid boy?" demanded her ladyship. "I shall splash myself up to my knees. Look at you."

Larry laughed brightly. There was only one way out of the difficulty, and his innocence, and hers, both perfect and childish, robbed it of all embarrassment. He caught her up in his strong arms to deposit her in the stern, but her long hair blew across his face and blinded him.

"Take your hair away," he said, "or I shan't see where to put you."

She swept it from his face laughingly, and he placed her as gently as possible in the boat and on the coat he had made ready for her; then he leaped in himself and rowed out.

"Oh, this is lovely!" Lady Marie exclaimed, nestling in her place in the boat. Then she glanced at the boy apprehensively. "You're never sick, I suppose?" she asked casually.

Larry laughed. "You couldn't be if you tried in a sea like this," he said.

She leaned forward and watched him; then said suddenly: "Do you go to Sunday school?"

"Yes," said Larry unsuspiciously.

"Then I'm sure you've been taught that it's wicked to tell stories," she observed, with childish severity. "Oh, yes, you're a story-teller," she added convincingly, as Larry stared at her. "You said you weren't hurt last night, and I saw you wince as you pushed the boat." She looked at his shoulder.

"Show me the place the knife touched."

Larry reddened and shook his head, and she frowned at him.

"Show me at once, you wicked boy!" she said imperiously, and as Larry still shook his head, she caught him by his shirt at his heart and revealed the place.

"Oh!" she shuddered, and shrank back from him.

Larry drew his shirt over his honorable wound and glared at her angrily. "That's nothing," he said contemptuously. "It was only a scratch, and it's healed already. Only a girl would make a fuss about it."

She looked up and bit her lip. "I can't help being a girl; I didn't make myself," she said indignantly. "Besides, some girls can be as brave as boys. I'm one of them."

"Then behave as such," adjured Larry, adding tardily—"Lady Marie."

There was silence for a minute or two, but Lady Marie was not able to remain still for long.

"It must be nice to row," she said, as she watched him. "It looks quite easy—I'll try."

Larry smiled.

"Oh, it's easy enough, but I wouldn't try it if I were you."

That was quite sufficient for her ladyship. She rose and waved him to her seat with a haughty gesture of command.

Larry, still smiling up his sleeve, shipped the oars and lolled in the stern.

She lifted an oar with difficulty, then the other, but they seemed bewitched, for when she essayed to pull, one stuck fast and the other flew through the air; then she got entangled with them, and Larry, smitten by instant compassion, put them straight, showed her how to hold and dip them, and even guided her small white hands with his hard brown ones.

"It's easy enough when you've got into it," she said triumphantly, after a few strokes. "It's beautiful, better than riding. It's a lazy way of getting your living, I should think," she added, shooting a glance of childish malice at his intent face.

Larry laughed as he prepared his lines.

"It is, especially when the wind's blowing fresh from the west, and the rain's coming down in bucketfuls, and the tide's against you, and you're wondering whether you'll make the cove or have to put out and spend the night in the open."

"Oh, I shouldn't fish then; I should stay at home and play my scales." She laughed. "That sounds funny, doesn't it? Fish and scales—why don't you laugh, boy? I don't believe you understand, with a toss of her head."

"Yes, I do," said Larry calmly, "but I don't think it's very funny. Tired, Lady Marie? I'll take the oars if you are."

"No," she responded curtly. "Do you think you'll catch anything?" as he put his lines overboard.

"Yes—mackerel. There's plenty here." He bent almost over the boat as he spoke, and Lady Marie stared beyond him at the stern.

"What made you call your boat Marie?" she asked, open-eyed.

Larry colored and avoided her eyes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



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Bigger, Better Potato Yields

By this time most of our readers will be able to tell what is to be the per acre yield of their potato crop. What will the harvest be? In most places it is going to fall away below 200 bushels to the acre; in many the crop will not exceed an average of 95 bushels. That probably will be the case even in the greatest potato producing state of the country, Wisconsin, which yields upwards of 22 million bushels a year. In a few instances the crop will return more than 300 bushels per acre. Eugene Grubb of Colorado, who has made name and fame for himself as a potato grower says that he never produces less than 380 bushels to the acre; but his land is particularly well adapted for potato raising and he has splendid irrigating arrangements. In Germany the average potato crop is about 200 bushels to the acre. On the Earl of Roseberry's Dalmeny Home Farm in Scotland the average crop of seed potatoes is between 600 and 700 bushels per acre. It has been alleged that 2000 bushels have been produced on one acre on this renowned farm; but we have no corroboration of that assertion at this writing. It is certain, however, that we are not producing nearly the maximum crop of potatoes on our average farms, even in the great potato regions of America. The per acre yield might be doubled on most farms, in a majority of districts. Were this the case we would not each year have less potatoes than are needed to "go round" in our big cities. We produce annually over 300 millions of bushels of potatoes. The big drought cut down that yield last year and we had to import 25 million bushels from Europe. We need more than 45 million bushels for seed alone. How may the crop be improved and made to yield better? In the first place nobody should plant poor seed potatoes. He should plant a known sort, free of disease, treated with formaldehyde, known to be of good germinating qualities and suitable for the district in which they are to grow. Then the land should be suitable, rich, well-worked so that there will be a deep, friable, mellow seed bed and kept full of moisture and free of weeds by frequent cultivation during the growing season. These things, however, will not suffice. Potato blight must be kept down and often used, makes the bug danger slight; but many a man loses the results of all his labor by neglecting to spray several times with Bordeaux mixture for the prevention of early and late leaf blight and rot. It is made as follows: Copper sulphate, five pounds; fresh stone lime, five pounds; water, 50 gallons. To make it destructive also of bugs add Paris green, one pound, or lead arsenate, three pounds.

Making Bordeaux Mixture

According to Prof. L. R. Jones of the Wisconsin station the best way to make Bordeaux mixture is to slake the lime (five pounds) and dissolve the copper sulphate (five pounds) in water in separate vessels. Strain the lime water into a barrel and add water to fill the barrel about half full. Dilute the sulphate solution with several pailfuls of water and strain into the barrel, stirring promptly and thoroughly and adding more water as needed to fill the barrel. Add the arsenical poison and sulphate solution should be diluted with water before combining and the mixture well-stirred. If the mixture is allowed to stand long it settles to the bottom of the barrel and is, therefore, less effective and more likely to clog the nozzles of the spraying apparatus. If used in larger quantity than one barrel, "stock solutions" of both lime and the copper sulphate should be made up in advance, one pound of the chemical to each gallon of water. Enough to last through the season may be made up in this way. A mixing outfit should be arranged on an elevated platform, provided with a pump or other water supply and barrels to hold these stock solutions. The application of Bordeaux-arsenical mixture should be repeated about once in two weeks throughout midsummer, according to the needs for control of blight and insects. In case the crop is liable to suffer severely from either early or late blight it will pay to continue spraying in this way through the late summer. It may be that the reader has neglected to spray his potatoes this season; but we hope he will remember to do so next year. To that end then let him clip out this article for future reference and remember that by attending to this matter he will be certain to raise a better and larger crop and so will be well-paid for his work. Cut this out and paste it in your scrap book for future reference. We have printed this recipe before, but our subscribers keep writing us for it and we cannot spare the space to keep reprinting it.

Beef Production

With the price of prime beef exceeding ten dollars per hundred live weight on the Chicago market it behooves the farmer to stop long enough to seriously consider the problem of beef production. Until very recently our principal supply of beef has come from the great cattle ranges of the West, where it was comparatively easy matter to grow beef cattle on a large scale at low cost. But with the passing of these ranges, particularly in the cities, and the increased demand for meat resulting therefrom, prices have gone steadily upward until they have now reached a mark where farmers may well consider the production of beef as a line of farming which is certain to pay as well as almost anything else that they can produce.

There are several good reasons why farmers should turn their attention to the production of live stock. In the first place, at present prices, meat production pays. In the next place, it can be successfully carried on anywhere in the United States. In the third place there is bound to be an increasing demand and prices are likely to continue high. In the fourth place there is always a home market for meat products. In the fifth place live stock farming retains the fertility of the soil on the farm and at the same time improves its physical condition if the resulting manure is properly applied to the land.

Contrary to current opinion, large farms are not essential to meat production. Such inventions as the silo, the corn harvester and the manure spreader have made it possible for the farmer on the small farm so to organize his work

that he can utilize to a much better advantage a large proportion of the pasture land formerly regarded as essential to successful beef production. The time will come, it is even now here, when we must make one acre do the work of three in the production of food for live stock. That the thing can be done is no longer a matter of doubt. The progressive farmer should awake to his opportunity and engage now in the production of live stock for meat. We are a nation of meat eaters and if this thing is not done, and done soon, then we will have to cut down on our consumption of meat or abandon it altogether.

Soil Fertility and Meat Production

It is important to know just how much soil fertility is sold from the farm when we sell live animals for meat. Now chemists have analyzed whole carcasses of animals and given us a table from which it is easy to make very accurate calculations. By consulting this table, we find that in every thousand pounds of beef live weight that there are on the average about 25 pounds of nitrogen, 16 pounds of phosphoric acid, and two pounds of potash. For sheep and hogs the amount is somewhat less, being about 20 pounds of nitrogen, 10 pounds of phosphoric acid, and one and one half pounds of potash for each thousand pounds of live weight, the amount of phosphoric acid in sheep being considerably more than in hogs, owing to a larger proportion of bone. Generally speaking, nitrogen is found in the lean meat and in the hide, hair, and hoofs, phosphoric acid in the bones and potash in the skeleton, the blood and otherwise distributed throughout the animal body. Now suppose the farmer sells 1000 pounds of beef cattle, sheep or hogs how much will it cost him to buy back an equal amount of soil fertility in the form of commercial fertilizer? At prevailing prices throughout the United States nitrogen costs about fifteen cents per pound and potash and phosphoric acid about five cents per pound, subject, of course, to market fluctuations. The 25 pounds of nitrogen in a thousand pound steer is worth at this price \$3.75 and the 16 pounds of potash and phosphoric acid combined are worth \$1.60, making a total of \$4.65 worth of soil fertility in a thousand pounds of beef sold by live weight. In the case of sheep and hogs the 20 pounds of nitrogen is worth \$3.00 and the 11½ pounds of potash and phosphoric acid are worth \$.57, making a total of \$3.57 for 1000 pounds of sheep or hogs sold on the hoof. When we come to think of the large amount of feed necessary to produce a thousand pounds of live weight of beef or pork or mutton and remember that this feed is even richer in soil fertility than the animal itself we realize the value of feeding animals for market instead of raising grain and hay to sell and thus keeping the greater portion of this fertility in the form of barnyard manure on our own farms.

The Relation of Feed to Soil Fertility

How much better in dollars and cents is it for the fertility of the soil if the farmer feeds his grain and hay to live stock and sells the stock rather than sell the grain and hay direct? This is a question which few farmers regard at all, yet it is of the greatest importance if the fertility of the soil is to be maintained. It must be remembered that when crops raised on the farm are sold instead of being fed thereon a large amount of soil fertility is sold with these crops which must be bought back again in the form of commercial fertilizer or else the land soon becomes exhausted. Now how much will it cost us to buy back the fertilizer which goes with it when we sell feed enough to produce 1000 pounds live weight of mutton, pork or beef?

Roughly speaking, it takes 5000 pounds of feed to produce 1000 pounds of pork—10,000 pounds of feed to produce 1000 pounds of mutton and 15,000 pounds of feed to produce 1000 pounds of beef. While these figures will vary greatly with conditions they will serve for comparison and to illustrate the point we wish to make.

At the same scale of prices for fertilizers given in our article on "Soil Fertility and Meat Production" the value of the fertilizer in the feed required to grow 1000 pounds of hogs is worth about \$20.00, that for 1000 pounds of sheep \$34.00 and for 1000 pounds of beef cattle \$50.00. In the 1000 pounds live weight of the animals themselves we have already shown that there are less than \$4.00 and \$5.00 worth of fertilizing elements respectively. If we consider a thousand pounds live weight and the feed necessary to produce it the farmer must get \$16.00 more for his feed than he does for his hogs, \$30.00 more than he does for his sheep, and \$45.00 more than he does for his cattle in order to break even and buy back the soil fertility that he sells when he prefers to grow grain and hay for market rather than feed it to live stock. These facts constitute the very basis of the argument for the conservation of soil fertility, by the production of live stock, and should be very carefully considered by every farmer.

Succulent Foods

The fact that succulent foods are absolutely necessary for the health of animals at this time of the year is being most plainly demonstrated all over the country. From the corn stalk fields come reports of loss of both cattle and horses, and while some of the loss is due to the disease known as "corn stalk disease" (cerebro-spinal meningitis), it must be concluded that many of the cases of alleged corn stalk diseases are really nothing more or less than impaction due to lack of moisture in the stomachs and intestines. In summer the effect of taking into the stomach a large quantity of food is rendered harmless by the fact that the food is succulent and the supply of drinking water ample or helped out by heavy deposits of dew upon the grass. In winter-time the animals do not care to drink so much water and food is dry when in the state of hay, fodder or grain and is never wet with dew or other moisture. It has an astringent effect in the digestive organs and after the feeding has been carried on for some time the secretion of digestive juices seems to become inadequate to the work of moistening and digesting the dry mass of food. If at the same time the supply of drinking water is deficient the effect is more severe and impaction with its train of other troubles ensues. When the stomach becomes overloaded with dry food and water or succulent food is not given in sufficient quantity to moisten it

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thoroughly, the stomach becomes paralyzed and the mass remains inert, or commences to decompose and set up inflammation, or give forth gases which cause bloating or are absorbed and poison the system. Farmers have been in the habit of attributing the trouble to smut on the corn and some veterinarians have even made the mistake of supposing that ergot on corn was the cause. While smut has been proved to have nothing to do with the trouble and ergot is not a vegetable parasite of corn the conditions giving rise to the appearance of smut and ergot are favorable to conditions assisting in the cause of impaction. At the same time both ergot and smut on corn have been fed in large quantities along with other sound food and have caused no disease or inconvenience so long as plenty of water or succulent food were supplied along with the ration. From what has been said it will be seen that in order to counteract the constipating effects of corn stalks, fodder, hay and grain in winter feeding, farmers should make it a point to provide a full supply of succulent food for winter use. As roots, while valuable, are difficult and expensive to raise in most instances, a supply of silage should be prepared for winter use. This is a cheap and easily saved food and there is not the slightest excuse for not having a dry and full supply of silage to add to the silo foods which every winter cause great loss on the farm. Where silage cannot be supplied, care should be taken to keep the cattle and horses out of the corn stalk fields or to allow them to roam there for but a short time daily and when not in the fields to give them an abundance of other food and a full supply of fresh drinking water. As animals will not always drink the amount of water necessary to moisten properly the large amount of dry food they consume in winter, they should be given more salt at this season of the year than any other and this, by creating thirst, will lead them to take the necessary amount of water. Salt has taken an opening effect upon the bowels and at the same time prevents decomposition and formation of gases. In the winter feeding of all pregnant animals the supply of succulent food is also of prime importance. If dry fodder be used in addition to corn there is a likelihood that the animal will become fat and sluggish and animals in such condition come to the time of parturition in improper condition to endure the trial successfully and supply their young with a full flow of milk. In breeding ewes a lack of succulent food is the cause of great fatality every year and breeders are beginning to learn from experience that roots are a useful addition to the other foods of the farm for the feeding of pregnant ewes in that they keep the bowels open and prevent the laying on of too much inside fat. Salt should not be supplied in large quantities to pregnant ewes as it tends to cause abortion.

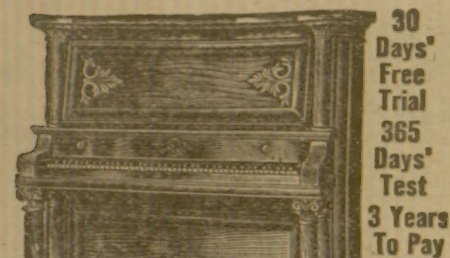
Alfalfa and Corn for Fattening Hogs

Extensive experiments at the Nebraska station show that corn and a small proportion of Alfalfa are the most profitable foods for the fattening of hogs in that state. Many rations were tried. The results of one test indicated that a bushel of corn was worth as much as a bushel and a half of cane seed when fed with Alfalfa for fattening hogs. The Alfalfa is the source of protein in feeding hogs. Protein is the dear ingredient to supply. It is scarce in corn and corn alone will not suffice to fatten hogs and keep the animals strong on their legs. The puzzle in many districts is where to get cheap protein. Concentrates and mill stuffs cost money and increase the cost of feeding. Alfalfa, wherever it can be grown, will supply all of the needed protein and supply it cheaply. Either cut or ground Alfalfa hay may be given along with corn. A ration three fourths corn and one fourth Alfalfa produces greater gains than when one half Alfalfa is fed. Where Alfalfa is raised on the farm, and when there is no particular need to hasten the growth in pigs, a ration one half Alfalfa hay and one half corn may give cheaper gains than when the heavier corn ration is fed. Hogs that have been raised largely on Alfalfa pasture will learn to eat hay in winter without cutting with a machine and to depend largely upon it where only a limited grain ration is fed, but a ration wholly Alfalfa does not seem to give economical results. Chopped Alfalfa gives better results than Alfalfa meal. Either chopped Alfalfa or Alfalfa meal can be substituted for shorts at the same price in fattening pigs. In this connection let it be remembered too that Alfalfa hay is a splendid winter feed for brood sows. Combine it with roots and allow practically no grain or meal and sows will come through the winter in fine shape and have little if any difficulty at farrowing time. Such feeding, combined with abundant exercise also insures strong pigs and plenty of milk for their sustenance.

Buying a Horse

See the horse in his stall. If he is trotted out action may keep you from noticing lameness, and especially the indications of chorea (St. Vitus' dance) and slight stringhalt. If a horse has either of these diseases, and they are practically one and the same, he will jerk up a hind leg once or twice as he is backed out of the stall and the tail will elevate and quiver and a quivering of the muscles of the hip be noticed. This sort of unsound horse is termed a "shiverer". He is unfit for breeding purposes, as tendency to the trouble is hereditary. The ailment is mostly seen in tall, narrow horses. Such horses are objectionable in every way. The narrow horse has poor chest capacity for accommodation of lungs and heart. He will be likely to prove a poor keeper, lacking endurance. The excessively tall horse, over 17 hands in height, is hard to sell in the market and brings less than an equally sound horse that is of average height. Such an abnormally tall horse cannot be easily matched and so he is destined to work in a single cart, or to be sandwiched between two other horses in a big coal wagon; and woe-betide the poor horse

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



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Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"I—I don't know," he said.
"You are a story-teller!" she said. "You called it after me!"
"There's more Maries than one in the world, Lady Marie," he said suddenly.
She laughed at him openly.
"I'm afraid you're a very impertinent boy," she said, with childish hauteur.

Larry got up with a jerk, pulled out a knife, and began to scrape out the name painted so laboriously but a month ago. She watched him for a moment or two; then she said with an air of condescension which barely concealed remorse: "Oh, don't trouble to scratch it out. Perhaps I don't mind—so much. But I think it would have been better manners to have asked me first. I might have said yes. Do you hear what I said, boy? Leave the name alone."

Larry put up his knife and returned to his line. Presently came a fish, and Lady Marie shouted gleefully: "Oh, isn't it pretty? Poor thing! How shrouded it must feel! It must be very unhappy. I think I'll have it put in again, please."

Larry stared at her aghast; and with a shrug of her shoulders she yielded to the mute appeal. "Ah, well, I suppose if you come fishing you must—fish. But put it where I can't see it."

She stuck manfully to her oars for a minute or two, when she rested from her splashing, and sighed: "Oh, how hungry I am! I wish I'd had breakfast before I came."

Larry glanced at his basket, in which his lunch reposed, but said: "I'll pull you back, Lady Marie."

"No, no," she rejoined. "I'll stop for two hours. It's very nice, and I'm enjoying myself. But all the same, I wish I'd taken the milk Selma brought me before I started."

Larry fished up his basket and opened his package of bread and meat and marmalade sandwiches, and her young ladyship eyed them with covert eagerness.

"But—but it's your dinner!" she remonstrated.
"There's more than I want," he said, with a cavalier air; "ever so much more. Meat 'r marmalade!"

"Oh, marmalade—no meat," he said, and he changed places with her. She was unused to the motion of a boat, and she would have stumbled if he had not put his arm round her which he did with perfect unconsciousness and sang-froid; and she leaned back and munched with childish abandon.

"Oh, look at my hands!" she exclaimed, with her mouth full, and she held out her pink palms. "All the skin's gone off in places!"

Larry grunted.
"Always like that the first few hours; then they get hard, like this." He held out one brown palm.

"Horrid!" she remarked.
"I dare say. But they don't hurt like yours. I'm sorry, though," he said, a moment afterward. "They won't smart so bad if you put them in your mouth, Lady Marie."

"It isn't large enough," she said, after a trial. "Now I shall have to hide them from Lady Merston, or no more sailing in a boat for Marie!"

"Do you want to come again?" asked Larry. "A pull up that line—no, no, not that way!"

He bent forward and snatched the line from her hand and landed a couple of mackerel. This time Lady Marie viewed the spoil with complacency.

"After all," she remarked, "fish were made to be eaten. Yes, I shall come again—often. I like it. I feel—I feel so light, so comfortable. Besides—with a taut in her eyes and her smile—" "It's my boat. It's got my name on it."

"That's so," said Larry. "Well, I'd like you to come, Lady Marie." As he spoke he pulled out his pipe.

"You horrid boy! You're not going to smoke?" she exclaimed.
"No, oh, no!" he said hurriedly and shamefacedly. "I—I didn't remember you were here."

"Oh, it isn't that I mean," she said. "I like it—I think. Yes, I do. But you're not a man, you're too young to smoke. You're only a boy. How old are you?"

"Sixteen," said Larry.
"And I'm twelve. Yes, you are old. Well, smoke."

Larry shook his head, but she stamped her foot.
"Do as I tell you. Smoke this moment! You must always do as I tell you. Always; do you understand?"

Oh, Larry boy! In the after years how often that childish speech was to haunt you!

Of course he obeyed. Fortunately the wind was blowing away from her, and the strong tobacco did not reach her.

"I suppose all fisher boys smoke," she said, as she let her fingers dabble in the water. "I once saw a woman smoke a cigarette. It was in France, in Normandy. I go there sometimes. I'm Norman—half Norman, rather."

Larry pulled slowly, his eyes intent on the smiling, plump face, over half of which she had drawn the soft tam-o'-shanter. "But I'm English, you know. I was born in England—at the castle here; and you were born here, too, Larry?"

Larry nodded assentingly; but his brows drew together and his well-cut lips closed reticently.

"And we're both orphans!" said Lady Marie. "Fellows said last night that your father and mother were dead. And Philip—the marquis, you know—he's an orphan, too. Fancy three orphans in one place. We ought to pity each other, and be kind to each other, because it's so bad to be an orphan, isn't it?"

"I—I don't know. Yes, I suppose so," said Larry. "My father and mother died when I was quite a baby, Lady Marie."

"Oh, did they? I am sorry. You don't remember them. I can remember papa. He was always sad; so was Philip's mother. She was very beautiful. I've heard papa say that she was the most beautiful woman in the whole world. Was your mother beautiful, Larry? I suppose she must have been."

"I don't know. Why?" asked Larry, with pardonable surprise.

"Because you're such a handsome boy," replied Lady Marie, with sublime candor. "Mr. Wharton said so last night."

"Oh!" said Larry, placidly, for he was not a vain boy.

"I'm like my father—he was very handsome," remarked Lady Marie, as one who states a simple fact. "But I've got my mother's hair and eyes. Do you think they're pretty?"

Larry regarded them critically and at some length. "Yes," he said at last.

"I'm glad you like them—though you were a long time making up your mind—perhaps you like girls with yellow hair and blue eyes. I don't."

"No, I don't think I do," said Larry judiciously. "I like yours best, Lady Marie."

She nodded approvingly, and yawned.

"I'm so sleepy!" she remarked. "It's getting up so early to come with you. Half an hour makes such a difference. And, oh!" She sat bolt upright and tugged at something in her pocket. "I've got something of yours—two things. Guess!"

Larry pondered and shook his head. "Couldn't," he said.
She laughed.
"It's a book and a knife. Fellows picked them up on the terrace, and I got him to give them to me. The book's yours, because it's got 'Laurence Harding' written on it, and the knife belongs to you because—oh, well, it does, because that wicked man stabbed you with it. Here they are."

She tore her pocket getting them out, and handed the cheap but neat little edition of "Mungo Park" to him.

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Larry took it.
"I'd have been sorry to lose that," he said.
"Reuben gave it me, and it's a fine book," he said.
"I know. I read some of it last night. I like adventures. I'd like to be a man and go into unknown countries and fight with animals, and tame the natives and reign over them, like they do in the books. Oh, I wish I were a man! Some day, when I'm quite grown up, I mean to run away, all by myself—and be a savage queen with feathers in my hair, and big gold bracelets on my arms and legs, and carry a spear to lead my people to battle." She yawned. "I'm dreadfully sleepy. Here's that horrid knife! I'd throw it in the sea, if I were you."

Larry took the knife. It was an old one, with a single, long blade that hinted at murder; the sides were covered with strange figures and forms. He eyed it with interest, and raised his hand to toss it overboard; then he checked himself—it was too interesting to throw away—and put it in his pocket. "I'm so sleepy!" she announced again.

Larry shipped the oars, took out the stretcher and made a couch of two tarpaulins and the coat.

"Lie down there, Lady Marie," he said. "There! That will do for the pillow. It's the sun and the movement of the waves that's made you sleepy; it always does till you're used to them."

"Do they? I feel deliciously rock-a-by!" she murmured. She closed herself up, and in another moment or two was fast asleep.

Larry pulled very gently and softly. She lay close to him; indeed, her warm face was leaning against his cool, bare legs, and while reaching forward for the stroke, he bent over her—protectingly, as he half-unconsciously felt—and his eyes rested on her face musingly. Until today Larry had regarded girls as an unnecessary and quite superfluous item in the scheme of creation; as inferior beings who carried dolls and pretending they were babies; who cried if they were hurt or were late for school, or did not know their lessons; and who were cowards by nature, and— or, thoroughly uninteresting!

True, Lady Marie was an exception, but then he never had regarded her as a "girl," but as a lady—the Lady of the Castle. But now as he watched her sleeping, so serenely that she seemed to be scarcely breathing, he recognized that she was a girl. But how different to the others! It was a pity that she was not a boy—a pity that Providence had not made all girls like her! He was so happy—it was so jolly to have someone to look after—that he was surprised to find they had reached the shore.

Lady Marie awoke, stretched herself, and sprang up.

"I've had such a beautiful sleep," she said. "I should like to sleep all night in a boat."

"Yes," he said; "I have often."

"There's somebody on the beach!" she exclaimed.

Larry looked over his shoulder. "It's the marquis," he said.

"So it is! Phil-ly!" she called. "I'm in a boat and it's jolly!"

The marquis waved his hand. He looked pale and grave, as if he had been anxious.

"I heard you were out with Larry," he said, "and I came down to meet you. Then I didn't see you and—"

"You thought Larry had thrown me overboard like a pirate!" she cried delightedly. "I've been asleep in the bottom of the boat. It was splendid. Oh, Larry," regretfully, "why didn't we pretend we were pirates and sail for the Spanish Main?"

Larry ran the boat onto the sands, flung down his oars, and sprang knee-deep, into the water. The marquis waded out to them.

"Oh, stop, Philip; you'll get wet," cried Lady Marie.

"I must help you," he said, with an air of noble obligation. He looked about him and up at her, doubtfully, but he held out his arms.

Larry shook his head, and did not give place. "You mustn't carry her, my lord," he said; "she's heavier than you think, and you'd drop her."

The marquis crimsoned and bit his lips, and Larry looked from one to the other considering. Child as she was she understood that she was being contended for.

"You shall try, if you like, Philip," she said, as she noted his mortification.

"No, no," he said reluctantly, and with averted eyes. "I won't risk your getting wet."

She hesitated a moment longer, then she resigned herself to Larry, and he carried her ashore.

"Thank you," she said, "and thank you for the ride in your boat—my boat, Philip, you must come up to the castle with me!"

"Yes?" he said eagerly, his face lighting up.

"Yes, you must. Lady Merston will not scold me so much if you're there, you see," she remarked, and Philip's face fell again.

As he took her hand to help her up the beach he nodded to Larry.

"Good morning, Larry—I thank you for taking such care of Lady Marie," he said, with grave courtesy.

Larry nodded in response and turned to his boat, but presently he looked over his shoulder and watched them going up the path together. They were still hand in hand, and Lady Marie was talking quickly and eagerly. She had forgotten him already, he thought, and something

cold fell on his young heart, like a chill from the sea mist. She wouldn't come again; she would forget, or Lady Merston wouldn't let her. He pushed the boat out again, and, like bigger men, sought relief for the strange sense of unrest and dissatisfaction, in business.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SNAPPER AGAIN.

For three days Larry saw nothing of Lady Marie. But she had not forgotten, for one morning as he went down to the boat he found her seated on the beach. She greeted him with a quaint mixture of comradeship and dignity.

"Good morning, Larry," she said. "Are you going out in your boat?"

He replied in the affirmative.
"It's a fine morning for rowing," she remarked. "For sailing—there's a wind," he corrected. Her eyes grew wistful.

"Is that as nice?"
"Nice?"

"Really? I—I think I'll come, if you don't mind," she said.

"Come on, then," he responded, boylike, hiding the delight that was running through him.

"You're sure you don't mind?" she said, in a tone that drew a "why?" from him.

"Oh, well, because you didn't ask me. A gentleman always asks a lady; or runs away with her."

"Oh, well, I'm not a gentleman, you see," said Larry.

She considered this proposition in silence. They went down to the boat, and he lifted her in, pulled out, and set the sail before she spoke.

"What is a gentleman, Larry?" she asked.

This problem, which has puzzled older heads than Larry for some centuries, he met with a shake of the head.

"The marquis is a gentleman," she said reflectively. "That's because he does no work—you can't call playing the violin work, can you? And he lives in a big house, and—and is a marquis. And my father was a gentleman."

"When Adam digged and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" quoted Larry, happily enough.

Lady Marie eyed him admiringly. "Did you make that out of your own head?" she asked.

"No," he said regretfully. "I heard Reuben say it."

"He must be very clever," she remarked.

"He is. He knows—oh, everything; and he has read all the books you can think of."

"And he teaches you, I suppose," she said. "Oh, yes, I heard Mr. Wharton tell Lady Merston that that was why you spoke so well, and had such nice manners. And you have, you know, Larry."

As Larry regarded this praise to his face as open disgrace, he only grunted and turned attention to the sailing.

"Do you think you could steer if you tried?" he said doubtfully. "Catch hold of the tiller. Now, when I say 'port,' pull a little this way, and when I say 'starboard,' pull a little the other. No, no; hold it like this." He took her hand and put it round the tiller. "Girls never can hold things properly," he muttered.

"Now, port."

She obeyed with slavish eagerness.

"Is that right? Am I doing it properly?"

"Oh, yes, fairly," he said. "Keep your eye on the sail, and when she slacks pull the helm round."

She looked about her.

"Where's the helm? I don't see it," she repeated.

"You've got it in your hand!" he repeated. "That's better. You'll do, Lady Marie."

She beamed up at him gratefully. "It's beautiful!" she said. "See how quickly we're going. Oh!" as the boat heeled over to starboard. "We were nearly upset that time, weren't we?"

"Not a bit of it," he laughed. "She'll go over more than that presently. If you're afraid—" She flashed an indignant glance at him.

"You'd never be afraid!" she retorted haughtily.

"You'd save me if we went over, I suppose!"

"Yes, I'd have a good try," he assented calmly. "But we shan't go over. A little more to the right. Right! That's left! That's another funny thing about girls; they never know the right from the left."

"I do! I do!" she cried, her eyes filling with vexation. "And it's a shame you're always teasing me about being a girl, when I can't help it!"

"I'm sorry, Lady Marie," he said, terrified out of his wits lest she should be going to cry. "You're—you're almost as good as a boy."

Her face cleared and her eyes shone with pleasure.

"Really? Honor bright? Oh, Larry, I wish I were! Then we'd sail out to sea and turn pirates. Do you know any pirate stories—good ones, I mean?"

"Hem; yes, one or two," he said.

She urged him, with childish coaxing and womanly taunting, into a recital of a story of a delightfully weird and sanguinary type, and once or twice jibed the sail in her absorption, so that Larry had to threaten to degrade her to a deck hand. The boat sailed on over the summer sea, the breeze blowing Lady Marie's hair about her eager little face and sowing the seed of a fine crop of freckles.

"Oh, I'm so happy, Larry!" she said, with a long sigh. "I'd like to spend the rest of my life like this, I'd no idea sailing was so very—satisfying."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

to work well. The Progressive party as a whole undoubtedly believes in it. We do not attempt to dictate what any state should do in this matter, for we know that the needs and the feelings of the states vary; but we do cordially commend the matter to the well-thought-out judgment of the people of each state—both the men and the women. Women should make the fight within the Progressive party.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

For several years I have been reading the good letters in COMFORT and often thought of writing, but somehow I always lacked time or courage, but this beautiful Sunday afternoon I will now try my hand at scribbling.

As most of the sisters describe themselves, I will state that I have dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds and am a few inches over five feet in height.

I am a school teacher in the elementary schools, and still have four months' and all the nights and mornings like my work fine. I have my school for this coming winter and it is close enough for me to stay at home.

Here in Ohio we have eight months of school and our teachers get forty dollars per month. I don't think there is anything any grander than a good education. Some people will say to give a boy an education, but teach a girl to do housework, sewing, and so forth.

Now right here I disagree. Give your girls the same chance you do your boys, and sometime they will thank you and repay you for your trouble, as well as your boys will.

Any girl with an education can use it eight months out of a year in teaching the "young American" and still have four months' and all the nights and mornings of the year left in which she can learn to cook, sew and take care of a home.

I wish Mrs. H. J. Wagner of Detroit, Mich., would write again and send her games for young people. I should like very much to use the "Mysterious Lunch" in connection with some good games to entertain some young friends.

I am nineteen years old and live on a farm with my mother and brother, my father having been dead twelve years.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters about my age.

With kindest regards to our editor, the sisters and for the success COMFORT, I remain,

Miss ALTA M. SNOOK, Hamden, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

I have just finished the letters in July COMFORT and so many of you speak on a subject very near my heart—viz. adopting a little orphan, cannot some of you help me find one?

I have two boys aged fourteen and eleven. We lost our dear baby boy aged eight in February, with meningitis. Our hearts are sore and arms so empty. I feel if I only had some little one to care for in his memory it would ease the pain so much. I wish all mothers could know and understand (without the experience) the awful heartache we have in losing our darlings. How much more careful we would be; so much more kind and considerate, too, if we knew they would only be here a little while. Many of us mothers say "no" to their little questions when we are busy, when with a little thought, we could have said "yes" just as easy and made their little hearts glad. It takes so little to make a small boy happy.

I was always busy, but if I had only known last Christmas was to be the last one my family would enjoy together, oh, how much more it would have meant to then. Oh, mothers, be even more patient and loving for every cross word will be remembered and every little request that you have refused will stand out plain in your memory.

Dear sisters, forgive me for lecturing. I didn't mean to. I hope though you will never know what heart aches I have. If any of you will tell me of any means of getting a little girl between the ages of two and four years I will be so very glad.

Even if you do not know of one, will not some of you who have already taken children write me and tell me what means they used, etc. Thanking you all in advance.

I am sincerely yours,
Mrs. A. KASTRUP, Thurber, Erath Co., Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a little shut-in sister into your cozy corner? I read the dear old COMFORT and think it is the best paper published. I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much and trust and believe you will not deny me the pleasure of chatting a while with you this lovely, but lonely afternoon.

I live among the Hoston mountains of Arkansas, forty-five miles from a city or railroad, in a little cottage in the edge of the woods alone with my sister and grandmother, who is almost seventy-five years old, and I get very lonely sometimes as I am bound by the chains of affliction and unable to leave the house. I have dark brown hair, dark blue eyes and a fair complexion, and am very small, although I am twenty-four years old. I have been perfectly helpless for twenty-one long years. I was well and strong as any child until I was almost three years old and could walk before I was one year, but I only walked two short years of my life, for God in His wisdom saw fit to stop my childish play and lay me on a bed of pain. I am a helpless and hopeless victim to that dread disease, rheumatism. I haven't walked a step, stood upon my feet, turned over in bed alone, or raised a hand to my face in twenty-one years. I am drawn in a sitting position and my limbs are drawn and stiff.

I learned to read and write at home as I was never able to attend school and my people did not have the money to hire a teacher for me, so I learned with the first, second, third, fourth and fifth readers. They are all the school books I ever had and my knowledge is limited, but I am thankful for that much, as I find great pleasure in reading and writing. Sometimes when young people pass my home going to church or Sunday school and say to me, "Mattie, I wish you could go with us," tears spring to my eyes when I think I am deprived of all others enjoy, but Jesus speaks through His precious words, saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee and all things work together for good to them that love God." These words give me strength and courage and I answer my friends cheerfully, "Yes, I would like to go but I can't."

I cannot understand why I am deprived of what others enjoy, but I feel sure God has a purpose in afflicting me and in all my suffering it is sweet to know I am a part of God's great plan and in that vast hereafter it will be made known why God made me a shut-in, and until then I will believe it is for a wise and good purpose and try to be patient and submissive in all my trials.

Dear sisters I would like to get letters from you all for they would bring sunshine into my not always too cheerful life. Letters are like a bit of silver lining to the dark cloud that sometimes overwhelms me.

With best wishes,
MATTIE BENERAGE, Dabney, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please let me join your happy circle? I have been a subscriber for sometime.

I have been married one year and a half, but in March the Savior called my dear husband home. It was hard to give him up. She is six months old now, but was only twenty-seven days at the time of her father's death.

I dearly love to read the sisters' letters and I learn a great deal from the recipes the sisters send in. I wonder if Mrs. Wilkinson and the many sisters really know how much they teach us young housekeepers?

I will tell you about this part of Texas, as I hardly ever read a letter from this dear old state.

I live in Bastrop Co., which was named for Baron De Bastrop. This is one of the original counties of the state organized in 1812. The city of Bastrop, the county seat, is located southeast of the state capital and one hundred and thirty miles northwest of Houston. The surface of the county is generally level; east of Bastrop is a sandy pine region, county valued for timber only. The soil along the Colorado river and in many of the creek bottoms is a rich, black loam, very productive.

The Colorado river runs diagonally through the county in a southeasterly direction. The principal crops are cotton, corn, sorghum, oats and hay, sweet and Irish potatoes.

Much attention is being directed to fruit growing, truck farming and poultry raising.

There is a large body of coal running through the county from east to west. Two coal mines are in operation near the town of Bastrop.

Truck farming is claiming great attention. Cucumbers are shipped in considerable quantities from Paige, where a large pickling plant is operated. The M., K. & T. and the H. & T. C. railroads cross the county.

The population of Bastrop is about three thousand. It has graded schools, a cottonseed oil mill and several other industries.

I have read and heard so much about "why the young people leave the farm," I want to say just a few words. There are some farmers that make their boys work harder than they would their males. They would not overwork a three-year-old colt, but they do their twelve-year-old boys. Boys work from sun up until after sun down and aren't allowed any pleasure at all. The city boys seem to have plenty of pleasure and enjoyments, while the boys on the farm are not allowed one half day out of the field. The farmer won't give them a horse to ride. I have seen lots of boys work hard all day and then walk to a party, or a dance, at night. Fathers won't give their boys the education they want and if they learn to write and read that is sufficient. Mothers ought to make home a place for the boys. Is father a companion to his boys?

I will give a description of myself, so you may know how I look. I'm five feet two inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds; have brown hair, blue eyes, light complexion and am twenty years old. Would like to correspond with some of the sisters.

Mrs. LULA MARQUIS, McDade, R. 3, Box 21 B., TEXAS.

Mrs. Marquis. What you say about boys being overworked is all so often true, and unquestionably the cause of their leaving and disliking the farm. Their ambition in this direction is killed because no inducements are offered in the way of recompense; they represent an asset to thoughtless parents who are standing in their own light when they think their boys will unceasingly toil while in their teens; the years that nature intended to be care-free and joyous. When unnecessarily a boy is being overworked parents must awake to the fact that inward if not outward rebellion is going on in their minds.

But let us turn from this dark side and think of the thousands of boys in this grand country who from choice are working side by side with their fathers on the farm, and who marry and settle, if not on a strip of the "home-place," on adjoining lands, all because they want to remain near the beloved birthplace.

In many of the over-discussed topics of the day, facts are magnified, and only one side brought out.

I believe that parents are becoming more and more enlightened in the matter of giving their boys and girls a broader outlook, and we can best realize this by looking back to the days when a boy a dozen years old was put from his own home to serve as apprentice and work his board; and this not so many years ago.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I will try to give a little help to the mother who wished a remedy for pinworms. Let each child eat thirty or more pumpkin seeds, hulls and all, at one time, and if this does not cure, repeat in two or three days. This remedy cured my two boys this winter. They chewed up the seeds and played they were nuts. Their ages are six and five years.

For the mother who is bothered with pimples and aches in arms, if she will wash her arms and then rub on soda, common baking soda before she dries them night and morning, in a short time she will find the numbness gone.

For earache or gathering in ear, try skunk oil, or any good oil such as goose or hen oil. Four tablespoonfuls of oil, one teaspoonful of camphor, one teaspoonful of pepper. Put in bottle, shake well and then shake bottle every time before using. Drop three drops in each ear night and morning, then put in some cotton if you wish to, but this is not necessary. This is also good for deafness. This remedy has been used in my family and found good for all three; earache, gathering in ear and deafness.

Now I wish to ask a little help: Have any of the sisters had experience in sending their work to an exchange to be sold for them. Now as I am handy with the crochet book, also needle, I would like to sell my work to help out as we had a crop failure last year and a very hard winter, so times are hard here now. Crops look good but it will be sometime before they are ready to market. I would like to hear from the sisters on ways to earn money.

With best wishes and God bless each and everyone of the band of COMFORT readers.

O. M. STEWART, Hill City, R. E. 2, Kansas.

DEAR EDITOR:

I notice in July COMFORT a request for recipe to dry green beans, so I'll send one I use.

I anxiously await COMFORT every month. 'Tis a blessed paper for the weary, and when tired I gather up my dear COMFORT (for comfort it is) and I soon forget I am tired. I am getting up a club of subscribers now, have three to send in this week. I have taken COMFORT ever since I was a little girl of eleven, now

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I am thirty-three. Have watched the growth of our wonderful paper with interest. I was reared by one of the best fathers and mothers, who are now old, though both are living. Now I have quite a household of children myself; seven of my own and six stepchildren, and can scarcely tell any difference in my love for them.

We live in Cababa, a beautiful farming valley. We are five miles from Leeds, a small town with only one place of manufacture, the Standard Cement plant. We have good schools and churches.

Mrs. KATIE McDANAL, Leeds, R. R. 1, Ala.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long been a silent reader of dear old COMFORT and find many helpful hints.

Will some of the sisters please tell me how to put up the big sour pickles, such as we buy at the grocery store?

I live in town and have a good garden and raise poultry, yet I like the country best.

As my birthday is October 2nd, am going to ask you for a shower.

As I am alone so much at night and get lonesome, I find COMFORT so much help in passing away the long hours, I could not do without it.

I am a sufferer from bronchitis and find taking dry sulphur helps me more than anything else.

I enjoy reading about the sisters' homes and homesteads. I have lived on a homestead and know what it is like. I could like to hear from some of the sisters about the South, where land is cheap. Land is high here and a poor person has no chance to own a farm.

Mrs. E. M. ROBERTS, 1706 Hiram St., New Castle, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am sorry I cannot write a personal letter to each of you who have asked about homestead land in this section, but I must for the present answer you this way, as I have lots of work to do and am slow at writing. There is not much good land to be taken up any more, not near here but there may be yet in Colorado. We live right in the Rocky mountains, where the air is light and pure, and the water is soft and pure. We have lots of snow in winter but it does not get so cold as in other states, and our summers are not so hot.

We irrigate most all our crops, our principal ones being hay, grain, and potatoes.

Mancos is on a narrow gauge railroad and freight rates are very high. Cattle and horses are high, so are groceries. I would advise anyone wishing to come here, or if going to any new country, to go and see it before selling a home anywhere else.

All kinds of stock and poultry do well here. This year there is a large variety of fruit being raised.

Most all of the land has to be cleared of either sage brush or oak. We have an abundance of pine trees for wood.

There are also two coal mines near here. There is a flour mill, creamery, two pie banks, seven stores, two drug-stores, three blacksmith shops, two churches and no saloons; also a fine high school and opera house.

Mancos is in Montezuma Co., in the southwestern corner of the state.

E. Abbott and Mrs. May Thornton, how glad I was to hear from you. It showed to me how good COMFORT is as it brought a message from old school chums.

Sisters, I met Mrs. Goldie Bopp not long ago and she is fine and a true COMFORT sister.

We always have lots of rain in July and August. My husband came home in April and we have improved our place lots since then. We were glad to have him home again, but I expect he will go away this winter as it takes lots of money to improve a homestead.

I enjoyed all the letters and some were so friendly and nice.

Your COMFORT sister,
Mrs. LILLIE EVERETT, Mancos, Colo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for about seven years and like it very much, especially the Sisters' Corner.

We live in the northwestern part of Ohio on a farm, about four and one half miles from our nearest town.

Miss Wadlington, I also agree with you on the subject of literature for our young people. I also have had some experience as I was a public school teacher for four years previous to my marriage. I have seen children that read so many fine and ten cent novels that they could not concentrate their minds upon their studies, and especially if they had any studying to do out of school hours.

I also say a few words about parents visiting the school. Parents do not visit the school as much as they should. It is a great encouragement to the teacher as well as the pupil to know that parents are interested in their progress. The mothers should get acquainted with the teacher to see if she is capable of the moral as well as mental training of their children. And never uphold a child in mischief at school.

We have been married five years and have two children, Verona and Carl.

Sisters, try my recipe for mustard pickles. They are fine.

I will close and make room for someone else. I would like to receive letters from you all.

Mrs. IVA B. MCKEE, Hicksville, R. E. 1, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

As I am receiving letters asking for information in regard to our country I thought I would write what I know and send it in for the benefit of those who are thinking of coming to Minnesota.

But first allow me to make a little correction in my letter which was printed in the July number. My husband had not cut the timber on our eighty, but a company that he had sold the timber to cut it, and we boarded the men.

Now for the information, that is, what little I feel competent to give.

There are no more claims left here. All are taken, but land can be bought very reasonably, and if one goes far enough north there are claims to be taken yet, but I am not qualified to speak of the country there as I have never seen it. There is Company land for sale around here, and one can get it cheap considering the price one has to pay for land in the more settled regions of Minnesota. It is not going to be long that one can get land here as cheap as at present, for it is steadily increasing in value.

The best way for one who thinks of coming here, is to take a trip and see for themselves, then if not satisfied they are only out the cost of the trip.

The land around here is sandy in places mixed with clay; that it can produce clover and alfalfa is a well-proved fact, and there is no better soil anywhere for the production of vegetables. It is a fine soil for potatoes. Rye does well here and some are raising flax with success. We have an acre and a half of corn and we expect most of it to ripen. In any event it will make good fodder and as we keep cows there will be little lost even if we should have an early frost. We had ripe corn last year. As for frost I do not remember having them every month during the summer that did any great harm, though I admit that we often have late frosts in the spring and early ones in the fall. However when one has become accustomed to the country, they understand about when to plant to obtain best results and can avoid a great deal of trouble.

I have currant bushes, but as they were transplanted this spring they did not bear, but my mother and

others in the neighborhood had fine currants. We are raising a few cultivated strawberries and with good care they do well here.

The nicest vegetables one could ever expect to see can be seen right here every fall at our county fair, and our county ranked third last year at the state fair, so you may know that it cannot be too bad.

My husband and I just returned from a trip to the home of relatives who live at Benedict, Hubbard county, Minn., seven and one half miles north of Walker and twenty-two miles south of Bemidji. The country there is rough, stony in places and a great deal of brush land, but the soil is good and it seems to be equally as good producing land as this. We liked it there too, and were told that there was an occasional forty to be taken up at a time yet, though they charge a dollar and a quarter an acre when one proves up. For one who likes fish it is certainly the country, as there are any amount of lakes and streams. Benedict used to be called Kabekona, but the name was changed recently. It is still marked Kabekona on the map we have.

If one can come here with a few hundred dollars and have any kind of luck, we can't see why I cannot succeed. Of course it requires what our editor has been asking us to write on, patience, perseverance and hard work, but we feel confident that we shall have a fine country here in time, and though everybody might not be satisfied, we are, and we mean to win out unless stopped by bad luck of some sort, but we feel that our chances are as good here as anywhere. One has to have a certain amount of determination and "stick-to-it-iveness" to make anything anywhere, you know.

Oh, yes, the timber here is Jack pine, Norway pine, white-pine, tamarac spruce, some poplar, a few maples, small ones, also a few small oaks. We also have Balsam-Gilead. There was some cedar but most of that has been cut and sold as ties and posts. About two and a half or three miles west there are more hardwood trees than pines. There is stone here in places.

We came here with nothing and we have managed to live and make enough to keep encouraged most of the time.

I never saw snow here eight feet deep, though we have had some deep snow during the winter but the roads have never been closed for long as many of the neighbors have snowploughs and they are not afraid to use them, so we have as passable roads as any country most of the time during the winter. Summer roads are not of the best in places, but they are improving all the time and the time is coming when we can feel reasonably proud of our roads.

I am most sincerely your COMFORT sister,
Mrs. I. O. ARNET, Bagley, Minn.

COMFORT FRIENDS AND SISTERS:

But have been reading the dear old COMFORT for years, but have never written, being content to read the nice, interesting letters written by the sisters.

I live in Navajo county, seven miles from Corsicana, on a farm. I enjoy the farm life. Navajo county is one of the best in Texas. I have been living here thirty-six years, and although we have some severe droughts I have never seen a complete failure, always making enough to do. We have had the most drought this summer than in a number of years. Corn will not make much, but cotton will make plenty if we can get rain soon.

I have four dear children living and two gone Home. I always feel so sad when I read of the shut-in, for I had a dear child that was a shut-in. For five

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Fall and Winter Ailments

ONLY in rare instances does poultry require doctoring, yet it is well to be prepared with sufficient knowledge to recognize the symptoms of approaching trouble. A few small coops should be kept in some dry, sheltered out-house, to be used as quarantine quarters. Empty dry-goods boxes turned on their sides, with half the front boarded across and a door of wire netting to close the other half, make good coops for individual patients. They should be covered all around, sides and top and bottom, with roofing paper, to insure freedom from draft. The boxes may be any size, but I like them about eighteen inches wide and high, and about two and a half feet long. To avoid dampness, and for convenience in attending to the birds, it is well to elevate them on legs or stand them on a shelf or bench. Before using, or whenever they are vacated, they should be disinfected and the inside thoroughly painted with whitewash. The enameled cups without handles can be attached to the side of the coops by wire loops.

Cholera

In the majority of cases the so-called wholesale destruction of flocks from cholera is not cholera at all, but the work of lice. On some farms where the hens hide away at night here and there, for want of some kind of suitable shelter, the trees, woodpile, sheds, and under the barns, will be swarming with lice; and dead hens may be found every morning, being literally eaten alive by myriads of lice, the cause being attributed to cholera or some disease, because the owner cannot comprehend how lice can be so destructive. On such farms there may also be found an apology for a henhouse, the floor of which will be covered for a foot or more with droppings, being the accumulation of years; but the house will be found useless, as the hens will prefer exposure to all kinds of weather rather than venture in the pest hole filled with lice and called a poultry-house. Some farmers wonder how it is that they get no eggs, and they naturally ascribe their failure to there being "no money in chickens"; when the fact is that if they were as negligent of their horses, cows, sheep and hogs as they are of their hens, they would go into bankruptcy the first year. Before undertaking to cure cholera, examine for lice, as in many instances the lice are at the root of all difficulties.

Genuine cholera is a disease that exists, however. It is shown by great thirst, greenish, profuse droppings, and prostration. It can be distinguished from indigestion or roup, as it kills the bird in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, or else recovery ensues. There is no lingering illness connected with it. The best remedy is carbolic acid. Add twenty drops to a gill of water, and with the water mix together meal and shorts, slightly parched and browned, and force a tablespoonful of such soft food down their throats twice a day. Give no water to drink at all. If it is given, however, add ten drops of the acid to each gill of water. Keep the sick birds in a dry, warm place, and separate from the others.

Every poultry keeper should cultivate the habit of scrutinizing his or her flock at mealtimes. A suspicious looking bird should be caught and removed to quarantine quarters immediately. The symptoms of cold, influenza, canker, diphtheria and roup are in the earlier stages almost identical—watery eyes, sneezing, discharge from the nostrils or the nostrils being stuffed up (the nostrils are the two small holes at the base of the bill). When the bird is noticed to have any of these symptoms, open the bill and look down the throat. Should there be no signs of trouble, you may be sure that there is nothing but an ordinary cold to fight, which a few days in hospital will cure. Give light and easily digested food, such as stale bread soaked in scalded milk and squeezed almost dry, or cornmeal which has been well steamed. Put ten drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar; then dissolve the sugar in a half pint of water and use in the drinking cup. If, however, examination reveals yellow spots on the mouth or in the throat, or a thick, slimy discharge from the eyes and nostrils, it is a serious case of catarrh or roup, cold, which may, if neglected, develop into malignant roup. Throughout the entire range of cold and roup diseases there is no special odor until malignant roup is positively developed. Then there is a most offensive and unmistakable odor.

Treat all diseases which overstep a common cold as roup, and you will err on the side of safety. In the last and most malignant stages of roup, the face and eyes or head are likely to be severely swollen, and if things have progressed to such a condition before the bird has been removed from the flock, it is well to take the precaution of disinfecting the drinking and feeding dishes and generally clean up the poultry-house, and add a disinfectant to the drinking water for a few days. Permanganate of potassium is what I generally use, because it is cheap and most effective as a germ killer. Dissolve one teaspoonful in a quart of warm water, and you will have such a strong solution that for all ordinary purposes can be diluted again for the rate of one teaspoonful to five of water.

Treatment for Roup

First wash off any discharge which may have accumulated around the eyes and bill with warm water and permanganate; then fill an atomizer with diluted permanganate solution and thoroughly spray the throat and nostrils. Repeat night and morning as long as there is any necessity. Keep the light dim as recommended for common cold.

Indigestion and intermediate stages up to acute gastritis and liver complaint, all spring from the same causes, and will succumb to the same remedies, so we will consider them connectedly. They are caused by indiscreet or excessive feeding; mash which has been allowed to become sour; an excess of bread, potatoes or fat in table scraps fed to the birds; lack of vegetables or sharp grit, condition powders, egg foods, and such condiments, if given frequently, will affect the digestive organs and bring on indigestion.

At first the sufferer looks mopey and stupid; the comb is pale. At this stage a few days in hospital and a dose of magnesia and reformation in diet will work a cure. Put about a third of a teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia in a cup of drinking water. Feed a mash composed of three parts of finely cut clover hay, which has been thoroughly steamed, and one part each of coarsely ground corn and oats. If you haven't clover hay, use wheat bran instead.

Correspondence

A Subscriber to COMFORT.—Will you please tell me what all my young ducks and goslings? At first they seem to get weak in the back and legs and can't

walk only at times. Then they act as though they had the straddles, then they get up and walk and eat, and then sit down in the yard, and you think they are asleep, when really they are dead. They get so sick, can't hold up their heads, and then sit for a couple of hours and get up and go again. At the very end of the day, sometimes I can feed them and in an hour go and pick up three or four dead ones. It always takes the biggest feathered-out ones, and some of them act as if they were crazy at times. They jump and hop and then settle down again. They have been dying for a month like that, and goslings act the same way and die, only when they sit down, they straddle out their legs more. They have the range of yard and pasture to run in, and ponds to swim on, and are sheltered at night in a clean, dry henhouse, and have sand. I have been feeding middlings, about two parts, and cracked corn one part, and wheat one part, and sometimes soak bread and stir in. Have fed poultry powder to them, but they die just the same. They were nice and strong at first, until about six weeks or two months old. Have fresh water in yard to drink and swim in every day. The old ducks are in relation to one another. At first I fed them soaked bread and wheat and corn meal. I had ducks act similar to this once before, for they would eat hearty and then go to the dish to drink and sit there and die with a crop full, and that's the way these do die—with a crop full—most of them. Now can you tell me the cause of my ducks and goslings acting like this, and what it is, and what to do for them, through COMFORT, and as soon as possible? And one more question about my little turkeys: When they were two or three weeks old they would eat hearty, then there would be one or two that would miss a meal, and by the next meal they were dead; no signs of lice, lice and thrifty ones. The ducks have no lice or head trouble, either. Now could you tell me what my turkeys had? I feed them hard-boiled chopped eggs and stale bread crumbled up dry, and sweet milk and water to drink. The old birds are all strangers to one another. I had them with the turkey hen in a large coop, and changed it every day or so to a clean spot, and they were dry and had pasture and a field to range on. Will be greatly pleased to find out what ails them, the cause and cure. Please let me know as soon as possible, through the columns of COMFORT, which certainly is a nice paper.

A.—I don't believe in allowing young ducks to go on ponds; they eat too many pollywogs, and such things. We never allow any of our ducks to go near swimming water till they are over six months of age. As both your ducks and goslings get weak in the back and legs, I am inclined to think that it is a constitutional weakness. The breeding stock which is to be used to furnish eggs for hatching should be at least two years of age, and must be fed vegetables and animal food during the winter, when the natural supply is cut off by frost. For unless breeding birds have animal and vegetable food, their offspring is sure to be lacking in strength. It is the same with old turkeys; if you want strong youngsters, the old ones must have a perfectly balanced ration during the winter. Young turkeys are very apt to overeat, and then refuse food and die. The rule must be little and often. Cottage cheese, mixed with chopped green onions and cracked oats or wheat, is a better feed for young turkeys than chopped eggs, especially when they are at large and can pick up all the insects they want. Mix fine sharp grit with all feed for ducklings, goslings and young turkeys.

C. Y.—I am a new subscriber, and I like the magazine very much, and now I am coming for information. I bought two White Leghorn pullets ten months old this spring. They had just commenced laying and were beautiful. After I had had them a few weeks I noticed one of them walking lame. I examined her to see what was wrong and I found a lump growing on the web between her toes. It was hard and kind of red. I let it go for a while, thinking it would break or do something, but it didn't; it just kept a growing. I opened it with a needle a couple of times, but nothing came from it but a little blood and water. The hen seemed in much pain, and grew very thin, but still she would eat hearty. She finally got so she could hardly get around, and as I did not know what to do for her I had her killed. A few weeks after I noticed the other one lame. I found her just like the first one. Now she is limping around with a hard lump as big as a small marble between



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each two toes, and I suppose I will have to have her killed also. If you could tell me what is the matter and what to do for it, you will be doing me a great favor.

A.—The trouble must have been started by the hens hurting their feet in some way. Cactus thorns and splinters getting embedded in the feet, might cause an irritation which would bring about the condition you describe; or there may have been broken glass or some such material around where the hens scratched. A small wound caused by anything of that kind will allow dirt to get in under the skin. Try bathing the foot thoroughly in warm soap and water, to remove the dirt; then cut the lump open with a lancet or sharp pocket knife. Press out any pus that may be present, and bathe again in warm water, to which carbolic acid or peroxide has been added. Bandage the feet and keep out of the dirt, and put the bird in a small, clean coop, the bottom of which has been covered with clean saw. Don't put up a perch, and the bird will be compelled to rest its foot by lying down. Repeat the bathing every day, and apply carbolic ointment to the wound, and I think you will accomplish a cure within a week or so.

J. A. G.—I have four Plymouth Rock hens that appear to be hardy, and they would be good layers under proper management. I intend buying a cockerel and raising a few. Please tell me what kind of house to build; how large; advise a convenient home, and also feeding. This climate is mild; winters short.

A.—A house 10 by 12 feet, front eight feet high, back six feet, with plain slanting roof, would be amply large enough for five birds. A pint of mash in the morning; at noon, half a pint of Kaffir corn, oats or millet, scattered on the floor of the house, so that the birds will have to scratch for it. At night, feed one pint of whole grain, half corn, half wheat, except when the weather is very cold—then omit the wheat, and give all corn. Chop up any lean meat and vegetable scraps left from the family table, and mix with a little ground oats and bran, for the morning mash. If you don't have sufficient scraps, steam about a cupful of clover hay, and add two teaspoonfuls of meat meal, and a cupful of stock food (oats and corn ground together) for the morning mash. If you use table scraps, and there is much bread or potatoes amongst them, dispense with the ground feed, and increase the animal and vegetable food. There is no harm in fast water for feeding. Make up a balanced ration of whatever is cheapest and most convenient, remembering always that bread, potatoes and corn are very fattening, and must be used carefully, except when the weather is very cold. Green vegetables and animal food must predominate in the rations for laying hens. Clean water and sharp grit and oyster shell should be before them all the time.

M. S.—Will you please tell me what ails my turkeys? They are two months old; seem well in every respect, but they have a puffed place under their wings, and I can cut the skin and the air will escape from the place; then when this place gets well, it is as if it was before it was cut. This doesn't make them look drooped. They have running water to go to. I feed them egg bread, and they seem to be doing well from more than tight. Please tell me what to do for them by mail or through COMFORT. My neighbors' turkeys are the same way.

A.—You did right to prick the air puffs. It is all you can do. It is not a serious disease, and will

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THE USURPER

By Ruth Halcyon Stocker

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It was time to say good by, and Milly clutched Ward's arm tightly, experiencing the rush of feeling and forlornness that parting so often brings.

"I don't want you to go—oh, I don't want you to go," she murmured for the hundredth time.

"You must not think solely of yourself, Milly. Think of what this journey means to me—to us. In America everyone grows rich."

"You'll write to me often, Effingham?"

"As often as I deem best," the man answered, and had it not been that he was embarking upon a long, and what seemed to Milly a perilous journey, the girl would have shown resentment for his tone of patronage, even though she possessed a loyal and loving heart.

He kissed her good by and cheerily ran up the gang plank of the great steamer which was to bear him across the sea. Milly stood on the dock and waved her handkerchief until the vessel was so far away that the face of the man to whom she had waved that long and loving adieu and to wish him Godspeed in his pursuit of fortune. Her object accomplished, she returned with rather a heavy heart to the quiet village where she lived alone, with only her flowers and books for company.

Milly was an orphan, very pretty—likewise very poor. Her father, whose death had shortly followed her mother's, had been one of those easy-going individuals who glide serenely through life, somehow always managing to gratify their own wants and pleasures, and calmly closing their eyes to the wants of others. Thus at his death his only child found that he had quite forgotten to provide for her; a circumstance for which she could not find it in her heart to censure him, as he had always been so gentle and sunny tempered.

Lace making was Milly's one accomplishment—for there had never been money enough to even think of an ornamental education—and when earning her own living devolved upon her, she put her single accomplishment to the test. The test proved successful, and as a result of this success she forwarded a package to London every month, in turn receiving a recompense which, though modest, was sufficient to maintain her little home. Once she had run up to London herself. There in one of the largest shops she had seen her handiwork artistically displayed under the nomenclature of "Real Renaissance Lace." Milly had smiled, but it was well for her peace of mind that she did not know the elaborate prices great ladies paid for the "Real Renaissance Lace" manufactured in the garden adjoining her tiny house.

Until Effingham Ward came into it, Milly considered her life a very uneventful one. After he had declared his love for her, she often found herself wondering in a vague and dreamy way, as girls will wonder at such times, just what quality of hers Effingham had admired to such an extent that he should wish to make her his wife. When they had been betrothed several months the wonder faded, and had it not been that loyalty was one of her strongest virtues, she might have wondered in that same dreamy way what quality she had seen in Effingham that she should consent to become his wife. To be sure, he was good looking, if one overlooked a certain heaviness of countenance. He was also amiable, provided his wishes were deferred to and his vanity treated in the proper sort of way. On the whole he and Milly got along nicely, as Milly was only too willing to do everything in her power to please him.

Their engagement was a long one—for Effingham Ward was a person who believed in perfect understanding before marriage. He told his betrothed that he needed time to study her character, and that she must have time to study his. At the end of two years he was still deep in his study, though Milly had long ago given up, for the reason that her stock of material was seriously depleted.

On the second anniversary that marked their betrothal, Effingham appeared before her suddenly, his eyes alight, his cheeks flushed, his whole manner indicative of some unusual excitement. The story he told was brief. Three years before a friend of his had gone to America. He had left England a poor man; now he was counted rich among men. Effingham found it difficult to account for this sudden change of fortune, but he was certain it had something to do with "wheat." He had strong faith in his own capabilities. What others had done he could do—if only he could set foot on that wonderful American soil. He talked to Milly in this strain for hours, and her pretty face grew flushed and sparkling. Then and there they made a resolve that all weekly pleasure excursions must cease, and the money they usually cost laid away for a journey across the sea. Milly began the manufacture of "Real Renaissance Lace" in quantities involving more work than was beneficial for her big gray eyes. Effingham did not deny himself his favorite brand of cigars, but as a check on this extravagance he bought no more bon-bons for his betrothed. These small economies helped wonderfully, and the following spring Ward was ready for the journey across the ocean.

"We'll be married sometime within the next three or four years," he told Milly confidently, and in answer to the murmured word "loneliness" from her, he patted her shoulder reassuringly. "You were alone before I met you, but there is no need for you to be really lonely now. You will have the thought of a long life with me to look forward to."

The first letter from the traveler was both a novelty and a delight. To Milly, unfamiliar with her lover's handwriting, the envelope itself was a revelation. She admired the firmness of that M with which her name began. The writing seemed to whisper of character undreamed of before. Somehow it was not the writing she would have pictured belonging to Effingham. She retreated to the solitude of the garden, endeavoring to create an atmosphere of romance while she perused her lover's epistle.

"Dearest!" She studied every letter of the word with which, had she been consulted, she would most have desired her first love letter to begin. No matter what other words were in the letter—for in the inmost recess of her heart she feared the missive would be as dull and commonplace as her lover's conversation—that one word would remain. Her eyes dwelt upon it until there was not the vestige of an excuse to linger longer. She knew every little turn and twist. Hearing an unconscious little sigh, she bent over the page.

"Dearest: The days since I parted have seemed long and endless. They would have been unbearable to the man who loves you and is so far away from you, had he not been able to hear your voice loud and sweet, beyond the deep and turbulent voice of the sea. The thought of you will carry me on to victory—to fame, perhaps. I had hours and hours in which to dream of you, hours and hours in which to resolve to be in the future all that the man you honor with your love should be. My first letter to you—the first time I have ever had to think that you are miles and miles away from me! Can you wonder that my thoughts are curiously scattered?"

The color crept into Milly's cheeks, her eyes grew misty and far away. To be loved like that! How she had wronged Effingham by thinking him commonplace—even dull. It was she who should strive to be worthy of the man who honored her with such a love. She kissed the missive more than once during the long afternoon.

When the next letter came she did not waste a moment in gazing on the envelope. She hoped

this communication would be similar to the first; but if it was not, she would not allow herself to be disappointed. A man cannot remain on the heights always.

"Dear one: With your picture before me, your eyes gazing upon me so tenderly. It is not easy for me to keep my thoughts on the letter I am writing. But whispered words to a picture will never reach the one for whom I intend them. 'One day nearer Milly.' That is what I say to myself every night. 'A day in which to work for Milly,' is my first waking thought. Have you ever pictured the home we two will have in the years to come? It will be small and cozy, with a great stone fireplace in the library, and books, books, books. We will have flowers, too, because you love them. I wonder if you can see it all as I see it."

Could she see it all? Yes, Milly could see it, and the sight brought a happy throb to her heart and colored her little world with the rosiest of tints. It was such a beautiful thing to be loved as she was loved. It was through these letters that she was beginning to know the real Effingham Ward. How strange that in the past she had never seen more than a large young man, with a heavy countenance and an alarming amount of egotism.

Correspondence progressed. Every week Milly received her letter, and in a return missive she poured out all that was in her heart, a thing she had never been able to do when Effingham sat beside her in the garden—but in those days she had not known the real Effingham.

The first year went by with but a single change. Letters were now written in diary form; they had even fallen into the habit of jotting down the time of day at which they wrote. It seemed to enhance the bond of sympathy between them.

"You ask me why I never allude to the dear old days when we were together," one letter ran. "Dear, it is because I am forging ahead. Always I see you a little beyond me, beckoning me on. If I looked back, I might lose sight of you, and you have come to mean the world to me. Perhaps you wonder how my time is spent these days, but that is my own little secret. I will tell it to you only when I have achieved success, and, dear, sometimes success seems to hover very near. And then—but dreams of the future are sweeter than any of the words I write. All I ever become will be due to you—and to you alone."

"Do you know," he wrote on another occasion, "that to me Millicent is the most beautiful name in the world? I often wonder why I ever consented to call you Milly. In the future you are Millicent to me."

At this Milly smiled. She had never known any other name, but since Effingham preferred Millicent, Millicent she would be. Indeed, she grew into a girl far different from the Milly who had waved good by to Effingham Ward that morning on the dock. Then she had been pretty, with just one accomplishment to her name—"Renaissance Lace." Now she was Millicent, who read carefully the books her lover advised her to read, and thought with sweet seriousness on all matters in which she felt he would like her to be interested.

Her life was very full and beautiful until one day there came a terrible little note.

"Mr. Ward is ill and unable to write."

What if this illness should prove serious? Milly's heart almost ceased to beat. What if death should claim the man she had learned to love and to lean on, far away though he was? The girl had but one thought—to go to him. He needed her and she would go. She borrowed money for the journey from a man she had known since childhood, packed her small trunk, and sailed for America.

Milly knew where Effingham Ward lived. He had written her of the boarding-house, and of the kind woman who conducted it and mothered the young men who boarded with her. Finding the house was a simple matter—for there were plenty of people on the streets of New York whom she might ask—and Milly climbed the stairs, her heart beating wildly. The motherly landlady admitted her, and in answer to Milly's breathless question, was quite reassuring.

"Mr. Ward is much better—almost himself again. Come right in, my dear, and I'll call him." She bustled about the room, and when she had made her guest comfortable, vanished.

A moment later a young man with clear-cut features and fine gray eyes stood in the doorway. Milly had never seen this man before, and she could not account for his start on seeing her and for the pallor that overspread his countenance.

"I came to see Mr. Ward," she murmured.

"Millicent!" the man exclaimed in a low voice, taking a step forward.

The girl was plainly puzzled.

"You appear to know me," she said slowly.

"I do not remember you. I came to see Mr. Ward."

"Millicent," he said again, and his voice was strangely hoarse, "can you ever forgive me? I am Mr. Ward."

A little perplexed frown marred the smoothness of Milly's white forehead.

"I want to see Mr. Effingham Ward," she repeated, at a loss to understand this strange young man's behavior.

The stranger hesitated barely a moment.

"Effingham Ward is dead," he said very gently.

"No, no," cried Milly. "Only a moment ago she told me that he was better—almost himself again. Let me go to him."

"Effingham Ward is dead," repeated the stranger, scarcely above a whisper. "He landed in America on the tenth of April nearly two years ago. He broke off, a look of pain on his countenance; but Milly's questioning gaze forced him to finish. 'Two weeks later he died of pneumonia, due to a cold he had contracted on shipboard.'"

"But—but he has written me many times," protested Milly.

The stranger clenched his hands, again that spasm of pain distorted his features.

"I always knew this day would come," he murmured helplessly. "Look," he said, and he drew a letter from his pocket.

The envelope bore her name in the handwriting she had grown to love. She did not yet understand, but she broke the seal and glanced at the pages within. Then she recoiled swiftly.

"He has been dead for two years, and this letter was written today!"

The man nodded.

"Perhaps," she faltered, her lips white and trembling, "you will tell me—why you did it."

It was an unusual story, and Milly sat through the recital, still as though she were turned to stone.

"For one year," began the stranger, "I have been as miserable as man can be, and at the same time as supremely happy. I met Effingham Ward on shipboard, and our acquaintance began mainly through the coincidence of having the same surname—even the same initials. I am Edward Ward. When we landed we sought the same hotel, and there Effingham Ward was taken sick. He told me of you, at the same time requesting me to write a letter to you in his name. At first I declined; but he persisted, and I yielded because I did not want to augment his fever. That was the beginning of the tangled web. It was awfully presumptuous of me," he stammered confusedly, "but—well, it was rather an unusual communication that he dictated. Romance seemed to be in his place. One week later he asked me to write again. He had shown me your picture and had told me of his ambitions. My web grew a little more tangled. I studied your face and wrote, forgetful at the time that I was doing an-

other's man's correspondence. A few days later Effingham Ward died, and somehow I couldn't bring myself to write you that he was dead. It seemed a brutal thing to do. I sent off a letter, determining to think out a way to tell you—one which would be less of a shock to you. But the way never occurred to me—and I just continued to write.

"The day came when I had to acknowledge to myself that I couldn't give up your letters. They had become the brightest pages in my life. I pictured you in my mind—in my heart. My web grew more and more tangled, but I couldn't end it all. I even closed my eyes to the fact that your letters were written to Effingham Ward and not to Edward Ward. Yet all the time I knew my mad dream must some day end. I planned the way at length in which I would untangle the threads. When success came to me, I determined to go to you, to tell you the whole story of my deception—and to tell you, too, of my love for you. Millicent," he said very earnestly, "do you think that you could ever bring yourself to forgive me? I'm only a usurper, I know. I took for myself what you meant for him."

Milly regarded him long and steadily. Her emotions curiously mixed. She believed she hated this man who had practiced such a deception upon her for two long years, and yet, what was that feeling that filled her heart? Yes, surely she despised him, and she rose, determined to leave him alone and unforgive.

"Before you go I want you to take this," he drew a little volume from his pocket. "The public has praised it," he said very simply, "and you were my inspiration. I used to write with your picture before me. You made my book successful. Millicent; but I'd give everything that has come to me through it to be able to win your love, or just to hear you say that you forgive me."

Milly walked towards the door. To forgive was impossible. She would go back to her home and take up the threads of life once more. She would sit in her garden and—but what would there be to life in the future? There would be no more letters, no more dreams. The end of everything had come. Tears of self-pity filled her eyes. It was such a beautiful life that she had learned to live, and now—

Swiftly she faced about and took a step towards the stranger.

"No," she said, in a strange, uncertain little voice, "you did not take what was meant for him. My letters were written—to the one who wrote to me. You changed my life from a little narrow path into a great broad avenue. From Milly you made me into Millicent. Take me," she whispered, laying both her hands in his, "and be to me always just what you have been."

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

young ducks should be one half vegetable, the remaining half being divided between grain and animal food. An all-grain diet upsets the liver and brings on leg weakness. Another point to be careful about is their drinking dishes. They must be deep enough for the birds to get their heads entirely under water, otherwise the two small holes at the base of the bill get clogged up with soft food, and the poor creatures can't breathe.

L. H. F.—I had one hen lose her sight. Her eyes looked all right, but she couldn't see. Another has a small growth on one eye, or it is swollen, I can hardly tell which. The other looks all right, but I don't believe she can see with it. Please answer as soon as possible, tell me what causes it, and give me a remedy.

A.—The disease is called conjunctivitis, usually brought on by draught, or dirty or dusty houses. Bathe

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the eye with a lotion made by mixing one part dioxogen with two parts water. Keep the bird in a small coop in a semi-dark place. Feed very lightly on nourishing food. Nail up a cup on the side of the coop, and keep it filled with water for the bird to drink. Add seven drops of tincture of emporasia to half a pint of water. After two or three days' treatment, press the lower lid gently, push out any pus that may have collected, and a cure will result in a few days. When the disease has advanced so far that the sight is affected, there is no hope of effecting a cure.

E. G. W.—I think the incubator has not been run properly, and the heat has been allowed to drop during the latter part of the hatch. Or, what is more likely, the trouble has occurred after they were put into the brooder. A brooder should be kept at 85 degrees during the first week, and food should consist of nothing but small, dry grain.

M. W. F.—Give the hens more animal food, and smear the feathers round the bare spots with bitter aloes. If possible, give the birds free range. Cover the floor of the henhouse with deep litter, and scatter small grain on it, to encourage the birds to scratch and keep busy.

J. C. W.—Look for lice. Curd cheese is good, but add chopped onions instead of pepper. Feed lightly and often during the day, making supper their heaviest meal.

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Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

fyng." She was rather proud of this word and nodded over it. "Oh, why can't we? Larry, I wish you were a gentleman."

Larry tightened the sheet. "Oh! Why?" he asked. "Because I'd marry you," she said serenely. "Then we could go sailing where we liked and be real pirates."

"That's nonsense!" he said rather roughly. She looked at him reproachfully. "Nonsense! Why?"

"There are no pirates," he said, "and I'm not a gentleman."

"No," she said regretfully. "Oh, I'm sorry. What's become of them all—the pirates, I mean? And you're very like a gentleman, Larry. Never mind, you can't help it, can you? Perhaps some day you will be. You never can tell. And all sorts of things happen, don't they? You may go into battle and be knighted by the king, with a big sword, and he will say: 'Rise, Sir Larry! That sounds rather nice, doesn't it? 'Sir Larry'—I should be 'Lady Larry' then, shouldn't I?"

Larry met this effort of imagination with a somewhat discouraging silence; but Lady Marie was not discouraged.

"Yes," she said, as she leaned forward, her chin on her disengaged hand, "all sorts of things might happen like they do in books. I suppose!"

She paused a moment—"I suppose you wouldn't like me to wait for you; to wait until you were made a knight or a lord? If you'll like me to very much I think—yes, I think I'd promise."

Larry laughed, but his face, as he turned away to do something unnecessary to his sail, was very red, and his lips were pressed closely together.

"You're too young to—to talk about marrying," he said, with the air of a Methuselah. "And you're letting her get out of the wind. There! We nearly went over that time. Give me the tiller. There is something to eat in that basket."

She went for it eagerly. "Why, Larry, there are cakes!" she exclaimed joyously. "Yes, they are for you," he said shyly. "I—I thought you might come."

"You know you really are very thoughtful, Larry," she said, after she had been munching for a moment or two. "I'll give you a kiss, if you like."

Larry crimsoned, but drew back. "I hate kissing," he said; "besides—"

She looked up at him with relief and admiration. "Oh, so do I," she cried. "I hate it ever so. And I'm so glad you don't expect me to. I only said it because it was the proper thing to say, and Lady Merston would like me to. Kissing is a foolish thing; and it is very good of you to say no. Why, Larry, there is a boat! Look! Just round the bend of the rocks there!"

Larry shaded his eyes and looked. "A strange boat," he said. "Wonder who she is—who they are. Out fishing. They're foreigners, and they're watching for something."

"Perhaps they're smugglers?" hazarded Lady Marie, in a hushed voice.

Larry shook his head. "No smugglers now. Ah, I know! They've come for water. That's their brig; I can sight her now, round Lanyon Head. She's making toward the boat. Yes, it's water they have come for."

He lowered the sail and ran the boat ashore, and carried Lady Marie carefully and tenderly to the beach.

"Thank you, Larry," she said. "I have enjoyed myself so much. Do you mind shaking hands? Don't if you mind very much, you know."

He took her small hand and held it, looking at her shyly, the color showing in his face, his eyes resting on her wistfully.

"It's nice shaking hands with you," she remarked. "You've got such a—a hard, strong hand. I don't like soft, nubby-pammy ones. Good by, and, oh, Larry!" she called back, "when you take me again bring some more of those cakes; they were good."

Larry watched her as she went up the path and was lost to his sight, then he turned quickly at the sound of oars. The strange boat had drifted close in. There were two men at the oars, and a third was in the stern with a boat cloak round him, its collar drawn almost up to his eyes. But Larry caught sight of the eyes, and his heart leaped with a sudden thrill of anger and—apprehension.

It was the Snapper, and he was looking at Larry with a sinister smile. Larry heard the man at the first oar say something, caught the words "the boy," then the boat rushed up the beach and the two men sprang out.

"Can you tell us the way to Ravenford?" asked one who looked like a Spaniard, and had gold rings in his almost black ears.

Larry turned to point in the direction of the cottage, but before he could speak something was flung over his head and the light of day was shut out.

He struggled and fought like a wildcat, but he was only a boy, and the two men laughed as they plucked his arms, and, lifting him bodily, flung him into the boat at the Snapper's feet.

CHAPTER VII.

NINE YEARS AFTER.

Nine years later—nine years is a lifetime to the young, a brief span to the old—the castle carriage drove through Ravenford from the station and was eagerly waited for and watched by the village folk, for Lady Marie was returning from London, where she had been the belle of

the season, to spend the autumn months at her house on the Cornish cliff.

She was returning, like a victorious young queen, from scenes of triumph which might well have turned an older and a wiser head than hers; but the beautiful girl who leaned forward in the brouche and looked round her with an eager light in her gray eyes was the same in heart and mind as the child who had gone a-sailing with Larry on the eventful day on which he had been torn from his native land.

The promise of beauty had been fulfilled, and London and Paris had set their seal upon the reputation of her loveliness, but, though the pride of her race revealed itself in her eyes and the curve of her lips, and she was known to her many admirers as "My Lady Disdain," she was coming back unaltered by the world that had cast itself at her feet; and there was something childlike in the open delight with which she recognized old landmarks and familiar faces.

"Look, Meadows, there is the old signpost with all the names worn off. And there's the church and the schoolhouse! Oh, they must have given the children a holiday, for they are all out there at the gate to welcome us! Tell James to pull up a moment. Children, how are you all? Oh, I am so glad to see you! Well, with a little break in her voice as the children thronged round the carriage shouting: "Welcome home, Lady Marie!" and throwing flowers into her lap.

"Oh, my dears!" she said, laughing and half crying. "You must all come up to the castle to tea! I'll speak to Mrs. Manners about it. And the pretty flowers! Oh, thank you; thank you all very, very much. Yes, it's good to come home where—where people love me." This was rather hard upon the many who loved her so much and had been left behind to mourn. "Yes, there's no place like Ravenford, and no children half so nice and sweet. Must we go on? Good by till tomorrow. Mind, you must all come! I'll send the carriage for the tiny ones."

The carriage drove on amid the delighted shouting of the children; but once more Meadows was told to stop. They had reached the inn, and Lady Marie had caught sight of old Reuben standing in the door of the cottage, his eyes shaded by his hand, as if he were waiting for a sight of his young mistress. The smile died away from Lady Marie's face as she saw him, and a certain gravity, like that cast by the cloud of memory, shone in her eyes. She motioned the coachman to stop and, alighting from the carriage, went up the garden to him with her quick, graceful step, and, holding out her hand, said:

"Well, Reuben; you, too, were watching for me?"

"Yes, my lady," he said, the sunlight pouring on his head, white as flour itself now. "We all heard your ladyship was coming back from your travels. You're looking well and—bonny," he added. "The air of the town hasn't stolen all the roses from your face, Lady Marie, and those that have gone the sea breeze will soon bring back."

Lady Marie nodded and smiled at him.

"And you're well, Reuben?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady," he responded quietly. "I feel the years—but I mustn't keep your ladyship; they'll be anxious for your coming at the castle. It was good and kind of you to stop and speak to me—but you were always kind and thoughtful; and it's good to feel that you haven't forgotten us."

"No; I've not forgotten," she said with a smile; then in a lower voice, and with her eyes downcast, she added:

"And—Larry, Reuben? Have you heard again from him?"

The miller shook his head. "No, my lady," he replied; "only once since he left us."

His hand went to his breast pocket, but he did not take it out, as if he were ashamed of his weakness. But Lady Marie, with a quick gesture of appeal and command, signed to him.

"I have never heard—never knew what the letter contained," she said. "I was in France when it came, you remember, and only learned from Lady Merston that you had had a letter."

He took out an old pocketbook and drew from it a letter creased and thumbed with much reading.

"It's not long," he said wistfully; "and it does not tell much, for the reason he gives. Perhaps your ladyship would care to read it."

She held out her small, exquisitely gloved hand and took the letter and read it. As Reuben had said, it was not long, and her eyes ran quickly and yet with evident interest over the few lines:

"DEAR REUBEN: A man on board has undertaken to get this in the post if I promise him not to mention the name of the vessel, or how I was kidnapped, and by whom. He is a good fellow and kind—I don't mean the man who took me—and I think he will keep his word. I am quite well and strong again. The man who seized me dealt me a blow with the boat stretcher, and I had fever and was weak for some time. But I am strong again now, and I can work with the rest. I mustn't tell you where we're bound; that's part of the promise, but it's a long voyage. Dear Reuben, I was very unhappy at first; but I've got to think that, perhaps, it is for the best—I mean that I've started in the world now, and perhaps I may make my way. I think of you and Ravenford all day, and dream of you often at night; and I long to come back. But I won't tell I've made some money, and can come back different. I mean to make my fortune, Reuben, and come back rich to share the money with you. Remember me to all kind friends. Your faithful

"LARRY."

"P. S.—Tell Lady Marie I'll never forget the times in the boat—I hope she did not drift away!—and tell her—but she won't care to remember—She's a great little lady, and will forget me."

Lady Marie looked up from the letter, and gazed out to sea with a smile that was both tender and wistful.

"I've not forgotten," she said, more to herself than to Reuben; and indeed she had not, for she saw the boy and girl of the past so plainly as if the years were months. "And this came—how long ago?" she asked, as she slowly folded the letter and gave it back.

"More than eight years, my lady," he said very quietly.

"And you have not heard since?" she said, with surprise.

He shook his head. "No, my lady."

"It's strange he does not write," she mused, as she leaned against the porch and still looked out to sea. She appeared to have forgotten the carriage, and the horses impatiently pawing the ground and champing their bits. Do you think—no, nothing can have happened to him? She broke off with a smile of conviction and a flash of her dark-gray eyes. "Larry was too strong, too brave. Oh, I am sure he is alive and well."

Reuben was silent a moment.

"I think that, too, Lady Marie," he said. "I feel that if Larry were dead I'd have known it. Something would have told me; besides, he would have sent a message, a last word."

"Then why hasn't he written?" she demanded, with a touch of her imperiousness.

"Pride," said Reuben.

"Pride!" She echoed the word with a look of surprise; then her eyelids fell. "Ah, yes, I remember: Larry was proud."

Reuben nodded.

"Yes, my lady. You see, he says in this"—he touched his breast—"that he wouldn't come back till he'd made his fortune—and fortunes are hard to make now."

"Foolish boy!" she said; but her own proud heart sympathized with him even as she chided. "As if love weren't worth all the money and the fame in the world! You, who taught him so much, Reuben, ought to have taught him that," she added, with mock severity.

Reuben shook his head.

"No, my lady. That's one of the lessons you can only learn from experience; and Larry will

have to learn it that way, like the rest of us!"

Lady Marie sighed, and her eyes grew still more absent and dreamy.

"And you haven't discovered who it was that carried him off?"

"No, Lady Marie. It's still a mystery. Though every inquiry and search was made, as your ladyship may remember, nothing was discovered. You see, we didn't miss him until the next day. We thought he had slept on the boat to catch the morning tide, as he'd often done. We lost all those hours."

She nodded.

"I remember. Oh, yes, I remember—everything," she made reply. She started slightly, as if she had suddenly remembered those who were waiting for her. "I must go, Reuben. If you get another letter, hear anything, you will send up to me? I will come down at once. Foolish boy!"

She gave him her hand again and went down to the carriage. She was very silent and thoughtful as they drove along the sea road, and her eyes were set to catch a glimpse of the beach and the strip of sand across which Larry had carried her. Often in the whirl of her triumphs in London, and Paris, and Venice, she had thought of the boy with whom she had passed such happy, childish hours; but inevitably those memories had been fleeting and transient. But now, as she looked at the very spot, with the words of Larry's simple, boyish letter in her mind, the nine years were spanned by a short bridge, and every detail came back to her.

"Why," she thought, with a blush and a smile that made the proud lips tender and wistful, "I promised to be his wife—to wait for him! I remember that. And he has, manlike, forgotten, I'll be bound!"

The carriage climbed the steep hill, and wound under the avenue of trees, and pulled up at the entrance thronged with servants in the claret and gold livery of the house; and Lady Merston came down the steps with Mr. Wharton following her, his head bent, a smile of deferential welcome on his wrinkled face.

"Dear Marie, you are late!" said Lady Merston, enfolding her in a loving embrace. "But how well you look! Not a bit tired! And such a journey! Does she not look well, Mr. Wharton?"

"She does indeed," he said, bending over the hand Lady Marie gave him. "But her ladyship always looks well. It's the great privilege of her youth."

The servants made a lane and murmured a respectful welcome, and Lady Marie spoke to Fellows and the housekeeper, and one or two of the older servants—the few words which are so little and count for so much—and so, lingeringly, went up to her room.

"Oh, it's good to be home again!" she exclaimed, for the tenth time that day, as Lady Merston, jealous even of the maid's hands, helped her to remove her jacket and hat. "All the way from the station, directly I caught sight of the house, I have said that I would never go away again. And yet I have had a splendid time!" she added, with a laugh and a sigh.

"Lady Barraford was good to you?" Lady Barraford was the lady to whose chaperonage Lady Merston, on account of her health, had been compelled to resign Marie.

"Good!" laughed Lady Marie gratefully. "She was an angel to me. It was like parting from—you, dear, when we said good by this morning. She was a second mother to me—for you come first, of course."

"Dearest!" murmured Lady Merston, gazing at her beautiful ward with moist eyes. "And she is so proud of you! Oh, but I have her letters! And they are all full of the stories of your triumphs and successes—a record of broken hearts and black despair. But I'm glad you have come back heart-free, dearest. You have?"

There was a note of anxiety in her voice which caused Lady Marie to look at her with surprise.

"Why, yes," she assented, with a nod and a blush. "But why are you glad, dear Lady Merston?"

Lady Merston was silent a moment.

"I think I must leave Mr. Wharton to tell you that, Marie," she said gravely. "That is why he is here—though he would have come to welcome you in any case, of course. It is your birthday, Marie; your twenty-first birthday."

"Yes. As if I had forgotten! And the lovely presents! I haven't given you a kiss—a separate and special one for the beautiful necklace. You shall have it now. There! And all the rest of the exquisite things. But I'm going to scold Philip when I see him. Did you see the tiara he sent me? Yes? And you didn't stop him, you wicked woman! Oh, yes, I must read Philip a lecture on extravagance. Why, Lady Barraford declared that it was the most magnificent she had ever seen." She paused a moment, then went on with a shy hesitance: "Do you think he ought to have given me so grand a present, dear?"

Lady Merston bit her lip softly.

"He shall make his own excuses, Marie," she answered. "He will be here tonight, after dinner."

"After dinner? Why not to dinner?" asked Lady Marie, with no great eagerness. She was stepping out of her traveling dress, and did not see the gravity that sat on Lady Merston's countenance.

"Mr. Wharton thought it better so. But you will understand very soon. You must not ask any more questions, Marie. Mr. Wharton will explain. I will go now, dearest, or you will never be dressed." She rose and went to the door; then she came back and put her arms round the girl's soft, white neck.

"God bless you, Marie, and—guide you right!" she murmured faintly.

Lady Marie returned the embrace, her lips parted with a question, but Lady Merston shook her head, forced a smile, and left the room.

Marie surrendered herself to Meadows, but while she was being dressed she looked out of the west window, at the vast and opaline sea, and then out of the east panes of the great square window, at the swelling uplands, dotted by the farms and homesteads; and she smiled with infinite pride and infinite pleasure. She was mistress of land and farm in Normandy and in Spain; she had a villa at Magliore—all beautiful places—but her pride was never so much in the ascendancy as when she looked upon these miles of English fields, these English plines, the trimly kept parks, the prosperous farms. She could sojourn for a time in other places, where they hailed her as queen; could spend a few weeks in the sensuous beauty that surrounded her villa on the Italian lake; could flit for a week or two to Ravenford, every house of which—one almost writes every human being in which—belonged to her, that held her young heart and stirred it with the pride of possession.

"Oh, it is very beautiful!" she murmured, as she turned from the window reluctantly and once more resigned herself to the almost frantic maid.

"And it is mine, my very own!" she added mentally. The mer mind swung round to Lady Merston's strange manner, and still stranger hints and innuendoes.

What did she mean? Marie smiled as she asked herself the question. She was too happy to be apprehensive, to have presentiments.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Current Events

GIVES BRAIN AND BODY AWAY.—Dr. W. J. McGee, a distinguished geologist, anthropologist, hydrologist, and author, who died recently in Philadelphia, Pa., bequeathed to another doctor his brain and body. The bequest is unusual. Many noted men have given the doctor permission to remove the brain for scientific purposes after death, but Dr. McGee's bequest of his entire body aroused the interest of the medical world. Really, a philanthropist!

TO OVERPOWER BANDITS.—The French police

THIS ELEGANT BLACK \$4.90 PONY SKIN PLUSH COAT FOR LADIES AND MISSES

Genuine CHASE PLUSH. This swell, handsome garment is made of Chase's best quality, heavy black pony skin plush, which is exactly like a \$10.00 coat. It is a latest Paris design. Winter 1913. A strikingly handsome, finely tailored garment, made in the charming, shapely, semi-fitting mode, with large, handsome, deep shawl collar, latest turn-back cuffs; deep vents in side seams; elegant large art button. Full lined with beautiful satin mercerized satin. Ladies' 34 in. long, bust 34 to 46 inches bust measure. In bust 34 in. long, 32 to 36 inches bust measure. Send \$1.00

Deposit five dollars. Ladies' or misses' is wanted. We will send you this elegant, extra quality, black pony skin plush coat, O. D. by express subject to examination. The balance, you pay the agent after you find the coat perfectly satisfactory. As well and handsome a coat as you ever saw and the equal in appearance of any \$50.00 genuine pony skin coat. Otherwise, we will take it, it will be returned at our expense and we will promptly refund your \$1.00. Order the coat today or our offer is out.

FREE Special Fashion Book

which shows over 1,000 elegant pictures of rare and beautiful Fall and Winter garments at wonderful prices. Women's and misses' coats \$1.98 up. Petticoats 48c up. Waists 48c up, and an immense assortment of daily muslin and knitted underwear and children's and infants' garments and shawls at startlingly low prices.

We are headquarters for Ladies' Misses' and Children's at below regular wholesale prices. Full line shown in special fashion book. We also supply coats made of this beautiful Chase's Plush for Juniors, Girls and Children at following proportionately low prices:

Juniors \$4.45	Girls \$3.45	Children \$1.95
Age—15, 17, 19 yrs.	Age—6 to 10, 12 yrs.	Age—2 to 6 years.
Bust—33, 35, 37 in.	Bust—24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 in.	Length—22 to 28 in.
Length—45, 47, 49 in.	L'—21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31 in.	according to age.

Juniors are made with shawl collar same as picture, with 2 buttons. Girls' and Children's coats have large warm storm collars. We'll send any of them on same liberal C. O. D. terms given on ladies' and Misses' Coats. Give size wanted. Order or get Free book.

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hereafter can fight desperate bandits without the usual risk attending their capture. Bonnot Garnier, at that time assistant to M. Lepine, asked the municipal chemists to devise means by a powerful gas for rendering entrenched criminals unable to maintain themselves for long against the police. The perfected bomb, when exploded, gives off gas temporarily overpowering all those inhaling it. The idea is for the police, who the bandits are cornered to, explode the bomb and then rush in and effect a capture.

WORRY HITS REASON.—Bound in a straight-jacket, Mike Kmet was taken before a judge in New York city on an insanity complaint. A few months ago, Kmet's wife was sent to an asylum. Kmet was left at home to care for four children. Brooding over his wife's condition, Kmet's reason was affected. Alienists examined him and said that worry affected his reason.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Immigrants numbering 879,587 came into the United States in 1911, against 1,045,570 in 1910. Good, keep out the undesirable, criminals and depraved.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

Swell Nifty Suit FREE!

Get it quick! Be our special sales manager in your town on NEW PLAN. Plenty of money, so hurry!

\$2500 Given in Prizes
Cash—rings—stick pins—diamonds—watches—all free. Make \$50 to \$500 a week selling nifty suits. Part time or full time necessary. WE PREPAY EXPRESSION ON EVERYTHING. Buy \$500 worth of suits, particulars and free samples. No obligations.

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Send us a sample of your hair and we will mail you this beautiful \$2.50 hairbrush and switch to match. If satisfactory send us \$1.50 any time within 10 days, or sell it for your friend for \$1.50 each and get yours absolutely free. Extra shades a little higher. Some of our catalog showing latest styles of fashionable hairdressing, etc., on request. Enclose 5c postage. Marguerite Colly, Dept. 801, 115 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

AGENTS!

BECOME PARTNERS in our business through our profit-sharing plan. Sell "Brandt's Automatic Shaver." It shaves and sharpens your razor better than an expert barber. Works automatically for old style razors and safety blades. Anyone can use it. Guaranteed for life. Our profit-sharing plan and our premium make this the greatest agency proposition. Write quick for prices and territory.

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\$30 a WEEK

To Steady Workers selling our famous combinations of soap and toilet articles that go like hot cakes. 150% profit to agent. One man sold 1,600 in a town of 8,000. H. R. Anderson made \$1,671 in one month. No man working 8 hours a day makes less than \$30.00 a week. No experience necessary. Secure territory at once. Get complete information FREE. E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 315 Davis Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

BIRTH STONE RINGS

Free. Greatest Ring Offer ever made; guaranteed five years. As an advertisement we offer this beautiful gold filled Tiffany ring with proper stone for any month. ONLY 12 CTS. in stamps to pay for packing and mailing. State size. Ask for Catalog of Christmas Specials. C. REXFORD CO., 936 Market St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS

just coin money selling New Improved hosiery direct from mill with our big advertising offer; you can make \$25 daily; everybody buys; credit; samples in leatherette case, FREE. New Improved Knitting Mills, 977 S. Chicago.

WANTED-ORGANIZERS

Good commissions, getting members. Social, fraternal. ORDER OF OWLS, SOUTH BEND, IND. (Mention this paper.)

FEATHER BEDS

New 40 pound feather bed and pair of pillow for \$10.00. THE STOKES COMPANY, Burlington, N. C.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

for these legal vampires who fatten at the trough of national and individual trouble, men of science, men of business, and men identified with and representing labor—that is men of mind, practical men, men of imagination and high ideals—we should get something accomplished, something done. The practice of the law seems not only destructive of ideals, but it seems to throw a man's sympathies all in favor of wealth and privilege, and it develops in a man the "judicial frame of mind," which seems about the worst possible frame of mind for solving problems of great public policy, and the installing of those reform measures, which this nation so sadly needs. Why have we been agitating and waiting for thirty years for a parcels post? Who has kept us thirty years from having a parcels post? Lawyers! Who is it makes it impossible to get a verdict against the trusts or if we do get a verdict, makes it a farce? Lawyers! Who is it keeps rich rascals from being brought to justice? Lawyers! Who is it that encourages murder by obstructing the avenging sweep of the sword of justice with contemptible, quibbling technicalities, permitting thousands of assassins to go free or die of old age? Lawyers! Who is it that sits at the elbow of every wealthy scoundrel in the country telling him how he may sweat labor, defy justice and heap up illegal profits? Lawyers! Who is it when an estate is put in the hands of a receiver, completes the ruin by piling up an expense bill that robs the creditors of every red cent? Lawyers! Who is it if there is a big fortune or small fortune anywhere, the distribution of which involves a dispute does not stay with that fortune until every penny of it is scattered to the winds? Lawyers! Who is it writes your political platform promising all sorts of things, nicely baiting the hooks to catch the easy mark voters and then after a president is elected, laughs at promises, withholds reforms and sees the public get nothing but the usual lemon? Lawyers! You need not remind me that Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer. There is as much comparison between a lawyer of the Abraham Lincoln type and the corporation lawyers of today, as there is between an oil lamp in a fog, and the sun shining in the heavens on a clear day. There are good lawyers of course who are a credit to their profession, but the fact still remains, and everyone who knows anything is aware of that fact, that the arrogance and audacity of practical wealth in this country, the impudence of privilege, and the gross miscarriages of justice that are constantly occurring, not to mention the utter failure of Congress to give us the kind of government we need and ought to have, is all due to the fact—that lawyers commanding fabulous salaries, are holding down nearly every job of importance the country over, and are constantly at the beck and call of the rich, powerful and unscrupulous, advising and counseling just how the aspirations of the public for better conditions may be crushed, and the public will defeated. The next time you have to elect a man to office, see if you cannot elect some public-spirited, intelligent man of your own class, a man who has your interests at heart, instead of some corporation lawyer, or if he isn't a corporation lawyer a man who will be a corporation lawyer as soon as he gets an opportunity to be one, and who will sell you out to his corporate masters as soon as he gets a chance. If you will insist on electing lawyers to office just because they tell you they are democrats or republicans, and you are herded under one or other of these particular political banners, keep your eye on them day and night for the Lord knows they will bear a whole lot of watching, and no matter how you watch them in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will pull the wool over your eyes and fool you before they are through with you. I am sorry, Fanny, that we can't see you when you are cooking for the boarders. Pull the boarders up with soup my dear, then they can't eat so much meat, and mind you keep them plentifully supplied with prunes. No self-respecting boarder will ever stay in a hash house unless he is well greased with prunes three times a day. A boarding house without prunes would be as lonesome as a cemetery without graves. You say you have two dulcamores. Do you play both at once or only one at a time. I have heard of a dulcimer, but never of a dulcamore. Music they say is the food of love, so if you are helping mother keep boarders you are feeding both the heart and the stomach. I hope, however, your gymnastics on the dulcamores, and your ability to extract sweet music from that instrument will not drive thoughts of soup and prunes from your head. Music is all right in its way but when it comes to a toss up between amateur music and professional prunes, give me prunes every time. Thank you, Fannie, for your nice letter. I hope the recording angel may have cause to write in golden letters everyone of our names in the great book of eternity.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please let a little Tennessee girl sit on your lap. I go to school at Radnor College and like it better than any school I ever went to. The president gives us a free trip at the end of school and we have all the fun that anyone can have.

The people in Canada treated us better than the people of our own land. We went to the Alma college and they passed around cream and cake. The girls sang one of their songs and then one of our songs.

We had a carriage drive in Asheville, N. C., around Mr. Vanderbilt's home and estate, and it sure was beautiful. And flowers grew everywhere. Thursday night the Ryman auditorium was crowded and the old Confederate soldiers, young men of the army and the scout boys marched in and took seats on the stage. There were two bands and they played until President Taft came in view, then they stopped to listen to him speak. And of course I was there.

I can milk cows and gentle wild colts, crochet, etc., and am a very good nurse, so when you get sick, you will know who to send for.

My home is on the farm and this summer I had a great deal of fun going to parties and talking to the boys.

I am just a little over five feet high, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, have light brown hair and gray eyes and am sweet sixteen.

The boys seem to think that I am pretty but I do not know how true it is, and it's not for me to decide. I must jump off your lap and give someone else my seat but I do not like to leave it.

Hope the cousins will write to me.

With bushels of love, your niece,

GEORGE DANNE. (League No. 35,278.)

I shall be delighted to have you sit on my lap, George, as judging from your weight, it will cause me no physical suffering to support you. You are a lucky girl to be able to go to Radnor College. I don't know anything about Radnor College, but I know such institutions as a rule are filled with a crowd of jolly girls who are able to extract a whole lot of pleasure from life, and also succeed in plucking valuable fruit from the tree of knowledge, which is digested for the benefit of themselves, and future generations. It is lovely of the president to give you a free trip at the end of school. At which end of the school does the trip begin? That president must be an awfully generous man, and if I could only scare up some puffs and a hobble skirt and make a noise like a young girl of sixteen, I'd certainly be in on one of those trips. You say you have all your free trips at the end of school. You might have told us how many times a year school ends, then we could have got an idea of the number of exploring tours you are able to make in the course of a year without having to dig down into your jeans (excuse me your pocket-book) for the masumas. Your president must be a lucky man to have the precious privilege of taking some empty steen hundred girls on a continental joy ride all by his lonesome. He must have a wilted heart and a wilted wad all right by the time he gets home. I am delighted to hear that the Canadian people gave you such an enjoyable time. You say: "They passed around cream and cake." Why didn't they give you some-

thing to eat instead of merely passing around it. I don't see any fun in passing around cream and cake and letting you gaze at them. The next time you go there I hope they will be more hospitable and less tantalizing and give you something to absorb. I am sorry I could not have been at the Ryman auditorium. There must have been quite some exciting times there. Even President Taft seems to have dropped in for the occasion. I suppose he was touring the South to see if the official steam roller was plentifully supplied with oil, preferably Standard Oil. Speaking of the band, you say: "They stopped to listen to him speak." I have heard musicians stop, and I have heard music stopped, but I never saw musicians when they "stopped." Maybe you mean they stopped. If so I guess quite a bunch of them got kinks in their backs, but if the official steam roller was handy, and I presume it was, the kinks could easily have been straightened out again. Look at the way it ironed out Theodore at Chicago. I think it was very unkind of President Taft to stop the music, for good music is so infinitely preferable to political speeches of the canned variety. You say: "The young men in the army scouts marched in and took seats on the stage." I suppose each of them had one seat. You don't however, tell us how many seats the President occupied, but I'll wager when he stood up he gave quite a lot of people a chance to sit down. Did you ever know that one man could fill a whole theater? Well, he can if he has got the right line of talk and doesn't charge anything at the door. George, you say you can gentle wild colts. Whatever you do mean by that? It is astonishing enough when you tell us you can milk and cook them, but to gentle a wild colt must be a scientific process far beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals of my caliber. The Goat says he is inclined to believe you mean that you tame wild colts, or make wild colts gentle and well behaved. I hope Billy's elucidation of this perplexing statement of yours is the correct one. I am delighted to hear you are a good nurse, and if you were not so far away I would certainly keep you busy. As long as you don't nurse a grievance or a grouch you are all right. I hope your college days will be happy ones, George, and your life on the farm a period of endless delight. I am sorry you have to jump off my lap, but before you go I'll just whisper in your ear that when I went to school niece was spelled n-e-l-c-e and not n-e-l-c-e. Maybe they don't know this at Radnor College, but if they don't, it's time they did.

WEST LA FAYETTE, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE:

Squeeze over a just a tiny bit cousins and make room



YOURS FOR 3 CENTS A DAY

A \$3 Silver Set Free

Also Long-Time Credit—Everything for the Home

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This month we offer our Celebration Gift—a \$3 present—which will never be offered again.

We lately ended our 47th year with a million charge accounts. And to celebrate this fact—our lifetime's ambition—this gift is offered you.

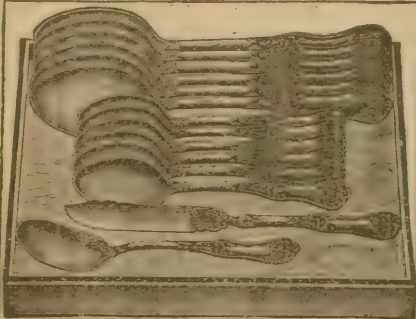
The condition is this: Send for our Home Lovers' Bargain Book. It will show you bargains picked up from more than 200 factories—thousands of things for the home.

If you write us before Nov. 1 we will send with the book an order for this splendid Silver Set.

It calls for the full set—the \$3 set—to be shipped free with any order for \$20 or over, received and accepted before Dec. 1 next. Or it calls for the half set—a \$1.50 set—with a \$10 order or over.

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So this Silver Set—sent entirely free—is worth the whole first payment. Think of that.



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6 Teaspoons 6 Tablespoons
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This handsome 14-piece Silver Set is made by the Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., of the highest grade, good heavy nickel silver metal, finely finished, and fully warranted not to wear off. The beautiful flower design is nicely embossed on all pieces.

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This half set contains 3 pieces of the same fine design and high quality as the full set described above.

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A Million Homes Furnished for 3 Cents a Day

Over a million homes now have charge accounts here, under a new-style credit.

Their weekly incomes range from \$9 up. Yet their homes are furnished like homes of men earning \$2,500 per year.

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We allow on the average a year to pay. No interest, no security, no red tape or publicity. No collectors. Just a simple charge account.

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A million homes have the things they enjoy because of this easy credit. You can have them just as well as they.

All goods are sent on 30 days' approval. You have a month to decide before buying. On anything returned we pay freight both ways, so you take no risk whatever.

4,528 Bargains

Our new Bargain Book pictures 4,528 bargains in everything known for the home. Many of the pictures are in actual colors.

It shows the greatest exhibit ever brought together in the following lines:

Furniture	Lamps—Cups
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A Startling New Design Iron Bed at \$3.65

75c With Order

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Just 920 of These Beds are offered to the readers of this paper at this astonishingly low price and on our easy credit plan.

30 Days' Approval in your home. While you send \$50 with your order, you are not obliged to keep this bed unless you find it the best value you ever saw, after 30 days' trial in your home. It can be returned if not satisfactory and your money and freight charges will be refunded.

A Classic Design. With all the beauty of this bed, has never been offered at so low a price. The corner posts and bent top rails are 3/4-inch steel tubing of the first quality, while the steel rods are 3/4-inch and 1/2-inch. Deep, beautiful carving decorates the posts in ornamental design and in the center of the head and foot end; the filling rods are worked into a handsome shaped, center diamond panel, which is held in place by huge ornamental castings of the most ornate and attractive design.

Beautiful Heavy Enamel in any color desired is baked on under intense heat and fully guaranteed. Side rails, head and foot end supports are made of the best quality, fully tempered steel of unusual strength. The bed is fitted with smooth running casters, and stands 60 inches high at head end and 40 inches high at foot end. Comes in 4 ft. 6 in. width only, and in any color desired. Shipping weight about 85 pounds. Ready for immediate delivery. Be sure to state color wanted. No. 14 C385. Price



\$3.65

for a "Buckeye" kid, to sit on Uncle's lap with you. I wrote once before but Billy the Goat must of eaten my letter, now isn't that just dreadful? Now Uncle, please put Billy to bed, give him a river biscuit to eat, so he won't get this one. We have taken Comfort since and opened my eyes very much, can you guess how long that is? I enjoy it very much, but like our page the best of all.

All the cousins' letters are such "dears," some from the pine clad hills of Maine, some from the hills of Virginia, in old "Dixie land," and some from the breezy coasts, and the "Golden West." Oh! how I love to hear of it!

Always was anxious to see the "golden West," ride over the prairies,asso steers and kill rattlesnakes, ugh! But that letter, which a Western cousin wrote changed my mind considerably. Thanks to you cousin. Uncle, I live on a beautiful farm, and have everything I want, a dear kind father and mother. Do you think I ought to forsake these treasures for the golden West? Ah, no!

I have went to school ever since I was seven years old, and am sorry to say, I am not experienced in domestic work, and am somewhat "spoiled," for I always have my own way. I am in high school now and enjoy my lessons very much. I am an artist, have painted several beautiful pictures. Am also a musician and enjoy my music very much, and am quite an alto singer. Uncle, is there any harm in dancing? I just love to waltz and two-step. Now please tell me, I never go to a public dance, only private ones. I am five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and twelve pounds, light complexion, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, light curly hair and last but not least my "feet." Oh, mercy, I wear size three and a half, isn't that dreadful?

Uncle, I wish I could "swap" feet with you, for not many years ago, a very large horse tramped on my left foot and mashed a small bone out along the side for me to wear leather shoes. But Uncle, I can skate just the same, but if I get my foot wet, then I am lame. Your loving niece,

HAZEL NORRIS.

Hazel, Billy says it's no use offering him a river biscuit to eat. He wants something more substantial, a river steamer would be more likely to fill the small hole in his appetite. I'm glad you have got over your wild dreams of being a cow girl. There is nothing even in the West to beat a beautiful farm in Ohio. You are a lucky girl to have everything you want. No, I'll take that back. You are an unlucky girl to have everything you want. To give young people everything they want is to kill their ambition. If you had been left to want a few things, Hazel, you would have made an effort to have secured the things you wanted, and that would have developed your character and brought out the best that was in you, and then it would not have been necessary to admit that you were somewhat spoiled, and also to admit that you always have

your own way, for it's only people who are spoiled or somewhat spoiled who are willing to make a confession of that kind. Parents should be loving and kind to their children, but to gratify their every wish and to be over indulgent is to spoil them and there is nothing in God's world that is more helpless, hopeless or a greater nuisance than a spoiled child—boy or girl. American parents are the most indulgent on earth and as a result the majority of American children of the so-called "better" class are utterly spoiled. Much as European hotel-keepers love American dollars, you simply can't get them to allow an American child under their roofs. Why? Because they know if they once let these infant terrors into their hostleries the roofs would all be off in twenty-four hours. The children of any other nation on earth are welcome, but American children are barred. The spoiled child is never happy. He is overfed, peevish, irritable and being satiated with every form of amusement that can be provided for him and being allowed unlimited freedom to do as he pleases, he vents his spleen on those who are paid to take care of him, annoys and drives crazy everyone within a hundred miles, and repays the indulgence of his parents by snarling, snapping, whining, and generally behaving like the untamed animal that he is. What is true of spoiled boys is true in a lesser degree of spoiled girls. Both generally grow up to be a care and a worry to those who raised them, and often break their hearts, for their careers are wrecked before they even have a good chance to make a start in life. Hazel, my dear, I'm only using your remark as a text for a little sermonette. I can tell from your letter that you are far from being spoiled, but I want to tell you you are going to be spoiled and thoroughly spoiled if you don't acquire some experience in domestic work. I read in the paper sometime ago that a whole class of high school girls had gone on strike in a Western city because they were expected to take a course in domestic science and cooking. They said they had no intention of doing any cooking, they left that for the hired girl. Everyone of those girls should have been thoroughly, neatly and artistically spanked. They should have been made to prepare every morsel of food they ate for a year, and the next year not only made to prepare what they ate, but earn what they ate as well. Better some bomb shell from the celestial regions should shatter this planet into a million pieces than our young folks should be allowed to grow up to be parasites. A fine state of things indeed in a republic and so called democracy when girls whose parents, probably poor immigrants originally, want

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS

New Fashion Sheet Feature

By Geneva Gladding

IN order to make our fashion department more and more useful to our pattern users, we have been studying on a plan whereby we can mail you, practically free, an extensive volume of fashion material indispensable to the home sewer.

Owing to limited space we can publish each month only a few new designs but with every pattern we shall hereafter inclose an advance Monthly Fashion Guide showing all the newest and best styles for ladies, misses and children. If you want one of these Fashion Guides without ordering a pattern, send a two cent stamp, it will be mailed at once.

For five cents we will send you postpaid a copy of *Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker* which tells how to make all kinds of garments from a corset cover to a full dress and illustrates over 200 of the most practical styles for ladies, misses and children. This useful fashion book

illustration shows what a charming effect it is possible to secure with this popular embroidery. The flowers, leaves and dots are worked solid, the rest of design outlined, and the punched work done with flax thread. All white, or linen color done in white is very desirable.

No. 11-9-14—Embroidered Four-in-Hand Tie. A very desirable Christmas gift. Ramie linen is one very suitable material for a wash tie, and pongee or soft finished silk for more dressy ones. The figures should be slightly padded and then worked in satin stitch. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5868—Ladies' Overblouse or Coatee. This fashionable and becoming blouse is very popular and adds a dressy touch to an otherwise plain dress; in fact it is most effective made of soft silk, worn over a soft finished wool. Braiding or bandings, makes a pretty trimming, and here a touch of color matching dress may be introduced.

makes a very handsome, attractive one-piece dress. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 requires three and one half yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5892—Ladies' Dress. Unusually handsome in this one-piece dress, made with the large square armhole which may be finished with stitching or outlined with any flat trimming. Scant quilting also makes a pretty finish. The small revers which add so much to the stylish appearance of this waist are prettiest made of material to match front panel, which is bands of satin. The skirt is another model when the fullness is held into belt by gathers, instead of being gored out. Each side of skirt panels are inverted plaits which make comfortable walking width. Closing it at left side of front.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires nine and one quarter yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5877—Ladies' Waist with Applied Yoke. Smartness and becomingness best describe this model. The large armholes make it very comfortable. The yoke fits onto body of waist perfectly and the square tab effect is finished with three rows of narrow braid.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two and one half yards of 36-inch goods, with three quarters yard of 27-inch



is printed in colors and usually sells for 25 cents and is free for but one new fifteen-months' subscriber to COMFORT at 25 cents. With a copy of this book in the house you have always at hand for reference and selection, the latest guide to styles as well as the valuable helps for dressmaking.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 1, Alphabet Transfer Patterns.—Alphabet patterns are made with a separate sheet for each letter, the price of a single sheet being 10 cents. Each sheet has six different sizes of a single letter, as follows: Twelve five eighths inch for handkerchiefs and baby clothes; twelve one-inch for lingerie, Christmas novelties, etc.; twelve one and one half inch for napkins, dollies and guest towels; twelve two-inch for towels, bed linen, etc.; six three-inch for lunch-cloths, etc.; six four-inch for table-cloths (a total of sixty letters on each sheet). The above script alphabet is known as "Alphabet No. 1." Order by this number, stating letter wanted.

8242—T—Waist in Punched Embroidery. This

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires with sleeves, two and one eighth yards of 36-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3166—Ladies' Shirt-waist. Such a waist as here represented is useful for many different occasions. Whether it be plain or dressy depends on material and trimmings. A very pretty effect is obtained by using white cotton voile trimmed with a zig-zag design of braiding and ornaments made of braid by tying loose knots together and sewing in place. Such a waist is worn over a white slip, but when made of closely woven material this is not necessary.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two and one half yards 36-inch material and five eighths yard of all-over 18-inch wide for yoke. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5893—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. This model has many pretty features and is extremely simple. The top instead of being fitted is scantily gathered into belt, a very popular style and one that appeals to the amateur because so easily made. The three tucks above knee, meeting a front panel give graceful lines. Attached to waist No. 5877

contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5858—Ladies' Empire Dress, cut with the wide fitted belt which is one of the season's features. The under skirt is of contrasting goods, matching collar and cuffs. The closing is at the front.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material with five eighths yard of all-over for yoke. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3933—Ladies' or Misses Kitchen Apron. A very practical design having a good front. The belt should run across front under bib to give strength.

Cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure; size 36 needs four and one eighth yards of 27-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5873—Ladies' Five-Gored Petticoat. A perfect fitting under garment such as here illustrated is absolutely necessary to a perfect fitting dress skirt and should receive the same attention. Materials that "slip" are preferable, allowing the skirt and petticoat to fall separately and not cling to each other.

Cut in sizes 22 to 34 inches waist measure; size 24 measures two and three eighths yards around lower edge and requires two and five



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eighths yards of 36-inch goods with two and one quarter yards of 15-inch wide flouncing if desired. With the present style of narrow skirts, many of the petticoats are made without flouncing or other trimming. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5518—Misses' and Small Women's Dress, having six-gored skirt. This useful dress can be made of any desired material, and made with high collar or cut square at neck; long or three quarters sleeves.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires four yards of 36-inch material, and if insertion is used for neck, belt and sleeves, two and one eighth yards will be necessary. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5308—Girls' Dress with Gumples. For school and general wear nothing is more satisfactory than the plaited skirts and simple waists gathered into belt. The gumples may be made of contrasting material if desired.

Cut in five sizes, four to 12 years; age eight requires for dress two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material; for gumples one and one eighth yard. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5300—Children's Yoke Dress. For the little tots is nothing is prettier than the straight dresses. They are easily made and laundered. A bit of embroidery for yoke in a simple design is in good taste, or equally good are the plain yokes set into dress with Hamburg beading.

Cut in sizes one half, one, three and five years. The three-year size requires two yards of 36-inch material; three eighths yard of all-over, and if insertion is used, two and one quarter yards. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4784—Girls' Dress. A one-piece woolen dress for school wear that the wearers can put on and take off herself is a great help and convenience to busy mothers. This model opens the entire length of front and waist has a patch pocket on right side. Tucks run over shoulders covering the armhole seam.

Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years, size eight requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5923—Girls' One-piece Dress. Another very pretty school dress of an entirely different type is here illustrated. It is extremely becoming and very simple to make. Contrasting material is effectively used for pointed yoke, cuffs and belt. The waist and skirt are cut separately, gathered and joined to belt as far as each side of front when the dress is in one piece. When made of sheer white material and the trimming pieces of embroidery, they are pretty edged with narrow val lace, or in heavy materials, outlined with feather stitching.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material, with five eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5531—Boys' Suit. A very comfortable, easily made suit adaptable to cotton or wool materials. The trousers are finished with legbands or elastic.

Cut in sizes two, four and six years; age four requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch materials. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5886—Children's Night Dress. Closed at front or back. Cut in one year size with drawstring prevents a child from becoming uncovered. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5894—Boys' Union Suit. Cut in sizes four to 16 years; age 12 requires one and three quarter yards of 36-inch material, or can be cut from the good parts of worn-out knitted underwear.

For men, order pattern No. 5897 which is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

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FAITHFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

CHAPTER I.

A FATHER AND SON AT VARIANCE.

"C" LIFTON.

"Where were you last night?"

"I was—out."

"I am aware of that fact; but where were you?"

"At the theater."

"No entertainment lasts until four o'clock in the morning. Where were you between eleven and that hour?"

"I decline to answer."

"You will answer me."

"I will not. I am no longer a boy to be bullied and threatened; I am old enough now to go my own way without being called to account for every evening that I spend away from home."

"Very well; I admit that you are no longer a boy; you need no longer be bullied and threatened, as you express it; and you can henceforth go your own way, if you choose. But from this day your allowance stops."

"Stops!—altogether?" cried the young man aghast.

The above conversation occurred in a handsomely furnished library of an aristocratic uptown mansion in New York City.

As may be inferred, father and son were the speakers.

"Stop my allowance, did you say?" the young man repeated, with compressed lips, after a few moments of ominous silence on the part of each.

"I did, sir," was the stern response. "Not another dollar of my money will you get to spend until you confess where you were last night, and promise me that you will cut Will Leighton for good and all. More than this, you will give up your club."

"Give up my club!" cried the young man, a dangerous sparkle in his handsome eyes.

"Yes; it is composed of a set of fast, miserable fellows who are not fit company for you."

"Can't do it, sir," was the curt and rather defiant reply.

"Then, sir, you have gone the length of your rope. As I said before, your income stops, and you may henceforth look out for yourself."

Clifton turned deadly white at those last words, while a lurid light sprang into his eyes.

"I have not a dollar in my pocket," he said, with compressed lips and lowering brow.

"The more shame to you, then; for surely I have not stunted you," said Mr. Vining severely.

"Hang it, father, I know it; but I have got into debt."

"You have no right to get into debt. What kind of a business man do you expect to make, if you go on at this rate?" demanded his father, with a frown.

"A business man!" sneered Clifton. "What chance have I ever had to make a business man? I wanted to go into the office two years ago, but you would not listen to my request."

"Of course not; your education was not completed at that time. You can have a chance there now if you like, however. I should be highly gratified to have you show a desire to make something of yourself. I'll make a place for you tomorrow, if you'll take it, only I must be obeyed in the matters I have mentioned."

"Father, I declare I will not be treated like a child!" Clifton exclaimed, with passionate vehemence, and flushing hotly. "I am a man grown—in my twenty-fourth year; you have bullied and threatened me all my life, and I will not stand it any longer."

"You are very disrespectful, sir," haughtily responded his father, while he colored angrily.

"And you are certainly a bright example of a most kind and affectionate father," was the mocking response.

"You are the most thankless fellow in the world," said Mr. Vining hotly. "Just think of the money that has been spent on you during the last four years!"

"Money, money; nothing but money! I believe it is all you think of," furiously retorted the young man.

"It might be well if you would give more thought to the labor required to obtain it; you would perhaps be more careful in spending it," sternly returned his father.

An angry oath leaped to Clifton's lips, and this so enraged Mr. Vining that hotter words followed.

In the midst of their altercation there came a timid knock upon the door, which was immediately opened, when a beautiful young girl glided into the room and went directly to her father's side, while she glanced anxiously from one angry face to the other.

"Papa!—Clifton!—please don't!" she cried, while she slipped one arm caressingly about her father's neck.

The man's face softened instantly; although he remarked in a gently authoritative tone:

"Annie dear, run away; Clifton and I have business to discuss."

"No, papa, please let me stay," she pleaded. "You and Cliff are having trouble; but pray do not be too hard upon him," she shot an affectionate glance at her brother as she spoke, as if thus to assure him of her sympathy, even though she did not understand the nature of their disagreement.

"Cliff can stand it—or at least he has stood it for a good while; but he is about to jump the traces and get out of the way of it all," said her brother with considerable bitterness, though an expression of keen pain settled about his handsome mouth as he spoke.

"What do you mean, Clifton?" inquired his sister, bending a look of grave surprise upon him.

"I mean that I have been turned into the streets, and am about to start out on my own hook."

"Papa!" cried the young girl, in a startled tone, while she searched her father's frowning face with anxious eyes.

"Spare your entreaties, my sweet sister," interposed her brother; "you know the parent birds always push their young fledglings out of the nest to teach them to fly; so my honored parent is only following a wise example in trying to make me use my wings. I suppose we understand each other," he concluded, turning his moody face to his father.

"I wish you to understand me, Clifton," Mr. Vining gravely replied, and beginning to feel that the matter had become more serious than he had foreseen, yet determined not to back down from the stand he had taken. "I may have made mistakes in the past, as you assume, in my government of you, but I shall at least be firm in what I believe to be right for your future. I shall give you no more money to enable you to continue in the course you have been pursuing this last year. If you see fit to come to my terms, and desire to enter the office, I will give you a good position with a fair salary, otherwise you will henceforth look out for yourself."

"All right, sir. I think we'll call it quits," was the reckless response and the young man abruptly left the room.

"Oh! papa, don't let him go so!" cried fair Annie Vining in a tone of agony.

"Do not be foolish, dear; he is an ungrateful young rascal, and it will do him good to learn to depend upon himself," said Mr. Vining, while he drew the fair girl into his arms and fondly kissed her trembling lips.

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"But papa, just think what a dreadful way for a father and son to part! Cliff will surely do something desperate; pray do not let him go like this."

"I must be obeyed," was the relentless reply. "Ah! but I cannot give up my brother so," and breaking from her father's arms with a sob, the young girl flew from the room and up-stairs to find the disobedient loved one.

She met Clifton just coming from his chamber, in the act of putting on his hat.

"Cliff!—oh, Cliff! don't go away from home in such a passion," she cried, clinging to him.

"I must, sis; I can't stand being bullied to death any longer. I'd rather starve," was the desperate response.

"But you are not doing right, Cliff—you are angry, and you will rush into something that you will be sorry for," pleaded his sister, regarding him with sad but fond eyes.

"Maybe I shall—it doesn't matter much what becomes of such a good-for-nothing, ungrateful fellow, you know," he returned with intense bitterness, his face white with wounded feeling and anger.

"Oh, Clifton, don't!" Annie cried, hiding her face upon his shoulder, and sobbing bitterly. "Where are you going?—what do you intend to do?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," was the reckless reply. "I haven't a dollar to my name, and the governor declares that he will not give me another red. If I can't do any better, perhaps I can get a chance to sleep in a station-house."

"What shall I do?" moaned the girl. "How dreadful to think of your going to such a place! But oh, Cliff! I have some money—you shall have it if you will promise to go to some decent place to stay tonight and come back to me tomorrow."

He threw his arms around her and hugged her closely to him.

"You love me, Annie dear, if no one else does," he said, with a suspicious catch in his breath. "You'll not throw me over, if the others do, will you? I could not bear it, graceless scamp though I may be."

"Love you? You do not need to ask that, Cliff, and I could not throw you over for anything. But it breaks my heart to have you leave papa in such anger; and you know that you are not doing right," the fair girl concluded with gentle reproof.

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He sat there alone, unmolested, for more than an hour, for his acquaintances, seeing that he was mentally under the weather, kindly left him to himself; but at last, overcome by the excitement of the evening, he fell asleep in his chair.

It was long past midnight when he at length awoke to find the room deserted and the lights turned low. He had a raging headache, and a feeling of great mental depression followed his waking—a sensation of homelessness that was very disheartening, even appalling. Thinking that he might feel better in the open air, he went out upon the street.

Clifton walked aimlessly along, paying very little heed to the direction he was taking, for his mind was still full of the recent interview with his father.

On and on he wandered, growing more and more morbid over his trouble, until he suddenly awoke to the fact that he had strayed a long distance, for he found himself in Houston Street, near the East River—a dark and dismal locality at two o'clock in the morning.

He stopped short and looked about him, a thrill of repulsion running through him, as he realized what a miserable place it must be to live in.

All at once, as he stood still upon the sidewalk, the door of a house directly opposite him was thrown violently open, a cry of fear and pain rang out upon the still night, and the next moment a woman rushed wildly forth into the street, followed by a fearful volley of oaths; then the door was banged to after her, and the poor creature, whoever she might be, was apparently shut out, like Clifton, homeless into the night.

"Well, extremes meet!" Clifton muttered to himself, as he gazed astonished at the figure before him, "and there are two castaways, it seems, wandering about the streets of New York at this dismal hour!"

His sympathies, of which he had a generous share, were instantly enlisted, and he quietly crossed the street, intending to overtake the fugitive and inquire the nature of her trouble, and if he could do anything to alleviate it.

He reached the opposite sidewalk without attracting her attention, but as he quickened his pace to overtake her, she caught the sound of his steps and began to run away from him with all possible speed.

Clifton called out kindly to her, begging her to wait a moment; but she paid no heed to his

should have been less than a man if I had allowed you to carry out the rash purpose which you evidently had in mind. Surely," he went on gravely, as she turned suddenly and confronted him with a wondering look on her beautiful face, "you would not have had me allow you to commit the sin of suicide, without making an effort to save you. Best a moment—get your breath, and then tell me, if you will, what dire necessity drove you to contemplate such a desperate act."

The girl still stood regarding him with unforgotten astonishment.

"Who are you?" she at last demanded in a wondering tone; and he at once comprehended that she had hitherto imagined him to be someone else; someone, perhaps, who had followed her from the house from which she had fled.

"I assure you that I am one who only desires to befriend you," he replied reassuringly.

His companion lifted a pair of large, dark-blue eyes, and studied his face with an earnest but half-fearful gaze, while she began to tremble violently.

Clifton read her thought; she feared that she had escaped one evil only to fall into a worse one, perhaps.

"Do not fear to trust me," he said gently, all his sympathies aroused by that look of fear on her face. "I have a dear sister who is just about your age; do you think that I would see you, or any other young girl, in trouble, and not wish to help her? Pray give me your confidence and let me do what I can for you. My name is Clifton Vining, and I promise you that I will accord you all the friendliness and respect which I should wish shown to my sister under similar circumstances," he concluded, with a shudder of horror at the mere thought of Annie ever being found in such a terrible extremity.

The girl was unmistakably impressed by his words for she bowed her face upon her hands and burst into nervous weeping.

"Saved!" he heard her murmur with a long-drawn breath of thankfulness.

Presently she became somewhat calm, and bending nearer to Clifton, she searched his face with intense earnestness, while something of hope began to dissipate the look of despair which her own had hitherto worn.

"You seem like an honest man," she said, in a tone which seemed to gather confidence as she proceeded. "But, oh! the world has used me so badly of late, I am inclined to doubt the truth of every human being."

"I will prove to you that I am an honest man, young lady," Clifton remarked, in reply to her observation. "I will not even inquire your name—I will not seek to know how you happened to be driven to such an extremity tonight; you shall preserve the secret of your identity and of your trouble, if you desire; only let me take you to a good woman who will kindly care for you, at least for tonight."

"Who is this woman?" demanded the young girl, with breathless eagerness.

"Her name is Abby Knapp, and she was my own and my sister's nurse during our infancy and youth," Clifton explained, adding: "She is married, and lives in a quiet, respectable street. Her husband is a decent hack driver in the city, and she helps to increase their income by doing fine washing and ironing. Abby has the kindest heart in the world, and never refuses to do anything for her nurslings that does not conflict with her ideas of right and wrong."

"But what would she think to have me—a young girl, in such a plight—come to her house at this unseasonable hour in the morning?" the beautiful stranger inquired, while a vivid flush of color dyed her face.

"She will think just what is true and what I shall tell her—that you are in trouble and need help and sympathy, and she will cordially give both to you," Clifton responded reassuringly.

Again the young girl bent forward and searched her companion's face with an intense gaze that was almost embarrassing to him.

Then she remarked in a grateful tone:

"Thank you, Mr. Vining; I will go with you to Mrs. Knapp. How far is it from here?"

"About half an hour's walk, I should think; will that be too far for you?" Clifton inquired with some anxiety, for he did not think it would be possible to find a carriage at that hour.

"No, the farther the better from this dreadful place," she responded, glancing over her shoulder in the direction of Houston Street, with a shudder of aversion.

"If I only had something to put on my head to shield my face," she murmured, with a sensitive blush.

Clifton drew from the pocket of his overcoat a soft, brown felt hat and passed it to her.

"I almost always have it with me to wear in the clubroom," he remarked, then unwinding a silk handkerchief from his throat, he tied it around her white neck. "I wish it was something that had more warmth," he said, "for the air is keen."

"You are very good," the young girl said, appreciatively. "and now, if you please, let us hurry away from this place—I am afraid—I am filled with horror, when I think of all that I have escaped."

With as much courtesy and respect as he would have shown a society belle, Clifton gave his arm to his companion, and turned toward Broadway.

They had not proceeded many blocks when they encountered a cab returning from a late trip uptown.

Clifton hailed it and quickly putting his charge within it, he told the driver where to take them, and then followed her.

Upon their arrival at Abby Knapp's humble home, Clifton paid and dismissed the cabman, and then proceeded to do the somewhat difficult task of awakening his former nurse from her profound slumbers.

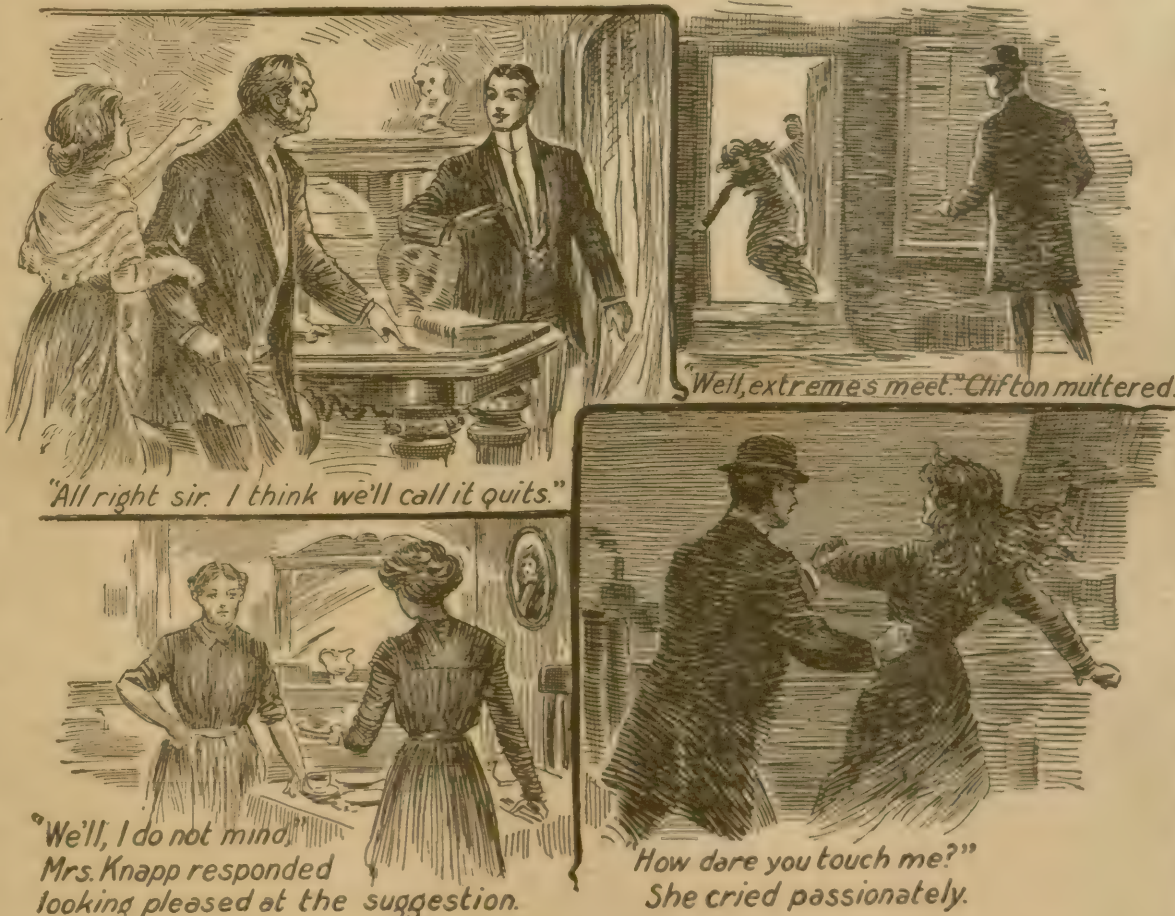
This was finally accomplished, and, after a brief explanation of the situation, the woman admitted them.

Clifton could see, however, that she regarded his fair companion with some suspicion, but she was too truly kind to make the stranger uncomfortable, and soon conducted her to a tiny but immaculate room, where she helped her to bed, after which she brought her a cup of steaming beef tea, and in less than ten minutes the worn-out girl was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, with a sense of security such as she had not known for many weeks.

Clifton asked the privilege of resting upon the lounge in the cozy sitting-room, where, wearied out with the excitement of the long evening, he, too, was soon wrapped in sound slumber.

But honest Abby Knapp, who had been so unceremoniously aroused from her rest, repaired to her kitchen. Here, with a very grave look on her homely face, she sat down to think.

Of course Clifton had not been very explicit in his explanations to her. He did not wish to embarrass the girl by going into the details of his adventure before her. So Abby Knapp knew but little, and that little was evidently troubling her; for, she now and then shook her head from side



"All right, sir. I think we'll call it quits."

"We'll, I do not mind," Mrs. Knapp responded looking pleased at the suggestion.

"How dare you touch me?" She cried passionately.

request, and ran on with a fleetness that taxed his powers of pedestrianism to their utmost.

There was no one abroad; the street seemed to be deserted, even by the police; and thus this strange pair hurried on without attracting attention to their peculiar movements.

A sudden realization of the girl's rash intention at length burst upon Clifton Vining's mind with a thrill of horror, when she flew across the last avenue before East River is reached, and he instantly redoubled his efforts to overtake her.

She heard him gaining upon her, and, gathering up her skirts, which impeded her progress, she sprang on, making straight for the river, which was now in plain view.

The wide gates leading to the Houston Street Ferry chanced to be open, and apparently frozen by the dread of being forced to return to the perils she had just escaped she bounded through the gateway, and sped desperately on.

"Oh! she will do it, and I cannot save her," Clifton cried, in a voice of agony; a shudder of horror running over him, as in imagination he already heard the dreadful plunge into the murky depths of the cruel waters.

Had the distance been a little shorter, the girl must have carried out her purpose of suicide; but, just as she had gained the middle of the pier, her pursuer, with one headlong leap overtook her, and seizing her by both arms, wheeled her around, forcing her back from the doom toward which she was so recklessly hastening.

She struggled desperately to free herself.

"How dare you touch me?" she cried passionately. "You have no right to lay so much as a finger upon me! Unhand me!"

Her tones were rich and sweet, in spite of the tense agony in her voice, while her appearance was ladylike and refined. Clifton found himself wondering how she had happened to be living in Houston Street.

Clifton paid no attention to her demand to be released until he had led her to a safe distance from the river; but as they passed under a lamp he was startled by the wonderful beauty of her face, the delicacy of her features, as well as the air of grace which was displayed in her every movement.

"Oh! why did you do it?" she went on wildly. "I might now have been at rest from your hateful persecutions—from that hateful life which is worse than death to me! I will never go back to that dreadful house."

Clifton was at a loss to understand her wild words, but thinking she might have been talking at random he replied in a soothing tone:

"You must pardon me, young lady, for adopting such radical measures to save you; but I

CHAPTER II.

CLIFTON VINING MEETS HIS FATE.

Clifton Vining went forth from his home, feelings of mingled resentment and despair raging in his heart.

He went directly to his club, where, slipping into a secluded corner, he drew forth a newspaper, and pretended to be absorbed in its contents, while he endeavored to concentrate his mind upon the unpleasant situation in which he found himself, and plan some way for providing for coming necessities.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Arm Secrets for Wintry Days

WHO wants pretty arms? You all do? Your reply shows that you all have your share of common sense, as short sleeves are still the fashion, although I cannot guarantee that Dame Fashion may not decree elongated sleeves some fine morning soon. Until that time comes, however, it is the desire of every woman who likes to look attractive, to have white, rounded, velvet-smooth arms. It isn't possible for everyone of you to have perfectly formed arms, as it is only one woman out of a hundred whose arm measurements would satisfy an artist, but it is possible to so care



ROUND WHITE ARMS ARE A GREAT MARK OF BEAUTY.

for the arms that they will be like alabaster, free from hair and smooth to the touch.

Let me ask you to look in your mirror and take an inventory of your arms. You will doubtless find that the summer sun has bronzed them until they look as if they belonged by rights to an Indian lassie.

What else do you find that does not please your beauty-loving eye? I cannot bear your reply, but I doubt not that your arms are rough-skinned and disfigured here and there either by freckles or hairs. I don't know which is the worst of these two evils, as they both stick by one like glue and require constant treatment if one wishes to get rid of them permanently.

Don't be discouraged because your arms are not everything they should be, however, as the ugliest arms in the world will respond to the right kind of treatment.

Suppose we chat first on different ways of bleaching brown arm tints out of existence, as I think you are probably anxious to get started on some whitening treatment right away.

The best time for you to take this arm bleaching treatment is at night, after you are undressed and have bathed your arms, neck and face, brushed your teeth and taken down and smoothed your pretty tresses.

The bleach that I am going to ask you to use is to be left on all night, as it must have time in which to work its will upon your tanned skin, and even so, it will, in all probability, be necessary for you to use this bleach for six or seven successive nights before you will reach your goal—milk-white arms. I wish I could tell you of a bleach that would be lightning quick, but the day of miracles is past and you must be content to wait while this bleach gets in its work.

The whitening paste that I am speaking of, is made by this formula:

Oil of bitter almonds, three drops; unbeaten whites of three eggs; tincture of benzoin, four drops; ground barley, twelve ounces; sufficient strained honey to make a thin paste.

The arms should be covered thickly with this mixture, after which wind long strips of cotton cloth around the arms, beginning at the wrists and ending at the shoulders. Be sure to fasten ends so securely that they cannot fly loose else you will have your trouble for your pains.

When you get up in the morning, remove bandages and wash the paste off gently with plenty of hot water, then, when the skin is perfectly cleansed, lather the arms with a mild soap, rinse them and dry skin with a soft towel.

You cannot have pretty arms, no matter how plump and white they are, if the elbows are unduly pointed, or worse still, knobby and red.

Those of my readers who are minus elbow beauty must take steps to remedy this beauty ill, and I will tell them how to do this.

In the first place, beauty devotees, do rid yourselves of that foolish habit of digging your elbows into window sills, chair arms and tables, as that way lies knobby, calloused elbow points.

If your elbows are already disfigured by hardened lumps of flesh, treat them to a daily massage with the following cream, as this not only softens the skin but adds flesh to the elbow, and this means that eventually dimples will appear.

Fattening Elbow Cream

Lanoline, five ounces; spermaceti, one half ounce; mutton tallow (freshly tried), five ounces; coconut oil, two ounces; oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; tincture of benzoin, one dram; extract of Portugal, four ounces; oil of neroli, twenty drops.

If you wish to compound this cream yourself, put the fats and oils into a double boiler, or lacking that, set a bowl in a pan of boiling water. Now let mixture heat over a low flame until it can be easily creamed, then add the extract slowly, beating cream with a patent egg beater. At the last, just before cream congeals, add the tincture, drop by drop. You should continue beating cream until it stiffens, when it should be ladled into a porcelain jar.

Another thing you must do, if you are in haste to obtain soft, smooth, dimpled elbows, is to coat them thickly at night with the above cream, and then bandage elbows snugly with short, wide strips of cotton cloth, as this will prevent cream from rubbing off on the sheets as you sweetly slumber.

I cannot tell you exactly how long it will take this treatment to make elbow points presentable, but imagine that this pleasing result will be accomplished inside of two weeks, although particularly obstinate cases may require longer treatment.

There is one thing that the lover of pretty arms should guard against and that is gooseflesh. You know, and I know, that a scaly skin is the reverse of beautiful, and for this reason, if no other, should be gotten rid of in double quick time. My treatment for this beauty ill is simplicity itself, and costs nothing.

I have found that the minute, dried-up particles of cuticle will disappear quickly, if the arms are given a thorough scrubbing, night and morning, with a soft-bristled nail brush dripping with hot sudsy water. This rub-a-dub-dub should be persisted with for several minutes, then the arms are rinsed in clean water and dried with

a rough towel, which should be applied with considerable friction to the flesh. If a little cream is massaged over the arms, after the night's scrubbing, all irritation and redness of the cuticle will be avoided.

While we are on the subject of soap and water, let me ask you, ladies fair, to give your arms a thorough scrubbing every day, of your life, whether they be "gooseflesh" or not, as water and soap and friction, will aid you to obtain white, satin-smooth arms. If you are neglectful of the daily arm bath, you will find yourself possessed of yellow, leathery, grimy arms. This is one of the cases where cleanliness is next to godliness.

Hairy arms are my particular aversion so I am going to tell you how to banish these little fuzzers. The treatment I speak of works but slowly, but in the end gives satisfaction in nine cases out of ten. If you are anxious to get rid of a hairy growth, and don't object to waiting months for results, then try peroxide of hydrogen. All you need do is to moisten your fuzzy arms twice daily with this penetrating liquid and continue treatment until roots die and hairs fall out. Simple, isn't it?

Questions and Answers

Miss Anxious, Bertina S., Country, Less, Mortified, Molly and others.—So you have a lolly red nose! Little girl. Then I am very, very sorry for you, as a flaming nose is anything but a mark of beauty. My advice to you is to get rid of it as soon as possible. To begin with, see to it that you do not wear your gloves, collars or cuffs too snug. Then, too, a tight corset has often been known to give one a red nose. Tight shoes and stockings and sleeves that cling too closely to the arms all induce a rush of blood to the nose. A local treatment that will do much to banish the red tints which you so despise, is given below:

Nose Bleach

Powdered calamine, one dram; zinc oxide, one half dram; glycerine, one half dram; cherry laurel water, four ounces.

Shake bottle before using and mop lotion on nose night and morning.

When the skin stays unpleasantly moist most of the time, the only thing to do is to wipe the face off frequently with a cloth wet with alcohol. For your height you should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

Rose Bud, Elderly Jane, Mrs. S., and others.—No, the two remedies mentioned will not injure the hair. The shampoo every ten or twelve days. A treatment that is said to sometimes prevent hair from turning gray, consists in rubbing sage tea into the scalp nightly. Personally, I have not the greatest faith in home-made hair restoratives but a preventive is quite a different thing.

A Country Girl.—Since you dislike wrinkles and your forehead creases are caused by your habit of frowning when you are angry, why not taboo anger for the future? There is no use in trying to massage away lines that are caused by silly habits of the facial muscles. The thing to do is to get the facial muscles well under control. Do you want to grow thin? Then you must eat less and walk more and only sleep seven hours at night. The too fat woman or girl is generally a great sleepy-head. Seven hours continued sleep should be enough for anyone. If you could but make up your mind to try the boiled milk diet, you would get thin quite rapidly. I will tell you about this diet. Live entirely or partially on boiled milk for the next two or three months and you will finally possess a sylphlike figure.

Jenny a New Subscriber, Miss Leanness, Anxious T. A., and others.—I agree with you that "there is nothing so pretty as a plump neck." Since yours inclines to leanness and you do not like this state of affairs, I think it would be a good plan for you to massage neck for fifteen minutes daily with warm olive oil, and in addition to this, devote ten minutes, morning and night, to exercising the muscles of the neck. An exercise which generally results in giving one a rounded neck, is as follows:

Neck Exercise

Throw chin up, then tighten neck muscles and revolve head slowly.

As to your arms, an olive oil massage would do them a world of good but results would not come with lightning speed, I am sorry to say. In conjunction with this fattening massage, practice some arm exercise daily, as this will tend to give your arms pretty outlines. I have great faith in internal treatment when one is too thin for good looks. Why don't you drink milk? Two or three quarts of rich milk every twenty-four hours will be the means of putting the flesh on rapidly.

Maggie, The Extra Pound of Flesh, A Farmer's Wife, Hettie and others.—I do not answer letters personally, I am sorry to say. Since you have lost the recipe for the fat reducer, I take pleasure in printing it again. The soap mentioned is ordinary white kitchen soap. You ask if solution is injurious. Not at all and it is effective.

Epsom Salts Reducing Lotion

Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white kitchen soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling water. When partially cool, beat in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use. At night rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week.

M. I. V. B.—Since your skin is so very tender, I should not advise you to use any strenuous freckle remover. Lemon juice rubbed on the freckles once a



DO NOT TOLERATE KNOBBY ELBOWS.

day and allowed to dry on, will fade them in time. I am reprinting the recipe you referred to.

Epsom Salts Face Lotion

Fill a pint bottle almost full with epsom salts, then add one teaspoonful of camphor, five drops of glycerine, and quinine and borax, enough of each to equal in size a pea. Now pour in soft water until the bottle is full. How do you use this lotion? I will tell you. First bathe the face with hot, soapy water until the skin is free from dust and powder, then pour a few drops of this exquisite lotion into the palm of the hand, which should then be rubbed over the face until the pores of the skin have absorbed every bit of the

magic liquid. This lotion is excellent to use in cases of pimply skins, blackheads and sallowness. Should you wish to perfume it, use a drop or two of rose-water.

Wild Rose, Summer Girl, Daisy M., Miss E. C., and others.—So you simply must have a strenuous freckle remedy! So be it then.

Heroic Freckle Bleach

Weak solution of ammonia, two ounces; bay rum, two ounces; rose-water, two ounces; powdered borax, two ounces; glycerine, one ounce; distilled water, twenty ounces.

Mix. Great care must be exercised in the use of this lotion. Bear in mind that it is decidedly strenuous in its effects and if it irritates the skin unduly, stop using it. Before applying to the face, test strength on the arm and be very careful not to get any in or near the eyes. This lotion is potent if swallowed. While this remedy generally gives satisfaction, of course it is not infallible. If you will refer to my replies to Annette and Betty you will find the information of which you are in search. I cannot tell what colors would be most becoming to you, as you omitted to tell me the color of your skin and eyes. You are splendidly proportioned, I think. You say you would like to weigh more. Then you should eat heartily of nourishing foods and drink copiously of sweet milk. Do this and you will gradually put on flesh.

Betty and Vanity.—Recipe for a good cream for filling out a hollow face is given just below. It is easily prepared and those who have used it are enthusiastic about it. Massage it into the face for ten minutes every morning and when bedtime comes, cover the face thickly with it, put on a cotton face mask—so the cream will not rub off on the bed linen—and lie you off to bed. If this treatment is persisted with, your hollow cheeks will eventually fill out.

Fattening Cream

Lanoline, five ounces; spermaceti, one half ounce; mutton tallow (freshly tried), five ounces; coconut oil, two ounces; oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; tincture of benzoin, one dram; extract of Portugal, four ounces; oil of neroli, twenty drops; capitate of exquisite fall and winter 1912 and 1913 Paris styles, especially designed for us by famous milliners at a cost of \$20 to \$25 each. Every hat at less than half your present price or no sale.

Put the fats and oils in a double-boiler and heat over a low flame until mixture creams easily, then add extract slowly, stirring cream with a fork. Finally add the tincture, drop by drop. Continue heating cream until it hardens.

Annette.—Judging from what you say your scalp is infected by mean little microbes which it should be you will lose your pretty hair as soon as possible, else you will lose your pretty hair. Hair is caused by the scalp becoming infected with tiny microbes, which, if left alone long enough, will cause hair to fall and scalp to be covered with dandruff. The oiliness you complain of is one of the symptoms. Here is the treatment—and a very disagreeable one it is. I ought to know—because I took it—but if instructions are followed your hair will finally become healthy and excessive oil will be a thing of the past. Every night moisten the entire scalp with the following ointment:

Sulphur Ointment

Sulphur precipitated, fifteen grams; vaseline, fifty grams.

Do not throw the hair over the eyes or rub the eyes with the fingers while giving this treatment, as the sulphur fumes will cause the eyes to smart in a most distressing way. Take this treatment nightly for four weeks, then three nights out of every seven days for two weeks or more. As you near the time to discontinue sulphur ointment disinfest brush and comb every day, as you don't want to reinfect your scalp. Also, I would suggest holding your hats over burning sulphur to get rid of any lingering microbes, and of course you must buy a new pompadour pad, if you wear one. When you have said a happy farewell to the ointment begin moistening scalp nightly with the following lotion for six weeks. It acts both as an astringent and a disinfectant.

Salicylic acid, one part; glycerine, two parts; alcohol, seventy parts; water, distilled, thirty parts. The best way to apply this lotion is to fill a medicine dropper with it, and then run the dropper hither and thither through the hair.

Western Girl, In Trouble, Texas Woman, Lucy and others.—You are far too stout. For your height you should not weigh more than one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Bathe the feet frequently in hot water, if they are swollen and full of pain. If they perspire unduly, dust them over with the following powder several times each day.

Perspiration Powder

Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram.

Perhaps your feet are swollen because the arches of the instep are breaking down. You will not be able to determine this for yourself. It will be necessary to consult a doctor. Frequently people with broken-down arches think their shoes are too tight or that they are falling heir to a bunion. The cause of a bunion comes because, when the arch of the foot breaks down, it naturally forces the joint of the big toe out of place. If your feet continue to pain you without any apparent reason, go to a doctor and ask him to give your feet a thorough examination. When the arch of the foot breaks down entirely, the sole of the foot rests solidly upon the ground.

Mrs. L. M. Disgusted Ann, Mayme, California Poppy and others.—I am glad you have "derived so much good from the Epsom Salt Face Lotion." In your condition I think it would be hopeless to try to clear up the brown spots. Later on, use the following lotion:

Moth Patch Lotion

Salicylic acid, one half dram; bay rum, two ounces. Mop carefully on spots, night and morning. I am not over enthusiastic about the treatment referred to by you.

Julia P. W., Old Maid, Gertie, Papa's Pet and others.—Is this the hair coloring treatment of which you spoke?

Herb Tea Lotion

Green tea, two ounces; garden sage (last crop, dried), two ounces.

Put in an iron pot which can be closely covered, and pour over the herbs three quarts of boiling water—preferably soft; let simmer until reduced to one third, then take off the fire and leave in the pot for twenty-four hours, strain and bottle. The hair should be wet with this lotion thoroughly every night, then a ten minute massage of the scalp with dry fingers should follow. It would be a good idea to first apply this tea to some combs before moistening the hair with it.

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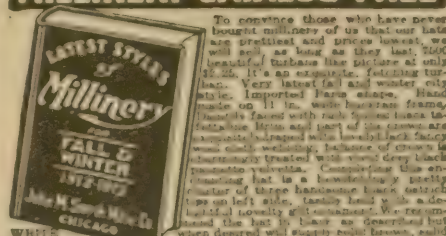


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DO NOT BUY UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Let us send it O. O. D. for examination at your nearest express office, and if you think a bargain and equal in appearance to any other gold filled watch pay the express agent our \$2.00. Name price \$1.00. Mailed if you want ladies', men's or boys' size.

MUTUAL SALES CO., 420, Washington Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SOLO ACCORDION FREE.

Sweet toned deep voiced instrument, with which you can play beautiful music for concerts and dances. Frame very large, 10 keys, full set ready, 2 stops, double bellows, ebony case, nickel plated valves and trimmings. Send for 24 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10c each, return \$2.40 when at 10c each, return \$2.40 when at 10c each.

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Young man, would you accept and wear a fine tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Or a Slip-on Raincoat Free? Could you use \$5 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps we can offer you a steady job. Write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. BANNER TAILORING COMPANY, Dept. 637 Chicago.

FREE 10 YEAR GUARANTEE GOLD RING

A beautiful Ladies' Cluster Gold filled ring warranted 10 years, set with two large-cut, smooth, ruby or emerald stones and two small pearls. FREE for selling only 1c. Fine Mexican Grasswork handkerchiefs at only 10c each. No money required.

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TEN BOOKS FOR 10 CENTS

1-Hug Book 2-Book on Magic 3-Book on Toy Making 4-Book on Courtship 5-Base Ball Book 6-Diamond Book 7-Fortune Teller 7-White Slave Story 8-Book Book 9-Home Entertainer 10-Book Letter Writer. All the above by mail for 10 cents. Address: PIKE PUB. CO., X. South Norwalk, Conn.

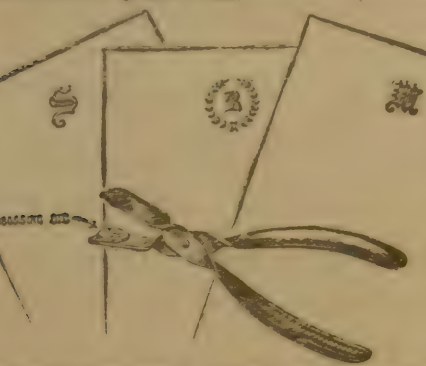
20 EXTRA FINE POST CARDS 10c

Slit Rose, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Greetings, etc. Catalog free.

GROSS CHARD COMPANY, 2147 Arthur Avenue, NEW YORK.

INITIAL EMBOSSESS

Slight impression puts your own initial on your stationery, leather, cotton or woolen goods for embrodering and lots of other uses. It is fashionable to have your initial embossed on your letter stationery, and much less expensive to purchase plain stationery and emboss it yourself than to pay engravers exorbitant prices. WITH THIS DEVICE you can with a VERY SLIGHT PRESSURE, same as using pliers or pincers, IMPRINT YOUR INITIAL on a letter sheet, and you at once get a sharp embossed character. No matter what your initial is we can supply it at once as we have the ENTIRE ALPHABET in stock in QUANTITIES.



The single plain letter is excellent; the LETTER and WREATH will appeal to others; you may have your choice. Ladies who wish to embroder an initial on a handkerchief will find this an excellent and much quicker and cleaner method than stamping with compounds, and the sharp embossing is very easily followed with the needle. Many uses for the initial embosser will suggest itself and you will be enabled to put your initial on many things not heretofore possible. All the city stores sell Embosers at 25 and 50 cents each. They are used by everyone and one cannot distinguish the impression from that done by an engraver.

Club Offer. subscription to COMFORT for one enamel steel embosser, and two 25-cent 15-months' subscriptions for the nickel-plated steel embosser with wreath. Mention initial preferred.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

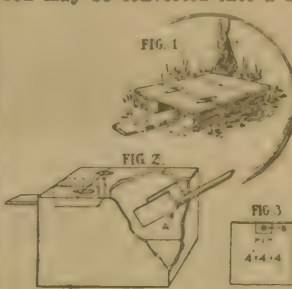
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

PLANE this month are for boys of all ages. In making an article first see that your tools are in good condition, and lay in all the material necessary before you start actual work. Consider each part of the plan separately, and it will be easier to understand it. A thing that could be understood at a glance would be of little use as a brain developer, and this latter feature is one of the chief aims of the Corner.

Rabbit Trap

The accompanying drawing shows how a soap box may be converted into a simple and effective rabbit trap. The principle of the trap is clearly shown by Fig. 1.



RABBIT TRAP.

be hung from the ceiling, so that it can be seen by any prowler. The captives are removed by means of a door in the top. If the trap is to remain long in one place, it is well to fill in the hole with cinders or broken stone. This keeps the box from filling with water.

Soft Snow Sled

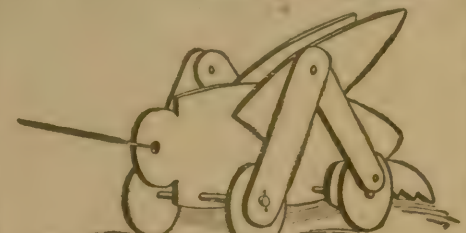
Here is a quickly made sled that will provide fun when the snow is too soft for the regular narrow runners. It is a good, strong box, to the bottom of which is nailed three



THE SMALL BOY'S DELIGHT.

A Wooden Bug

Although this bug is made of wood, it appears very much alive, when the string is pulled. All the parts used in the construction are clearly indicated by the small drawings. Number 1 is the center or body piece. Number 2 are the arms attached to the wings and small wheels. Number 4 is one of the four wheels. The wing pattern is

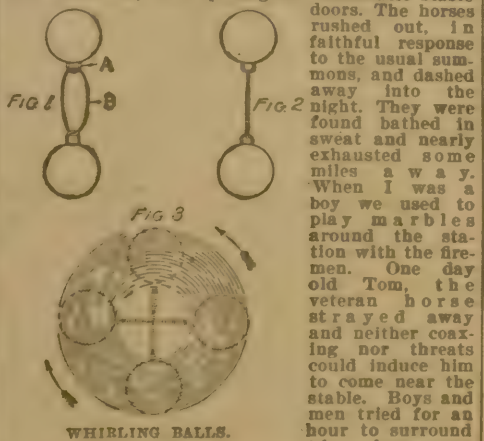


A WOODEN BUG.

simple. The figures inside the smaller circles show the number of parts required. They may be made of cardboard or light wood. The axles and rivets are bits of wire. The wings and tailpiece flip up and down in a curious manner when the wheels are revolved. A little decorating with crayon will improve the appearance of the finished article.

Faithful Horses

In a fire department station in Louisville lightning struck the wires and caused the alarm to be sounded, also opening the automatic stable doors. The horses rushed out, in faithful response to the usual summons, and dashed away into the night. They were found bathed in sweat and nearly exhausted some miles away.



WHIRLING BALLS.

catch him, but could not. Finally the captain thought of something bright. Going to the tower he rung the firebell and the old smoke-eating horse dashed back and under the harness where he was supposed to be. A little coaxing and a lump of sugar soothed him for the deception and he took his place in the stall.

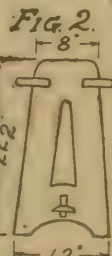
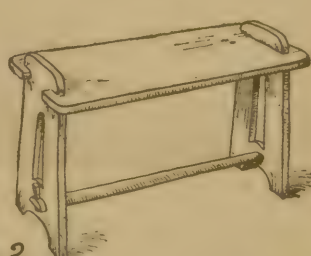
Whirling Balls

For this little toy you will need two small wooden balls. Into each drive a staple "A." The rubber band "B" is hooked into the staples, however, before they are driven. Twist the balls in opposite directions until the rubber band has all the tension it can stand, then drop the whole thing on the floor and watch results. The balls will spin around with a queer humming noise, occasionally hopping over each other and finishing with a desperate fight to see which will be on top. It is a kid toy that you can make for the amusement of a young child.

Piano Seat

The simple rugged beauty of this design will commend it to boys who have some training in wood working. The material should be of the best and should when finished harmonize with the piano. The side pieces are first carefully sawed out and all edges rubbed to a fine degree

FIG. 1



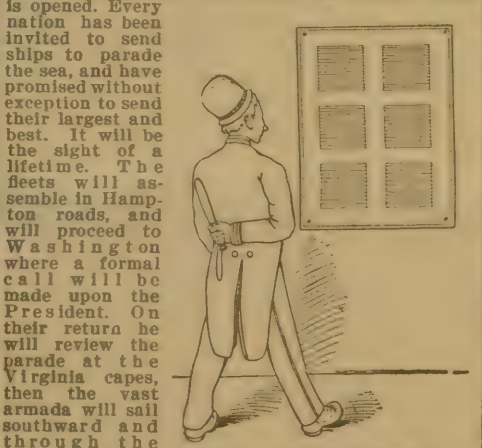
SEAT

PIANO SEAT.

of smoothness with fine sandpaper. It will take you some time to shape those right, probably a week or two. The top is simpler but equal care is required in making it. Fig. 3 shows the joint used to connect the two. From the under side of the top nails are driven or slender screws, so as to be concealed. Bore holes for each one. The long stretcher is also fastened with concealed nails. To finish, stain, then rub in hard wood filler, then varnish and sandpaper the varnish. Three coats with light sanding between each, leaving the last glossy to be shined with wax. The seat is a beauty and you will be proud of it.

Naval Display

The greatest naval pageant in the history of the world, will take place when the Panama canal



THE POLICEMAN'S PROBLEM.

The Policeman's Problem

The picture above is that of an officer looking at a map of six city blocks which he must patrol. He must go all around each block once and he is wondering how to do it in the shortest way. He wants to avoid retracing his steps as far as possible. Get out your pencil and see if you can figure out the shortest route that will completely enclose each block and bring you back to the starting point at the upper left-hand corner.

Tomato Seed Oil

Tomato seeds, once a waste product of the canneries of Italy are now pressed and the oil thus produced finds ready market. It is used to mix with varnishes and wood finishes. In Italy there are many large canning plants and it is the general custom to remove the seeds before canning. In one province more than 50,000 tons are annually handled and 600 tons of the seed oil is obtained. Every day modern science demonstrates that not only everything



ANSWER TO APPLE PUZZLE.

Lenses Free

Now see here, friend! What's the use of your tearing and scratching your eyes out, reading this fine print with those old, dim and misty spectacles of yours, when you can just as well write and get a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses absolutely free of charge.

You see, I have absolute confidence that just one try-out on your part will make you a permanent booster for my famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles, and I am therefore going to send every reader of this paper a pair of my latest improved lenses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

AND THE REASON IS

—Because these "Perfect Vision" lenses of mine will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible, thread the smallest-eyed needle you can get hold of, shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top, and distinguish a horse from a cow on the cloudiest days and as far as the eye can reach.

Now you certainly do want a pair of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses of mine, and I surely want to give you a pair absolutely free—without ever asking you to pay me one penny for them, now and never. So just write me your name and address on the below coupon and send it to me at once—and I will immediately mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester and a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you, absolutely free of charge, to a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses, which will again enable you to enjoy your reading, sewing and hunting just as much as you ever did in your younger days.

Write Name and Address Below
DR. HAUX, The Spectacle Man, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Please send me full particulars of your free offer at once.

Name.....

Postoffice.....

R. R. Box..... State.....

Note:—The above house is perfectly reliable.

that grows has a use, but that every part of everything has.

Answer to Apple Puzzle

The picture below shows how the apple is to be cut by two strokes into five pieces.

October Nuts to Crack

No. 1. Find the number whose third part exceeds its fourth part by fourteen.

No. 2. A hare takes four leaps to a hound's three (but two of the hound's are equal to three of the hare's). The hare has a start of fifty leaps. How many leaps must the greyhound take to catch the hare?

No. 3. Divide 45 into two such parts that the first part divided by two equals the second part multiplied by two.

Answer to September Problems

1. 16 years. 2. 19, 20, 21, 22. 3. 16 feet and 24 feet.

In writing letters to me you are at liberty to ask any question concerning plans which appear in this department. Write on one side of the paper only, make your inquiries as clear as possible, inclose stamp for reply, and you will surely receive an answer as soon as I can get round to it which will generally be in one month's time.

UNCLE JOHN.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

Be an Expert Detective and Investigator. Many waiting positions at big pay. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. B.21, Chicago.

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12 POST CARDS FREE

We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will mention this paper and send 4c. to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show our cards to 6 of your friends. P-21, NEW IDEAS CARD CO., 233 S. 5th St., Phila. Pa.

POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Work of steel. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. Send no money, just your name and address. M. O. SEITZ, D.S., CHICAGO.

FREE Play Suits FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

I want every boy and girl to have their choice of any kind of play suit they may wish. I have made hundreds of boys and girls happy by giving them Indian Suits. Now I am going to do better than that, and furnish them with their choice of any of the following suits:

You can look just like a Cowboy, Cowgirl, Indian, Indian Squaw, Scout, Bronco Girl, Soldier, Buster Brown, Clown.

These suits can be slipped on over your regular clothes, and I have them in all sizes from 4 to 16 years. State your age, and I will send you a suit that will fit. Remember I will give you your choice of any one of these suits FREE for disposing of only 8 of my BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM PICTURES at 25 cents each on my Special New Easy Plan. Send for the PICTURES—a postal will do—Return the \$2.00 and I will send you your choice of any one of the Play Suits which you may select. I trust you with my goods. Address

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PORT Augusta, Maine.

This Wife and Mother Will tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her And Learn How She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 205 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a drunkard. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to know about this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

Guaranteed

WATCH FREE
AND RING

We give an American made, stem wind and set Watch, Guaranteed 5 years also fine Congo Gem Ring, for selling only 20 of our **Specialty Selected Fruit, Art and Religious Pictures** at 10c each. Regular price 35c. "No trash". Send for pictures and large illustrated premium list today. When sold, send us \$2 and Watch and Ring and nice Chain. Satisfaction guaranteed. **ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 1130, Chicago**

Given FREE to GIRLS

Beautiful Gold Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also new stylish Signet Ring, for selling 8 pkgs. of our souvenir post cards. Order 8 pkgs.; when sold send us money collected and we positively send you Bracelet and Ring free. Write for cards today. Address **S. M. Wright, Dept. 149, Topeka, Kansas**

These 4 Rings Free

Send your name and address and we will send you 12 Beautiful Oriental Rings to sell at 10 cents each. All the rings in New York. When sold, send us \$1.25 and get these four beautiful Rings Free, also big premium list of nearly 60 premiums and how to get them. **SCHNEIDER CO., 404 Orient St., Palmyra, Pa.**

22 CAL. RIFLE FREE

Kills at 100 yards. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blue-black gun metal. Write for 30 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10c each. When sold, send \$3.00 and we send Rifle. **Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 870, EAST BOSTON, MASS.**

FITS

Treated with remarkable success. Many people who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. **Chas. H. Cecil, of Waynoka, Okla., says: "I can give you my medicine great praise—I cured my son." I will send a Free Trial Bottle (15 cts.) to every sufferer who will give age and describe case. **DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 115 KANSAS CITY, MO.****

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Genuine Weatherproof Garment Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men



Fashioned after the model of a "Great Coat," it covers the entire person from "Head to Foot," affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of waterproof rubber sheeting, in two colors, Olive Drab or Tan and Gray with Plaid Lining, every seam is both sewed and cemented, has standing Military Collar, two side pockets and five large buttons.

For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellent imaginable.

Of late the so-called "rain coat" has been all the rage, they have proven more desirable than so-called cravenette materials, being lighter in weight.

Every person, especially schoolgirls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for \$5.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully.

Club Offer. Send only 12 COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months for one coat; same will be sent at our expense. You may select Tan or Gray, and please give size, bust measure, required. Address

COMFORT
Augusta - Maine

Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

to side in perplexity, a very anxious look in her eyes.

About seven in the morning, Clifton made his appearance, to find an appetizing breakfast prepared for him; and, as he partook of it, he explained more at length, the events of the previous night, and begged Abby to give the poor girl a home for a time, until some other provision could be made for her.

The woman appeared to be considerably relieved after this conversation, and readily promised to give her protection as long as she should need it.

"What is her name?" she asked, as she poured a second cup of coffee for him.

"I don't know," Clifton replied, with a rising flush.

"You don't know!" repeated Mrs. Knapp, darting a searching look at him.

"No," the young man replied; "she appeared to be so excited, and almost afraid to trust me, that I would not add to her fear by asking her questions; so, Abby, you will have to find that out for yourself and tell me later," he concluded, smiling, as he arose to go.

CHAPTER III.

CLIFTON SECURES A POSITION.

Clifton Vining went out from the home of his old nurse a conflict of emotions within his breast. The adventures of the previous night had made a deep impression on his mind. It seemed a strange combination of circumstances which had conspired to make him instrumental in saving the life of this young and beautiful girl.

He straightened himself with a new sensation of importance, buttoned his overcoat trimly about his figure, drew on his gloves, and then turned his steps toward the office of a well-known broker and a man who had long been upon the most friendly terms with his own family.

He asked to see Mr. Norwood, who soon made his appearance, and greeted the young man most cordially.

Clifton at once stated his case to him in a straightforward manner, told him of the trouble which he had had with his father the previous evening, and asked him if he would give him employment, since he had decided to make a start for himself.

Mr. Norwood was inclined to judge him very leniently, because, being the father of a beautiful daughter, it had long been his secret desire to marry her to the son of his wealthy friend, and he now reasoned that if he could help the young man over this critical period of his life he might be able to achieve his fond hopes the more readily. Therefore he determined to make a place for him, secure his confidence and gratitude, and told him he would take him into his office.

"But," he said smiling, "I shall expect that you will stick to the business and do your best, for I am particular about there being no drones in my hive, from principle, as well as on account of the economy of the matter."

"I am thoroughly in earnest, Mr. Norwood, I assure you," Clifton responded gravely. "Perhaps you may think mine has been rather a spasmodic conversion, knowing as you must what my life has been, and, to tell the truth, I can hardly account for the change myself; but truly I do feel imbued with the spirit of work, and I promise you, on my honor, that I will do the best I can for your interests, as well as for my own."

"That sounds business-like, I am sure, and I will take you at your word," Mr. Norwood returned, while he regarded the young man with unusual interest. "When would you like to come to me?"

Clifton flushed again, then said, with a forced laugh:

"Mr. Norwood, I have just eight dollars in my pocket, and that money really belongs to my sister. So you can understand how a fellow of my tastes and habits must feel with only that small sum between him and starvation. Accordingly, if you are agreeable, I should like to take off my coat and begin work this minute."

"Where?" Clifton began to think that you have some of your father's shrewd business proclivities after all," his companion responded, laughing at his eagerness; "but I like you all the better for your energy, so off with your coat and I'll set you a task without further delay, your salary to be the same as I have been paying for the same work during the last year," and he named the sum.

Clifton had not expected to be treated quite like an old employee, in this respect, and feeling much gratified he removed his gloves and coat, and was soon absorbed in looking over his employer's correspondence and taking his first instructions as a private secretary.

Let us go back to Abby Knapp's tidy kitchen to see what is occurring there.

John Knapp had had his morning meal at six o'clock, after which he went immediately out to his day's work.

Later, as we know, Clifton Vining was served breakfast, and after his departure the thrifty housewife cleared her table, washed her dishes, and put her room in order, thinking that she would allow her strange visitor to sleep as long as she wished.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the door between Abby's simple parlor and kitchen was opened and the young stranger appeared on the threshold with a timid, appealing look in her innocent blue eyes which went directly to the heart of her kind-hearted hostess.

"Good-morning, Miss," she said, in a hearty, cheery tone, and involuntarily assuming the manner of speech of an inferior, for she instinctively recognized the lady in the fair girl; "I hope you had a good sleep."

"I feel nicely rested, thank you," the girl responded. "I have not slept as well for many weeks," she concluded with a long-drawn sigh.

"Well, it's a good bed, if I do say it," Abby remarked, in a gratified tone. "But I imagine you're beginning to be hungry by this time; sit right down here, and I'll have your breakfast ready in no time. And perhaps you'll be so good as to tell me your name, miss, so that I shall know what to call you," Mrs. Knapp continued, as she busied herself placing a tempting breakfast upon the table.

"My name is Shirley Livingstone," the girl replied, the delicate pink in her cheeks deepening to crimson as she uttered it, for now in the light of that beautiful morning she shrank with a keen sense of repulsion from identifying herself with the rash deed which she had so nearly perpetrated only a few hours previous.

"Hump!" was Mrs. Knapp's inward comment. "That's rather a high-sounding name, I'm thinking, for a girl who came out of Houston Street. I only hope it belongs to her."

When the meal was finished Shirley began deftly to gather up the dishes, remarking:

"I hope you will let me help you about the work. I shall feel so much more comfortable than to sit idle."

"Well, I do not mind," Mrs. Knapp responded, looking pleased at the suggestion, "and maybe you'd like to tell me something about yourself while we're doing it. It seems to me that a young girl like you must have been pretty hard pushed to get so desperate as you did last night. Now don't get frightened," she went on, reassuringly, as she saw the girl grow very white about the mouth; "you just trust old Abby Knapp, and see if she doesn't prove to be as good a friend as you ever had."

"You certainly have been very good to me already, Mrs. Knapp," Shirley replied, looking gratefully at her, "and I am very willing to tell you the story of my life, which has been a very uneventful one up to within the last two or three months."

"My father died when I was a very little girl," she continued. "Our home was in Colorado

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Send No Money—Merely Your Name and Address

I will send you my BIG confidential letter. It tells why I am willing to send this sample case FREE and pay you \$3 to \$10 a day for a little spare-time work. But this BIG offer, my company is the biggest of its kind in the world. Therefore I am able to make the biggest offer. Believe what I say. Ask the Central National Bank of St. Louis about me. But don't delay. It's yours without a cent of cost. Send your name and address at once—NOW—THIS VERY MINUTE.

N. MARPLE, Pres., LINRO COMPANY, Dept. 157, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Springs, where my father had been obliged to live for many years on account of having weak lungs. I was the youngest of several children, but the only one who lived beyond infancy, and my mother reared me very carefully; she had an excellent education, having received every advantage during her early life, and it was her ambition to give me as thorough a course of study as she had received. Although we were in modest circumstances we mingled in the best society, for in Colorado Springs there exists a certain sympathy of refinement among cultured people regardless of wealth; indeed, society is largely made up of those who go there to seek health and who prize refinement above money.

"But about a year ago mamma's health began to fail. She grew steadily worse, until only four months ago she felt that she had not long to live. Her home during her early life had been among the Catskills of this state. She was the only daughter, but her father had adopted and reared an orphan cousin, of whom she had been very fond. She had not seen or heard from him for many years, but, as we had no other relatives living, she believed that he would care for me after she was gone, and so she wrote to him, told him that she thought her end was near, and asked if he would come for me, take me into his home, and give me the same care and protection that her father had given him, when he, an orphan, had been thrown upon the world.

"Mr. John Hubbard replied that he would be only too glad to take me into his home and care for me as his own. The letter was kind, and nicely written, and mamma seemed very much relieved to think that I would not be left homeless. But," and Shirley caught her breath with a sob at this point, "she did not live to see her cousin; she died only three days later, and the very next evening Mr. Hubbard arrived. But, oh, Mrs. Knapp, the fair girl said with quivering lips, "I was afraid of him the moment I saw him."

"Afraid of him!" repeated Abby in surprise. "Yes, I had expected to see a kind, nice-looking man, one who was gentlemanly and refined, while instead he was stout and coarse, with a red and bloated face and brusque manner. He was fairly well dressed, and though he tried to appear kind and sympathetic, in view of my great trouble, it was evident that he was far from being the gentleman that my mother had hoped and expected. Still, he was the only relative I had in the world; he had shown a certain kindness—I imagined—in coming to Colorado to befriend me, and so I tried to cultivate a feeling of confidence in him. He took charge of all mamma's affairs, and managed everything very nicely, so that I had no care, and after

our little home was sold, and all business settled, we started for New York."

"And he took all your money in charge?" inquired Abby, looking rather blank.

"Yes, for mamma had appointed him my guardian, believing him to be trustworthy," Shirley responded.

"That wasn't a very wise proceeding," Mrs. Knapp sagely remarked.

"I suppose it was not," said Shirley, with a sigh, "but he had written such a nice letter, it is not strange that she was deceived."

"What has he done with your money since you came to New York?"

"I am sure I do not know," replied the young girl, wearily, "and I wonder now how I could have trusted him at all; but he was very kind to me during our journey, exerting himself to be agreeable, until I began to think that though he might be somewhat rough in his exterior, he perhaps possessed a good heart. At the same time I had a secret fear of him all the way, and a fear, too, of some impending evil. But oh! I never dreamed of anything one half so terrible as the reality which greeted me upon my arrival here in New York," and Shirley covered her face and shivered at this point in her story with an appearance of horror that was truly pathetic.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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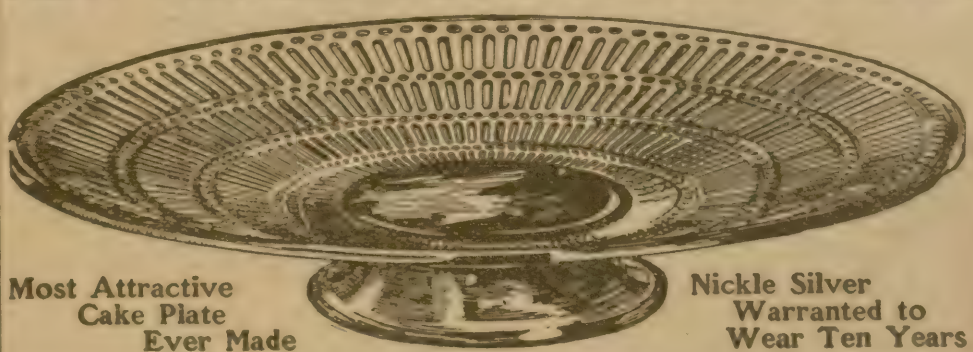
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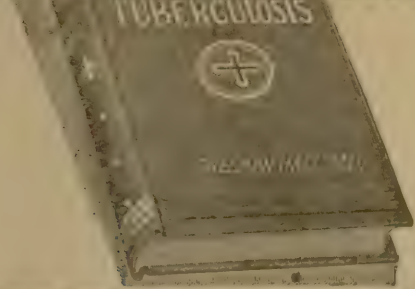
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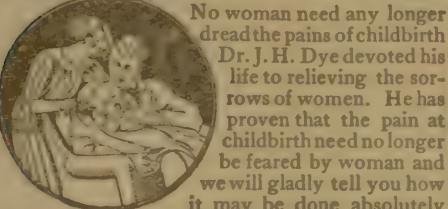
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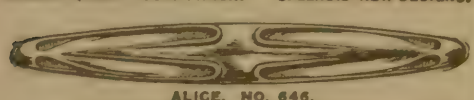
Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



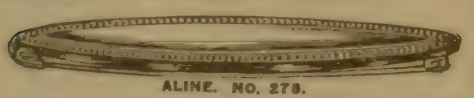
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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sweet Rise, Mena, Ark.—Your escort should have danced the first dance with you and then danced with his sisters. If you want him to call on you you may ask him to and you may ask him also for his photograph, but don't be too anxious about him. That is bad form and poor tactics as well, if you want to have him come around.

F. W., Asia, Va.—In olden times when there were courtly customs a gentleman kissed a lady's hand as a mark of his lofty regard for her, but men very rarely do so now, and when they do it is rather as a "jolly" than otherwise. However, when a man does kiss a lady's hand nowadays she should accept it with the old-time formality. (2) We think that a gentleman of sixty-two could love a lady of twenty-eight if she would let him. Some ladies do, particularly if the old gent has a large bankroll. At the same time there are men of sixty-two much younger in heart and much more agreeable companions to young women than men of forty or younger.

Merry Widow, Hobart, Wis.—A widow of your experience should know good manners when she sees them, and you certainly didn't see many in the man whose guest you were and who neglected you as though you weren't anybody much. We do not know how merry a widow you are, but you are a very foolish one. Throw the man over and have no more to do with him.

Honey Girl, Belvidere, Ill.—There is no special reason that a gentleman friend should send his lady friend two post-cards every time instead of one, as far as the etiquette book says, though it may mean that he likes her twice as much as if he sent but one. Nor do we believe that it is a sign his love is growing cold when he sticks a postage stamp on the envelope upside down. (2) It is not a matter of etiquette whether a lady takes her gentleman friend back when he has left her for another girl. She has only to consult her own feelings in the matter. (3) It is highly improper for a gentleman and his lady friend to go to a neighboring town and spend a few days together there, unless accompanied by a chaperon.

Rosebud, Joliet, Ill.—It is no breach of etiquette for a girl of eighteen not to have "steady company yet," and you should not be despondent. Plenty of girls, no better off than you are, are still in good spirits. (2) It is quite proper for a girl to smile when she speaks to a married man, as to any other friend, but she should not encourage any flirtation.

Smile, Jersey City, N. J.—It is proper for a girl to visit the home of her fiance on his mother's or sister's invitation. He should not object to her receiving post-cards from her friends traveling about the country, though she should not object to his seeing them.

Reader, Gypsum, Kans.—It would not only be correct, but delightful, for a mother-in-law to greet her daughter's husband with a kiss and another at parting, provided they liked each other and it was not mere form.

Luella, Great Cacapon, W. Va.—If you feel that you owe the young man an apology, it is proper that you extend it. It is quite as much a lady's place to apologize as it is a man's, if she is the offender.

Bill, Goffstown, N. H.—A young man may ask a young lady whom he has known only a short time to exchange post-cards, when she goes to her home. (2) Nutting parties are good form in the autumn, but they should consist of more than two persons.

Baby, Farmington, Mont.—Etiquette does not definitely prescribe what a lady should say to a man who makes an insulting proposal to her, but we think your friend's manner of hitting him in the face with her fist is better form than your more polite way of declining to talk to him. There should be more girls of her kind to handle such men as they should be handled.

Worried, Thomaston, Ga.—Obey your mother in her choice of your associates. She knows better than you. (2) It is right enough to ask the man you are to marry to change his place of residence, if he can support you as well in a place where you want to live, but if he is tied up where he is, you should either accept his home as yours, or give him up entirely. To marry him and nag him afterwards to move away, is sure to bring trouble.

Three Sisters, Rush City, Minn.—A gentleman of one nationality has no right in etiquette "to get sore at a lady" because she dances "Ladies' Choice" with a gentleman of another nationality whom she knows equally well. (2) If the gentleman does not wear gloves when dancing with a lady he should hold a handkerchief in his hand to protect an "unwashable" dress. (3) It is very improper for young people to sit in each others' laps notwithstanding it is the habit in your community.

Inquirer, Bonfield, Ill.—A gentleman may walk between two ladies, but he more often walks to the outside of both. (2) A gentleman with a lady meeting an acquaintance should not shake hands with her, merely for politeness' sake. (2) In response to a gentleman's thanks after a dance, say that you enjoyed it very much, or anything else you please.

Wife, Swiford, Wash.—Etiquette has no rules applying to husbands who will not tell their wives the truth. If it is carried too far the only place to settle the matter is in court. Can't you reform him?

Green Eyes, Geneva, Ala.—When a young lady introduces herself she says: "I am Miss So-and-so," never "I am a girl too young to be called Miss." (2) The little present to a young man you esteem highly, would be proper.

Daisy, Campbell, Mo.—If a man of forty-eight and a girl of twenty love each other truly, the difference in their ages should not make them unhappy for life. Troubled Mother, Reno, Nev.—It would be illegal and no marriage for a son to go through the marriage ceremony with his mother's half sister. That relationship is closer than cousins, and different.

Troubled, Fresno, Texas.—Don't be in such a hurry to propose to the girl. Why not court her a while and lead her up to it gradually? You are not much of a lover to have seen her only twice in six months, and we think she thinks you are no lover at all.

Bright Eyes, Burleson, Texas.—You know so little about social usage, that we are afraid to try to tell you what to do. Ask some good lady in your own town what you should do.

Tiny, Langford, Kans.—Of course, you should marry when the right man comes along even if you are only five feet tall and weigh only eighty-four pounds. Lots of men like the little women best, and they make just as good wives as though they were ten feet tall and weighed a ton. (2) As you are twenty, don't wear your dresses any shorter than you would if you were a large girl.

Carl, Soudersburg, Pa.—If you love her, what difference if she is seven years older and loves you?

You are much more likely to be happy with her than with one younger than you that you did not care as much for as the older one.

No. 36,990 Centerville, Ala.—When a gentleman is introduced to a lady who may merely bow or she may shake hands. It is much less formal and much more encouraging to him for her to shake hands. Still, all ladies do not shake hands.

Dreamy Eyes, Clarion, Pa.—It is proper for a girl to go buggy-riding with her brother-in-law if his wife has no objections. But no flirting, remember. That is bad manners and bad morals. (2) It is all right to go to church with two cousins and come home with one, if the left one does not object.

Reader, Goffstown, N. H.—If the lady cannot take as long steps as her escort and keep step, he should shorten step to accommodate her. The better way is to be so interested in each other that you won't know or care whether you keep step or not. (2) It is proper for a gentleman to invite a lady to his summer camp for a day's visit, but others must be there.

Brown Eyes, Bull Creek, N. C.—Certainly you should not apologize to a young man for not permitting him to kiss you, and while he should not apologize for wanting to kiss you, he should apologize for trying to put his wish into execution.

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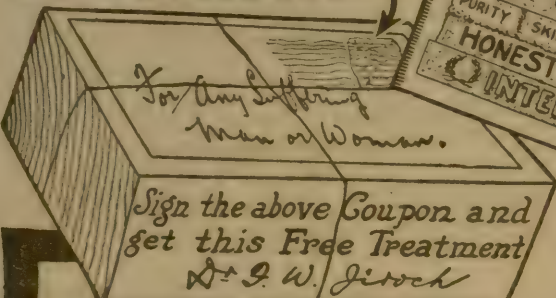
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I Want to Prove to You at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my successes by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

ACCEPT MY LIBERAL OFFER—It Places You Under No Obligations Whatever to Me

I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself "If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try." Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have; sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail to me today. It will obligate you to nothing.

DR. F. W. JIROCH, DEPT. 1323, 533-535 SO. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Current Events

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

WEARS IRON TEETH.—S. P. Munday of Fort Worth, Tex., who is here to live, prides himself on being the only man living with cast iron teeth. He wears a set of upper teeth made of iron, cast by a metal company in Fort Worth. They weigh only four and three quarter ounces. He says they are as satisfactory as ordinary false teeth and demonstrated their solidity by sounding the metal on a piece of steel. The plate and teeth are one solid cast.

UMBRELLA LENDING SOCIETY.—The "Umbrella Lending Society" with a capital of about a million dollars and a stock consisting of several thousand umbrellas, has been started in Brussels. The subscription is one dollar a year, and each member is given an aluminum counter stamped with a number. When a subscriber is caught in the rain, he has but to go into the nearest restaurant, tobacco shop, or big store, and in exchange for his aluminum ticket, he is immediately given a sound umbrella. As soon as the rain ceases, he deposits the umbrella in a similar establishment and receives another counter.

2,000 MILES ON BIKES.—The seven Burlington Iowa Boy Scouts led by O. L. Chaney, who recently traveled to Washington on their bicycles, via Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, and New York, returned to Burlington, having traveled over 2,000 miles by wheel, a record journey in the scout movement. In Washington, they were entertained by President Taft, to whom they delivered a message from the mayor of Burlington, Iowa.

SAVED 83 LIVES.—Captain William H. Chelton of Crisfield, Md., who is reputed to have rescued more persons from drowning than any other man in America, died at his home in Baltimore, Md. Captain Chelton has eighty-three rescues to his credit. In 1863, he pulled thirteen Union soldiers from Chesapeake Bay during a storm. He holds a medal awarded him by Congress for his heroism.

WALKS AROUND WORLD.—Having walked around the world in 12 years, meeting with hair-breadth escapes and startling adventures, Juan de Llayeria, 39 years of age, arrived in New York city on his way to Paris to claim eight hundred thousand franc offered by Baron de Rothschild in 1900 for the man who accomplished the feat within 13 years. During the journey he has worn out 57 pairs of shoes, and smoked an average of 40 Spanish cigarettes a day. He computes that he has smoked 175,200 during the time he has been tramping for the prize.

EMPEROR OF JAPAN.—On the morning of July 30, at 12:43 o'clock, the Emperor of Japan, Mutsuhito, died. He was the one hundred and twenty-first emperor of Japan and reigned forty-four years. Everything known to modern science was resorted to, to prolong his life. At the end, approximately 20,000 subjects waited outside the palace gates, silently paying their last homage. The new sovereign is Yoshihito, who is also very popular with the people.

TO PREVENT USE OF HABIT-FORMING DRUGS.—Immediate legislation to prevent the promiscuous use of habit-forming drugs was recently urged by President Taft to Congress. The message was accompanied by a report from Secretary Knox, declaring that unless speedy action is taken on measures now pending in Congress, "the American government may be justly accused of being half-hearted in its effort to mitigate or suppress the opium and allied evils."

ARE WE LOSING THE APPETITE.—A representative of a plasmaking concern succeeded in stopping a proposed increase in his company's taxes, when he appeared before the board of review of Chicago, and pleaded that pie is losing its hold on the American people's palates. "There has been no expansion of the plasmaking business in the last year. It has decreased in popularity with the masses. Its place is being taken by fruit, ice cream and salad as a luncheon dessert."

TRAMP HAS A RECORD.—A No. 1, who bears the undisputed title of champion tramp of the world, recently visited Dalton, Ga., stopping there merely "between trains." When he reached Dalton his record book showed he had traveled during the past twenty-nine years of his life 500,197 miles, for which he has spent the big total of \$7.61.

AMERICAN FARMERS IN ALBERTA.—An official of the line says that "in Alberta lands alone, the sales of the Canadian Pacific railway in the last two years have amounted to more than \$10,000,000 each year, 85 per cent. of the lands sold having been taken by farmers who came from the United States."

PLUCK AND ENERGY.—The national bureau of education reports a remarkable instance of educational enterprise in Manatee, Fla. The high school there needed an industrial building, but the community could not afford to pay for it, so the children built it themselves. The grammar school boys made concrete blocks for the structure, which is 50x15 feet, one-story high; the high school boys erected the building, and the girls nailed on the laths for the plastering. It was a gratifying bit of enterprise, and an encouraging instance of activity.

Dr. F. W. Jiroch, of Chicago, who is regarded by many as perhaps the best Specialist of modern times in his chosen field, MAKES YOU THIS LIBERAL OFFER.

If You are Sick Let Me Help You

Just mark with a cross X in the coupon above any of the different symptoms you have and send it to me, and I will send you the Treatment Free so you may make a personal test, at my expense, of just what my medicine will do.

This Treatment Will Be Delivered By MAIL, POSTAGE PAID, Right to Your Own Door Without One Cent of Expense to You.

If you are feeling weak and run down, troubled with your Kidneys and Bladder, suffering from Rheumatism or Gouty conditions, any Blood disorder, Pimples, Nervous Weakness, if you want your Liver and Bowels regulated, your appetite improved, Dyspepsia cured—if you feel the need of a genuine medicine to brace you up and restore your lost strength and ambition—if you want my advice on any private matter, then take a minute's time and send your application at once.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply put a cross X mark before the symptoms that you have, cut out the coupon, sign your name in full and complete address, and I will do the rest.

To Prove My Claims I'll send a Treatment Free to Test

I want you to try at my expense, not yours. All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine, and that I do cure, otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures; patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you. The worst case come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. Try at my expense. You have nothing to lose.

OUR CHARACTER READER will send you a character reading by handwriting for dime and addressed envelope. You get a good reading that will help you in all your affairs. **Chiro Publishing Co., Monmouth, Ill.**

OPIUM

Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Give particulars. **Dr. E. G. CONTELL, Suite 538 No. 400 W. 24th St., New York**

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE

for selling 12 packages Blaine at 10c each. Each rifle first class in every way. When sold return our \$1.20 and we send rifle. **BLUINE MFG. CO., 298 Mill St., Concord, Mass.**

4 RINGS GIVEN

Sell 10 packs Smith's Hair Tonic & Dandruff Remedy at 10c each. **WE TRUST YOU** When sold send money and we'll send 4 rings or choice from our premium list. **ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 22, WOODSBORO, MD.**

MORPHINE

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. **32, FAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 322-21E, Van Buren St., Chicago**

GOITRE

Pay when Cured. I have an honest, certain cure for Goitre (thick neck). It checks the growth at once, reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and cures in a little while. Pay when cured. Tell your friends about this. Write for full particulars. **DR. ROCK, DEPT. 202 BANCROFT, WIS.**

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one a postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE. **The Bee Cell Co., 301 A White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.**

Two Wheel Chairs in September

161 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Too bad it was not more, and I can't help feeling that it ought to have been and might have been; but evidently there are many of our workers that don't do much hustling for the Wheel-Chair Club in warm weather. However, we have fully earned the two September chairs and nearly made up the hundred subscriptions that we were short on the three August chairs. As two chairs are all we earned in September, 1911, and we followed it up with a splendid year's work for the shut-ins we need not be discouraged, but should work all the harder the coming season.

Next month comes Thanksgiving and the 24th anniversary of COMFORT'S birthday, and I want to make it an occasion of rejoicing and thanksgiving to as many wheel-chair applicants as possible. Please, all of you that are well and strong and have so much to be thankful for, give the Wheel-Chair Club a good lift and help me do it.

Following are the names of those to whom the two September chairs have been awarded, and after each name is the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent to the Club: McKinley Hike, Vanceburg, Ky., 121; Mrs. Eliza Flenner, Curtisville, Pa., 88.

McKinley Hike is a little crippled boy, and his friends sent all of the 121 subscriptions for him with in the last month. Eliza Flenner has been only a short time getting her 88 subscriptions.

I had hoped that the Club would earn at least three chairs for September so that I might send one to poor Sarah M. Howell who now stands next on the list with 80 subscriptions to her credit. She is needy and worthy, and has been waiting a long time for a wheel chair; no doubt she has done what she could to help, but got on slowly until recently when she got some real, live friends to take hold for her. One lady has just sent in 35 subscriptions for her, as you will see in this month's Roll of Honor.

I am surely going to send her a wheel chair early this October, even if I have to make up the deficiency of her subscriptions myself.

Kindly read the letters of thanks which I print each month expressing the gratitude of the recipients of COMFORT wheel chairs and you will get some idea of the good we are doing. You who have helped the Wheel-Chair Club have helped them to get their chairs, and their thanks and the blessings which these poor cripples invoke are for you.

There is an old superstition, still believed by many, that a cripple's curse is to be dreaded and that a cripple's blessing brings good luck. I am not superstitious and I fear no man's power to invoke divine vengeance, but I have faith that the Heavenly Father does look with favor on those who help the poor and destitute shut-ins.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Her Wheel Chair Just Fine and Lots of Comfort to Her
GIBBON, NEBR.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my chair last night and I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all those who helped me to get it. It is just fine and will be lots of comfort to me. May God bless you all for your kindness. Your grateful friend, **Mrs. J. H. BAKER.**

His COMFORT Wheel Chair Just What He had been Longing for
HICKORY GROVE, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: The wheel chair came a few days ago, and I certainly am pleased with it. It is just the chair I have been longing for, and I can now get out into the air, and go where I want to go without trouble. Thanking you, Mr. Gannett and all the many friends who aided me so kindly, I remain, your sincere friend, **EDGAR MCGARY.**

Can Get to the Table and Eat with the Family in His COMFORT Wheel Chair
CHOICE, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: My wheel chair has arrived and I am just delighted with it. I can get around in it so nicely and can go to the table and eat with the rest, something I have not been able to do in a long time. I thank you so much, and all who helped me get the chair. May the richest blessings be with you all. Gratefully yours, **DAVID WILSON.**

Unable to Get Anywhere Until Her COMFORT Wheel Chair Came
WINFIELD, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel-chair safely and it is just fine. I want to return my heartfelt thanks to all the great-hearted readers of COMFORT who made this gift possible. Hitherto I haven't been able to get anywhere unless I was carried and there was no one to carry me. I am so grateful to you all for what has been done for me. God bless everyone of you. Your grateful friend, **DOROTHY GRIGG.**

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Enables 16-Year-Old Cripple to Help His Mother at Her Work
MONTROSE, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wish to thank you and all of COMFORT'S readers and friends who so kindly aided me in getting the wheel chair. I am sixteen years old and have not been able to go to the table to eat my meals for over four years, but now that I have got the wheel chair I can go to the table myself, can get a drink of water and help mother at her work. Again thanking you for your kindness, I am, Gratefully yours, **EARL HARRIS.**

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

John Hike, Ky., for McKinley Hike, 98; Mrs. Joale Knous, Kana, for Sarah Howell, 35; Eliza A. Flenner, Pa., for herself, 28; Carrie Abraham, Ky., for McKinley Hike, 23; Estelle Brooks, Ga., for Herman Green, 20; David Flenner, Pa., for Eliza Flenner, 20; Mrs. A. P. Masick, Texas, for herself, 20; Robert A. Biggs, Pa., for Eliza Flenner, 20; Myrtle A. Collins, Panama Canal Zone, for Rice Bailey, 20; Mrs. A. C. Strickland, N. C., for Shut-in in County Home, 13; Eunice Shepherd, Fla., for Eunice Shepherd, 10; Miss Pearl Veneal, W. Va., 9; H. P. L. Householder, Pa., for Eliza Flenner, 9; Mrs. Anna Warren, Ark., for Theo. May, 8; Mrs. J. E. Daul, N. J., 6; Mrs. W. S. Hafer, Texas, 6; Mrs. B. W. Smith, Minn., 5; Mrs. S. E. Smith, N. C., 5; Olive Stone, Mo., for Annie L. Vinson, 5; Mrs. C. C. Veele, Texas, 5; Mrs. Nellie Harston, Texas, for Mrs. Masick, 5; Mrs. Clara J. Low, Iowa, 5; Mrs. L. E. Wall, Neb., 5; Mrs. Harriet Babcock, N. Y., 5; Mrs. J. H. Conner, Miss., 5; Mrs. Bessie Cowley, Ala., 5.

CRUEL PILES

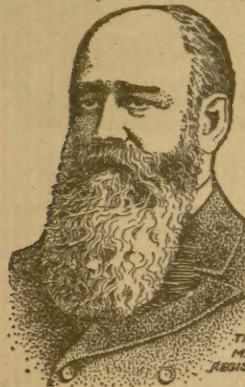
Untold Misery the Penalty of Neglect. Dr. Van Vleck Found 3-Fold Treatment which is Healing Thousands.

Coupon Brings \$1 Package Prepaid

Don't neglect Piles or the itching or burning which is Nature's first warning. Write at once for Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Remedy for Piles and all Rectal troubles, including constipation. We gladly send it upon request without a cent in advance. After trying it, then if you are satisfied, send One Dollar.



"There's Relief in Every Package."



If not, keep your money. We take your word. Thousands tell us of the wonderful cures performed by this safe remedy which is the triumph of nearly half a century of labor. You can try it for yourself without paying a cent. Just mail the coupon—do it at once.

FREE \$1. COUPON

Good for a \$1 package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on approval, as explained above, to

Name _____

Address _____

Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1056 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

GOITRE

\$2.50 Treatment Free



To convince you that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a \$2.50 Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus satisfying you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., which is one of hundreds I continually receive:

"I am happy to write you that your sample treatment two years ago cured my goitre. I think it wonderful that the treatment did it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

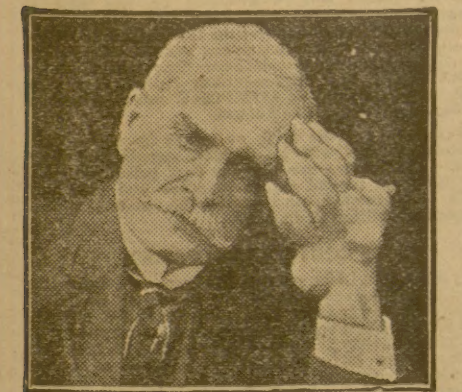
Don't delay—write today for my FREE trial treatment. You risk nothing. I convince you that goitre can be cured. Write now while you think of it.

Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist, 815 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Michigan.

his Stem Wind WATCH FREE AND RING
American Watch, guaranteed 5 years, case Solid Composition Gilt Metal, looks and wears like gold, also Ring, with Sparkling Gem. BOTH FREE for selling 20 packages BLUINE at 10c ea. Write for them. BLUINE MFG. CO., 303 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 183 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



CAN CURE YOU FREE IF RHEUMATISM

This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others. After spending \$20,000 and suffering untold agony for six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free. Don't send any money—it's free. A letter will bring it promptly. Your absolute satisfaction at all times is positively guaranteed. Every day lost means one more day of needless pain. Write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 329 E. Delano Bldg., Racine, N.Y.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five cents, in coin, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

H. G. C., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the signature of the husband is necessary to the deed to convey good title of real estate belonging to a married woman; we do not think he can be compelled, by any legal process, to sign in the event of his refusal to do so, even though his wife is willing to sell, and we think in the event of her selling without his signature to the deed, he would retain his interest of an estate by curtesy in the property. In case he survives her and they have issue born alive, even though such issue dies before the death of the mother; in case the husband dies before the wife, we do not think his estate has any interest in the property.

Mrs. J. P. P., Oregon.—We do not think the person receiving a letter through the mail would be subject to any penalty for so receiving same, even though the letter was of such a nature as would be barred from the mails, unless of course, the person so receiving same was in some way responsible for the sending of same. We think that other testimony besides that of a handwriting expert would be necessary to obtain a conviction in such a case.

Mrs. A. K., Iowa.—We think the length of time necessary to elapse before the final determination of a breach of promise action in your state would depend upon how promptly it was prosecuted, how far it was carried and upon whether there were any reversals in any appellate court. In our experience, we have known many such actions commenced which never have and never will be finally determined.

J. S., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that actions for the recovery of real estate are limited to twenty-one years, except in cases of persons under legal disability, but that all such are barred after thirty years. We do not, however, think that a possessory title is a very good or marketable one for the reason that it is often hard to establish absolute possession for so long a period of years.

Mrs. D. E. H., Rhode Island.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman can dispose of all her property by will except that she cannot bar her husband, if he survives her, from an estate by curtesy of a life use in her real estate. In case she leaves no will we think the husband would receive a life estate of all her real estate and one half absolutely of the personal estate in case there was no surviving descendants, and in case there are surviving descendants one third of the personal property, absolutely.

Mrs. C. H., New York.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the validity of the marriage or the rights of inheritance of the wife would not be affected by the fact that at sometime during the existence of the marriage the parties had entered into a subsequently abrogated agreement to live separate, provided, of course, there was no court judgment of separation.

R. K., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a parent can disinherit children by will, except that certain provisions and allowances are made for minor children. We think that in order to constitute a valid will the testator must be of sound mind, possess testamentary capacity, that the will must express his true intent and that he must not be under undue influence of any other person and that the will must be legally drawn and executed. We do not think it need be recorded or filed before the death of the testator.

Mrs. J. E. T., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child, his estate would be divided in equal shares between the widow and child; and we do not think the fact that the child was by a former marriage would make any difference in this disposal of the property. We do not think the wife could recover property voluntarily turned over to her husband.

J. L. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, and leaving a husband and a number of children by two marriages, her husband would receive one third of her real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to her children by both marriages; under the laws of Arkansas we think the husband's share in one third of the real estate would only be a life interest, otherwise we think the property would go the same as in Oklahoma; we think the law in force at the time of death and not the present law would be the one which would govern.

E. C., New York.—We do not think the post-office authorities would interfere with the use of the mails for commercial purposes by a young man under age for that reason alone, unless there was some fraud or evasion in the manner in which the young man conducted his business.

H. W., Ohio.—We do not think a mother-in-law has any right to discipline her daughter-in-law and that in case she strikes her she would be liable to punishment for assault.

S. S., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion: (1) that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving a husband and two children, her estate would be divided among her husband and children, and that her husband's children by a former marriage would receive no share, except such as might come to them upon the death of the husband and father as an heir or person entitled to his estate. We think children born in lawful wedlock are legitimate even though the father may claim that they are not.

S. Y., Oklahoma.—We think that marriages between uncles and nieces, or half nieces are prohibited in all the states of the Union.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

"Only"

BY MARTHA M. PURDY IN CHICAGO TRIB.

"Twas only a bright 'good morning' That was called from over the way, But it left its cheerful memory Through a long, and weary day.

"Twas only a gentle hand clasp That was given in sudden mood, But it made all earth seem brighter, So that even work was good.

"Twas only a bunch of flowers That grew in a garden fair, But all their hidden beauties Were seen by an invalid there.

"Twas only a word, or a gesture, An act, or a thought of care, May prepare for unborn millions A path of thorns or flowers.

Sent to by Mrs. J. G. Beck, Montpelier, Idaho.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Lena Kruger, 900 Broadway, Bay City, Mich.
Mr. David Runlon, East Liverpool, Box 445, Ohio.
Frank Peterson, Hinkley, Box 64, Minn.
Miss Mona Eaton, Smyrna, R. R. 2, Box 11, Ga.
Elmer E. Harkins, 766 E. Grant St., Alliance, Ohio.
Views only.
Miss Ethel Frick, 321 Potter St., Red Wing, Minn.
Peter F. Peters, Heppburn, Sask., Can.
Madge V. Allenworth, Carson, Iowa.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Kitty Burke, last heard of in Wolverhampton, England, please write J. C. Burke, Trinity, R. R. 1, Ala.

The whereabouts of Roy Price Malone, last heard of was in Sheridan, Wyo., is sought by his niece, Miss Mae Malone, Gracey, Pa.

KEPT 35 CATS, HUSBAND GETS DIVORCE.—Because his wife kept 35 cats in their home, a 74-year-old Civil War veteran was granted a divorce in Kansas. He testified that his wife gave her pets more attention than she gave him, fed the pets the choicest foods and ignored his protests when the animals slept in his bed.



Shows how to earn this swell tailored-to-order suit in an hour. How to make \$35 to \$65 a week, just by showing your fine FREE SAMPLE SUIT and our beautiful samples to your friends.

Lowest Wholesale Prices ever heard of. We pay express charges. Fellows everywhere going wild about our styles. Finest quality guaranteed tailoring in America. We send magnificent SAM-OUTFIT and everything FREE. You pay nothing, sign nothing, promise nothing and need no experience. Wait until you see how handsome your FREE SAMPLE SUIT is before you decide to be our Agent. More quick money in this than you ever thought possible. So easy to make it you will be astonished. Only one FREE SAMPLE BOOK to each county. Territory going fast. Send us your name today. Chicago Tailors' Ass'n, Dept. 12 Van Buren St., Chicago.



WATCH, RING AND CHAIN FREE
Our diamond, sapphire, emerald, ruby and garnet watches, rings and chains, factory tested, guaranteed for 5 years and this latest style double heart shaped ring are given to boys and girls for selling 20 packages of high grade sets post-cards at 10c a packet. Order 50 packets today. When sold send us \$5.00 and we will promptly send you as one the WATCH, RING AND CHAIN.
RACE WATCH CO., Chicago Ave. & Clark St., Dept. 37, CHICAGO.

32 BULBS FREE TO YOU FOR EARLY SPRING BLOOMING

The great demand and flattering results obtained by our subscribers who received the premium collection of bulbs we offered last Fall has induced us to purchase double the quantity this year. But we would not advise you to delay sending your order as this increased supply will soon be consumed and you may be one of the disappointed. This entire collection of 32 bulbs consisting of six of the most popular and beautiful varieties of winter blooming house plants and early flowering Spring bulbs can be obtained with very little effort on your part. We are just realizing the value of these pretty bulbous plants which give such an air of refinement and add so much cheer to home surroundings, rendering them attractive and interesting and we want every reader of COMFORT to possess this rare and beautiful assortment.



SINGLE and DOUBLE TULIPS.

10 - CROCUS - 10

The first flowers of Spring, how sweet and pretty they look and what charm they give the lawn as they lift their bright heads from the sod while the earth is yet cold and dormant from the long winter months. They bloom splendidly when planted on the lawn among the grass or a few planted in pots in the house will make a pretty show. The colors range through all the delightful blues and rich yellows making the flower for the million and the millionaire.

6 - OXALIS - 6

An unrivalled winter flowering plant of easy culture, succeeding everywhere requiring little attention and in fact producing better results in poor soil with a moderate amount of water than if given rich fertile soil and lots of attention. The little bulbs are strong luxuriant growers and when expanding in the sunshine the rich, varied and beautiful colors of their flowers present a picture of gorgeous beauty. The pots soon become a mass of pretty green foliage and the showy little flowers will appear in fine long-stemmed clusters.

5 - SNOWDROPS - 5

Lovely little blossoms and should be found in every garden. They are perfectly hardy and will hold their own and bloom well even when encroached by grasses and weeds. The growth is dwarf but sturdy pushing up through the snow in early Spring, from which habit arose their name. Indoors they are equally pretty and easily brought into bloom.

4 SPANISH IRIS 4

No garden can have too many and anything we are able to say about them falls far short of the superb reality. They are not difficult to grow and the gorgeous shades and most odd and peculiar markings of the blooms cover a wide range of colors; but the real charm is the wondrous chasteness of every flower. They are deservedly esteemed for their perfect hardiness and free flowering qualities, blooming early in the season in the garden and making a pretty display of bloom when grown in the house.

CLUB OFFER. A Club of two fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. secures The Complete assortment of 32 Flowering Bulbs. You may send 35c. to renew your own subscription for one year and obtain the set of 32 Bulbs free.

THE IDEA OF A WOMAN

Having Pimples, Blackheads, Superfluous Hair and Other Facial Blemishes and Appearing in Public is Positively Repulsive.

Why Should any Woman be Thin, Scrawny and Homely When She has it in Her Power to be as Beautiful as Her More Fortunate Sister? A Well Known Beauty Reveals Secrets of Beautifying That Every Woman Should Know; Also Tells How to Remove Wrinkles and Develop the Bust to Beautiful Proportions, by New Discovery.

Let this Woman Send You FREE Everything She Agrees and Beautifully Your Face and Form Quickly.

This clever woman by her marvelous and simple methods has brought about a wonderful change in her face in a night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust her method is truly wonderful rapid. She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen. She made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.

You can imagine her joy when, by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common sense sage, but a common sense method.

It is simply astonishing the thousands of women who write regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment. It is beautifying their faces and forms after beauty doctors and other methods have failed. No woman need be unattractive any longer. She has it in her power now to be beautiful attractive and fascinating.

Ethel Baker of New York, writes: "My bust, which was once flat and scrawny, is nicely developed."

E. Waibel of N. J., writes: "I was always troubled with hair on my arms, but now they are as clear of it as the palm of my hand."

Gertrude Morrow, of Pa., writes: "Your beauty treatment causes the wrinkles to quickly disappear."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cunningham is sending FREE to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable but simple methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, her various new beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles; How to develop the figure quickly; How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows; How to remove superfluous hair instantly; How to clear the skin of blackheads, pimples and freckles; How to remove dark circles under the eyes; How to quickly remove double chin; How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body; How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling; How to stop forever perspiration odors.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cunningham, Suite B173, 2637 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

We guarantee all bulbs to reach you in good growing condition and no matter how fastidious your tastes are they can't help but be pleased with this combination of exquisite colors and tender delicate plants.

2 - HYACINTHS - 2

The Hyacinth has been a popular flower for centuries and there is none more deserving of greater popularity. It has merit of being beautiful and easy of culture and is without doubt one of the best of our hardy spring bulbs for general use. It blooms early in the season, remaining in flower for an extensive time and ranges through so many shades of rich and delicate colors that they please everyone. They may be grown and bloomed in the house by planting in pots or vases of pure water, their delicious fragrance and beauty adding cheer and brightness when the winter days are long and gloomy.

5 - TULIPS - 5

Tulips are such universal favorites that it is scarcely necessary to expatiate upon their merits. Their ease of culture combined with beauty of form and gorgeous coloring renders them first place in spring blooming bulbs and incomparable for window gardens. If you have never grown tulips you can form no idea of their beauty, the grand effect they produce grouped in flower beds and borders. Their great diversity of rich, delicate and attractive colors makes it possible to please everyone and the collection we offer here is the most select and beautiful of the numberless varieties known.

10 - CROCUS - 10

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CLUB OFFER.

A Club of two fifteen-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. secures The Complete assortment of 32 Flowering Bulbs. You may send 35c. to renew your own subscription for one year and obtain the set of 32 Bulbs free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Solid Gold Wedding Ring



The genuine article. No sham, no substitute, this is a genuine Gold Ring, as such we advertise and guarantee it. Our illustration merely shows the general style, a wide, heavy band ring for either ladies or gentlemen. If you are about to be married, and require a real wedding ring in a ring and at a reasonable cost. We fully and unequivocally guarantee this Wedding Ring to be genuine solid gold, not rolled, plated or gold shell or other ingenious imitation. Your money back at any time, so don't go to store-keepers and pay enormous profits, but avail yourself of our

Club Offer. For a club of only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you one of these genuine Solid Gold Wedding Rings in a plush-lined ring box. Send finger measurement.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FOUR PIN WAIST SET

Roman laid gold plate, soft rich gold finish, in a velvet pad box. We show but two pins to give you the sizes; there is one Neck Pin and three smaller ones, one Large or Waist Pin and the others for collar, cuff or lace pins, equally useful as Baby pins.

We warrant these pins not to break, which is an exceptional guarantee on a pin subjected to such constant and hard use. Other uses for such a combination set of **Four Pins** will occur to every lady reader of COMFORT, and we doubt if there are many who can say, "I have no use for them." They are indispensable. Several sets will not be too many to have about, especially if there are children in the family.

Club Offer. Send us only one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these **Four Pin Sets** Free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, for your own subscription or a renewal.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Plated Salt and Pepper Set.



Fitted with three Polished Glass Castors having non-corrosive tops. One for Salt, one for Pepper, the third for Cayenne, Celery Salt or other condiment, as preferred.

Height 5 1/2 inches, diameter of base 3 1/2 inches. Made of highest grade white metal and Silver Plated, will wear almost forever and give entire satisfaction, five or ten year guarantee. These three piece sets, or individual Castors are much in use, usually each member of the family has one, but even one or two for the whole family will be acceptable. Excellent for Christmas or wedding gifts.

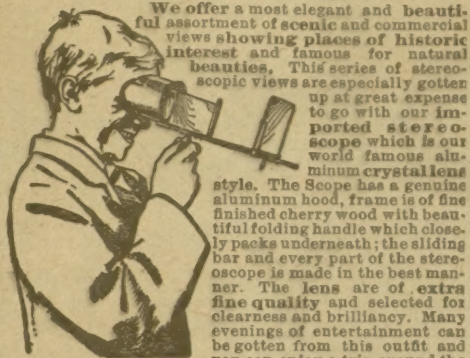
Club Offer.

Send only six subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15-months for one of these Castors, carefully wrapped, packed and shipped at our

Expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Stereoscope FREE and 50 Views

Scenes from All Parts of the World



We offer a most elegant and beautiful assortment of scenic and commercial views showing places of historic interest and famous for natural beauties. This series of stereoscopic views are especially gotten up at great expense to go with our imported stereoscope which is our world famous aluminum crystalline

style. The Scope has a genuine aluminum hood, frame is of fine finished cherry wood with beautiful folding handle which closely packs underneath; the sliding bar and every part of the stereoscope is made in the best manner. The lens are of extra fine quality and selected for clearness and brilliancy. Many evenings of entertainment can be gotten from this outfit and you can enjoy a trip around the world by having a stereoscope and set of views in the home. We have just gotten a large number of these outfits at a ridiculously low price and it thus enables us to give our club workers a chance to secure this choice assortment on very favorable terms.

Club Offer. For a club of three 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send the complete outfit consisting of Stereoscope and fifty views all securely packed and post-paid without any cost to you whatever. Do not fail to send at once for this premium so that not only yourself but your friends can enjoy it.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Turkish Style Towels

DURABLE AND HEALTH GIVING

After a bath a vigorous drying and rubbing with these heavy linen-like towels will create an invigorated healthy glow of the entire system. Washing in itself cleanses the body, but the beneficial effects of the proper bath is derived from generous exercise of the flesh, opening and closing the pores, carrying away all foreign particles that may come from soap or water. Many times one does not require a bath, other than not bathe frequently; at such times a "dry-rub" with these coarse fabric towels will be of immense benefit and comfort. These towels are woven of heavy twisted thread and have little nubs on the surface that absorb water like a sponge, leaving your flesh warm, dry and glowing all over. Great for Baby's bath or the man who shaves, and the more you wash them, the softer they become. And durable, they wear well and practical, almost impervious to wear, they are wear long every-day towels for either the toilet or the lady's delicate bath. Similar towels made in Turkey of genuine linen are imported into this country and sold by druggists for four, three and four dollars per pair, and yet no more benefit or satisfaction is derived from these sensible American-made Bath Towels. 19x36 inches in size, with red stripe and triple red border, attractive, serviceable and useful, we recommend them strongly to our readers. A splendid family roller towel can be made by sewing together two of these towels; many do this with satisfaction, because they wear better and show the soil less than crash.

Club Offer. For a club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send post-paid a pair of these towels.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Soft, Warm White Blanket

well made and well finished. Size 55 inches wide and 72 inches long, of good weight. Supplied with the borders worked in fancy colors on the white ground. Large, warm, comfortable blankets for standard size beds. Regardless of advance in costs of raw cotton we have bought a quantity of these blankets at unusually low prices and are certain they are of unusual quality and exceptionally well made. Think of this big warm blanket on your own bed or laying on the shelf for use when needed what a feeling of satisfaction it gives one.

CLUB OFFER. For only eight subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you either post-paid or express free one of these 55x72 White Blankets and you may have either blue or white border.

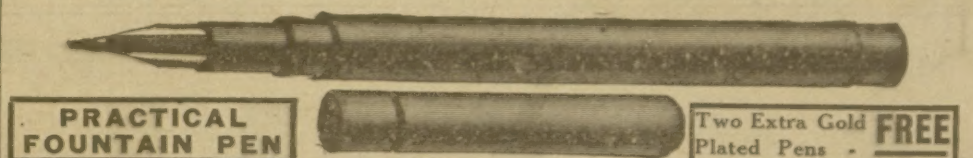
FOR MOTHER'S SHOULDERS OR THE BABY



We have brought in this connection one of the very best things in the way of a warm wrap for the Baby or for the Mother to use in and about the home that we have ever seen. Made of softest warm flannelette, 30x40 inches in size, and they come in two colors, soft dull pink and blue stripes over white, at either end are wider stripes and the blue one has both the wider stripes and a bit of variegated color at the ends. These small blankets are something very new; in all the city stores where shown they are selling rapidly. We could not resist offering this quick; without illustration our description must convey to you what a splendid little blanket this is and how useful it will be about the Baby; awake or asleep it can be used as a wrap or crib blanket, is splendid as a covering for carriage or as a shoulder throw it cannot be equalled by anything hand knit or made up at home. The edges are finished with buttonhole stitch and the whole idea is just splendid and we know that wherever seen others will be wanted.

To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid. To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid. To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid. To introduce them we will at first offer one free, post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



PRACTICAL FOUNTAIN PEN

Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost a large sum, owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a fine quality Pen, with two additional Pen Points and a glass filler, a standard outfit at a greatly reduced price. Lawyers, Doctors, Clerks, Agents, Teachers, Scholars and in every home a Fountain Pen is needed, a good quality, warranted not to leak, a pen it will be a pleasure to use, and can be sold at once. Send only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a free Pen Outfit.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WE GIVE THIS WATCH For a Club of Five.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to COMFORT, at our special subscription price of 25 cents for 15 months. Do this, sending us the money with the names, and we will send COMFORT to each subscriber and we will send you the watch to reward you. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish for Candy, Olives, Nuts, Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish for Salad, Fruit, Nuts and Candy.



The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set of simple pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 8 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Silken Shower from a Necktie Factory.

A Big Lot of Real Silk, also REMNANTS

Plush and Stamped Satin FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.



ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAB GRILL" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now bargained for at only 10c. of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. Our packages contain from 95 to 168 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get our great monthly and a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these

price made from these remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell more to your work. Many ladies sell dolls, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price. One sample subscription lot now for only 10c. and beautiful stamped satin pieces! each piece contains nine square inches and being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery, is a big bargain. Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you ORDER ONE lot we will sell more to your

BEST WAY. We send ONE of the above complete assorted lot FREE as a reward to all who send 35 cents for 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to advertise "COMFORT" and this big bargain to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package, our great book "With Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork," or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be cut together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc. The book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these, besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Patchwork, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tatted

REMEMBER we send one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 SKEINS Embroidery silk, plush, and a great book on embroidery together with 15-months subscription to "COMFORT," all for only 35 cents, or you may send two subscribers at 25c. each for 15 months and receive one lot free. Three lots and 15 mos. subscription, 65c.; five lots and subscription, for \$1.00.

Address COMFORT, Silk Dept. 4, Augusta, Maine.

SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT.

80 NEW DESIGNS ON TWELVE SHEETS BOND PAPER.

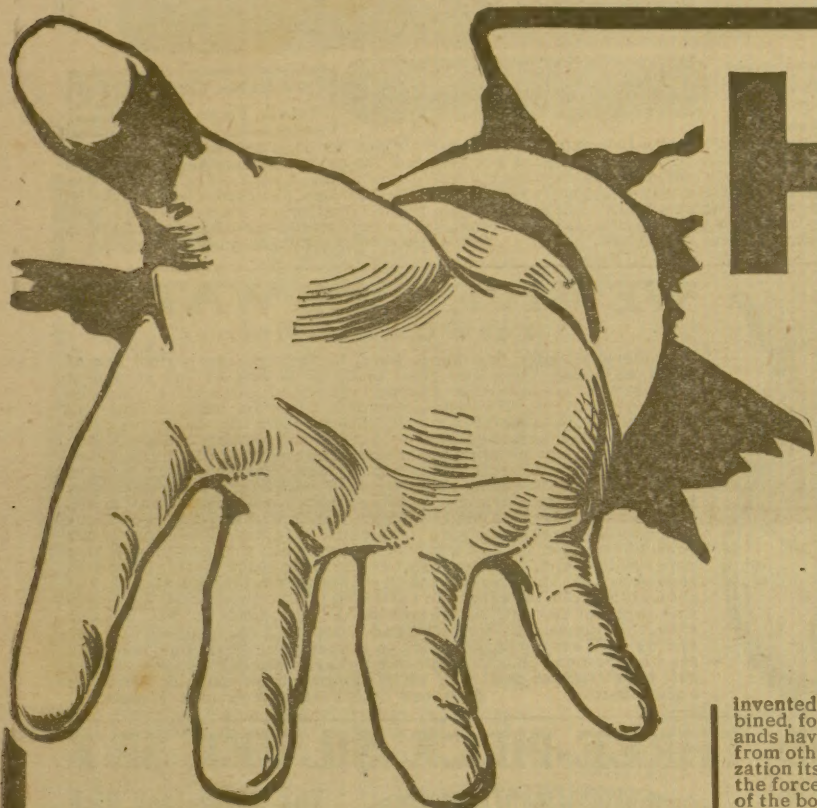


Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other Stamping Outfits makes us realize the importance of very careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART OUTFIT.

- 1 Pillow top design, size 18x18 inches; 3 Different styles of ladies' collars; 1 Round pincushion; 1 Design for nightdress; 3 Vine designs for shirtwaist and skirtwaist; 1 Centerpiece, 18x18 inches; 1 Doll design, size 3x3 inches; 3 Sideboard or bureau scarf designs; 1 Violet design; 1 Shirtwaist design for eyelid and solid embroidery; 1 Baby cap; 1 Baby cap; 1 Pair of shoes; 2 Designs for undergarments; 1 Ladies' Belt; 1 Table-cover design; 1 Corner cover design; 1 Shirtwaist design; 3 Designs for hemstitched scarf, etc.; 1 Tray Cloth design for eyelid and solid embroidery; 1 Spray of violets for hemstitched squares, etc.; 1 Spray each of daisies, etc.; 1 of roses; 1 of carnations and violet; 3 Borders for lingerie; 1 Misses' Dutch Gollar design; 1 Complete set initials, 3 in. high, suitable for bed linen, etc.; 1 Centerpiece, size 12x12 inches, for solid embroidery; 1 Centerpiece, size 6x6 inches, for French eyelet embroidery; 2 Border designs for towels or pillow ends; 2 Border designs for lingerie, etc.; 1 Bowknot design; 1 Border design for table cover; 1 skirt panel design; 2 Butterfly designs; 1 Bird design, size 2 1/2x3 1/2 inches; 1 American Flag; 1 English Flag; 3 Leaf designs; 1 Corner design for pillow top; 1 Opera Bag design; 1 Poppy design, size 2x4 inches; 2 Small border designs; 2 Anchor designs for sailor suits; 1 Star design for girls' dresses; 2 Vine designs for ladies' hose; 1 Large butterfly; 1 Daisy design, and many others.

This is an entirely new Outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT. It represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch Embroidery Hoop, a piece of stamping preparation and one felt pad. With each Outfit we also include free a copy of "Stitches in Embroidery" by Mme. Du Parquet, invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this Outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

Club Offer: Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT post-paid as shown and described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Hold Out Your Hand

It is Yours!

No matter where you are, whether you are a man or woman, twenty years old or seventy, whether you live in the town or country, whether you are rich or poor, all you need do is *hold out your hand* for it. Give us the signal that you want it, say the word, and it will be sent right out to you, without a penny from you. If you need it, if you want to try it and see what it will do, if you are ill, poorly, weak or suffering, hold out your hand and get it, as thousands have done during the past three years. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to send references, money or stamps. It is yours to try at our risk, *yours for the asking*, no matter who or where you are, if you will hold out your hand for it, so we will know you want it. We place it right in your hand, deliver it free at your door, and are glad to do it when you ask for it. But we cannot know you need it, cannot know you want it, unless you give us the word, and so we ask you to "Hold out your hand."

Clip the coupon, fill in your name and address, and we will send you a dollar box of Bodi-Tone without a penny from you.

This is how a quarter-million people have already tested Bodi-Tone, many from your own state and neighborhood, including thousands of the readers of *Comfort*, and *this is how we want you to try it*. We know Bodi-Tone, we know how quickly it acts in the body, how it makes its great power felt soon after you begin to use it, how it sends the glow of returning health into every nook and corner, and we want to prove it to you, absolutely at our own risk. If you are entirely satisfied when you see what the trial box of Bodi-Tone does for you, pay a dollar for it. Otherwise, that ends it. We leave it all to you. You have all to win and nothing to lose by trying Bodi-Tone in this way. You need not pay us a penny at any time unless you find Bodi-Tone all we claim for it, unless you find that it suits your own individual case and condition.

Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—*cures disease by toning all the body*, and we want you to try a box at our risk and see what it will do for *your* body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each box contains seventy-five of these tablets, enough for twenty-five days' use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so that you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tonic is all it is, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and are performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in proper tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and strength, new vigor and new vitality.

What it is

Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such ingredients guarantee its merit and power in the body.

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is good and safe and know you are taking the kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It is a pure medicine that satisfies the most exacting. It contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs, nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membranes and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their absorption into the blood. A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for health.

All From Nature

Each one of these ingredients serves to assist, to help, to build upon the others work. Each adds a needed element from nature to the body. Each has its work to do and does it well. They are used because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, each of which has its own well-deserved place in the medical books of most of the civilized world. We simply claim the credit for the successful formula which we

invented, for the way in which these valuable ingredients are combined, for the proportions used, for the curative force which thousands have found in Bodi-Tone, for the cures which make it different from other remedies. Most of these ingredients are as old as civilization itself, for the curative forces which Bodi-Tone ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed in some form by the medical profession for various diseases and irregular conditions, being used either separately or in combinations with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among the doctors of various schools. The *exact combination used in Bodi-Tone* is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.

Try It and See

If you are tired of ceaseless doctor bills and wearied of continual dosing without results, *you need Bodi-Tone right now*. If your local doctor has done you no good, if you have given him a chance to do what he can and the ordinary medicinal combinations he used have failed, give this modern, scientific combination of special remedies a chance to show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women with chronic ailments who had tried physicians and specialists at home and elsewhere without lasting benefit, and for this reason all chronic sufferers are invited to *try it at our risk*.

Bodi-Tone offers you its services if you are sick. If you need medicinal help, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right and natural tone. That is what Bodi-Tone is for—to restore health, vigor, vitality and strength by restoring tone to the body.

If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the health-making ingredients in Bodi-Tone go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby preventing a continuance of Rheumatic poison and putting new activity into muscles, nerves and joints. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any Female Ailment, for its toning properties have been found especially valuable in such ailments.

Old Folks

All elderly men and women need Bodi-Tone, even though they have no chronic ailment. Bodi-Tone acts as a vitalizer for the aged, helping to renew the blood, steady the nerves and promote a good appetite. It aids in digestion, elimination and other important functions and causes sound and refreshing sleep, which is so much needed by all old people. Its special action in the Kidneys is helpful to any elderly person, whether or not there be any known Kidney trouble. Repeated failures to get any real benefit from the ordinary medicines have caused many old folks, variously afflicted, to believe that all kinds of sickness and disease is a necessary part of old age, but the success of Bodi-Tone proves how good health may be enjoyed even during advanced years. We want to send a box of Bodi-Tone on trial to every elderly person to prove through Bodi-Tone that age is no barrier to health. We want to prove how it benefits the aged as well as the young, how it does good work in the body that has carried the weight of eighty years, the same as it does for the body at half that age. This trial offer is open to all "old folks" who are in poor health or suffering from the weaknesses and infirmities of old age. Thousands of elderly men and women have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, without paying a penny, and found it put flesh on their bones, vigor in their minds, vim in their muscles, victory in their hearts and vitality in every vital function.

Only a Stamp

Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking. Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us, you can get a full twenty-five days' trial treatment of this great remedy which has already restored thousands to health. It just costs a two cent stamp, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, for such work as Bodi-Tone does in the body is of value in any chronic ailment.

Thousands of cures of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone.

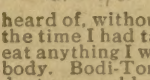
Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a *real aid to nature*. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have found that *one single box of Bodi-Tone* did more good than all other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Read the reports, showing how Bodi-Tone makes new life, health and strength, send for a box on trial at our risk and see if it will not prove the *right thing* for you.

Your Own Opinion Decides!

When you use Bodi-Tone on this trial offer you take absolutely no obligations to pay one penny unless it satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it. You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning to your body. If you are not sure, don't pay. We don't ask for pay or dun you. You need not even report unless you wish. Your silence can be your answer. Can anything be fairer? We know Bodi-Tone and take all the risk, because we know we can depend on it to make fast friends and win hearts wherever it is used, by the way it cures, by the way it rebuilds wasted bodies, by the way it restores lost health, vitality and strength. None but a real curative medicine could be so offered. Send the coupon today for a trial box on these liberal conditions, and learn just what Bodi-Tone will do for you. ADDRESS US AS PRINTED IN THE COUPON.

Did More Than Three Specialists

CARTERS, GA.—I have been diseased for the last fifteen years with what the doctors called Catarrh of the Head, or Systemic Catarrh. Some called it one thing and some another. I had pains all through my body, in my Bowels, Stomach and Back, and my Heart would flutter and beat and smother so it appeared that I could not live. I had indigestion and Constipation, with blind spells. Everything I ate soured on my stomach before I would get through eating. It seemed that I could not stand it much longer. I tried all the doctors in my settlement and three specialists of Atlanta, Ga., and most of the patent medicines and drugs that I heard of, without any relief, until I got Bodi-Tone. By the time I had taken a treatment of Bodi-Tone I could eat anything I wanted, and there was not a pain in my body. Bodi-Tone has done more for me than all the doctors could do. I am seventy-five years old. My wife, who is in her seventy-fourth year, has also been greatly benefited by its use. J. F. PETTY.



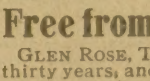
Gall Stones Dragged Her Down

THOMASVILLE, COLO.—A year ago I gave birth to a baby girl who lived only a very short time, and I was sick and not able to work for six months. I tried three different doctors and got worse all the time. I had Liver and Kidney trouble and was ever so weak and nervous. I had no appetite and had such a hard feeling in my chest that I would have hard work to get my breath. I also had Gall Stones. My next-door neighbor came in one day and told me about Bodi-Tone, and wanted me to try it. I had taken only five or six doses when I felt so much better that I sent at once and got a treatment. I haven't taken anything since but Bodi-Tone, and it has brought me out of my trouble. I now do all my work, for six in the family. I walk to our store and back without any trouble or fatigue, a distance of two miles. I am 42 years old. I recommend Bodi-Tone to all my friends. MRS. N. MOONEY.



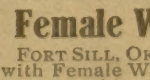
Doctor Said He Had Bright's Disease

DANA, IND.—I doctored for four years for Bowel, Stomach Trouble and Rheumatism and gradually grew worse. One doctor told me at last that I had Bright's Disease and could not be cured; then I went to a specialist at Indianapolis. He doctored me for a long time and finally told me to go to the Springs at Martinsville, Ind. I did so and stayed there for some time, but no cure. I commenced taking Bodi-Tone ten months ago and went to work four days after I commenced its use. I am well now and weigh 210 pounds, for I am a large-boned man. I believe that I would have been under the ground if I had not taken Bodi-Tone. G. M. HILL.



Free from Pain at Eighty-One Years

GLEN ROSE, TEXAS.—I have been in poor health for thirty years, and at times it seemed I was afflicted with most every trouble flesh is heir to. I had Catarrh of the Head, Asthma, Stomach Trouble. My Liver was bad and Kidneys and Bladder were deranged. At times I would lay in a cold sweat for hours with Bilious Colic. I suffered in this way until a year ago, when I saw the Bodi-Tone trial offer, sent for a box and began to take it. I am now in my eighty-first year, and have been altogether free from pain and any distress since I took the first few boxes. Every body speaks about how well I have been this year, and all realize the great good Bodi-Tone has been to me. MRS. E. KAMFIELD.



Female Weakness for Five Years

FORT SILL, OKLA.—For five years I had been troubled with Female Weakness. I always had trouble during menstruation. I doctored all the time, but was only throwing my money away. I sent for a trial box of Bodi-Tone, which helped me so that I took two more. My periods became regular and my health was benefited generally. I always speak a good word for it. MRS. C. R. BODMAN.

Trial Coupon

Clipped from *Comfort*
Bodi-Tone Company,
Hoynes & North Aves., Chicago.

I have read your offer of a dollar box of Bodi-Tone on 25 days' trial and ask you to send me a box by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and will send you \$1.00 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me I will not pay one penny and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name _____
Town _____
State _____
St. or R. F. D. _____